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MacFarlan

THE
A R M E N I A N S.

A TALE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY
CHARLES MAC FARLANE, Esq.
AUTHOR OF
"CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

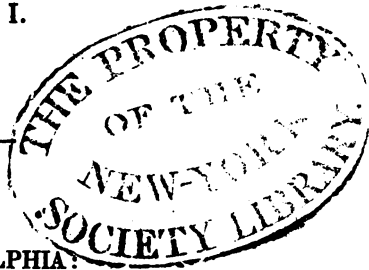
VOL. I.

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TO THOMAS HOPE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR ;

To you, as the author of "Anastasius," I inscribe this Eastern tale, with sentiments of admiration and respect.

I have mentioned to you, on a former occasion, that while in Turkey, your book was constantly occurring to me, and that the personages and events of your story haunted me like spirits. Such deep impressions have never been made on my mind by any work of imagination—nor, perhaps, by any event of real life. Many thousands of admiring readers may have felt in the same mode, though not in the same degree ; for it has been my fortune to associate Anastasius with proud Stamboul, to trace him over the Thracian solitudes, and along the Bosphorus' banks, and to summon and enjoy his presence at Smyrna and Magnesia. The triumphal road which leads to Glory's "capitol" is yours—I have taken a more private and familiar path—happy if

it lead by the temple of some secondary divinity, or past some grotto, the resort of a grace or a nymph.

To the grand poetical features of your picture of the East, I have felt that nothing could be added, but have flattered myself that a few domestic traits, not wholly unworthy of notice, might be collected by a later observer. In the Armenians, moreover, I have taken up a very singular people, of whom little has been known hitherto ; and by notes attached to my story, I have endeavoured to convey information as well as amusement. Your acquaintance with Eastern matters will suggest how much I might have dilated, but deep research, or historical disquisition, would be thought misplaced in a work like this. As to the story itself, it is nearly all matter of fact. The son of a Greek Hospodar became enamoured of the daughter of an Armenian banker at Constantinople. They loved—met—married—and were parted much in the manner I have related ; and I have only shortened the period of their courtship, omitted some of its events, and inserted two or three incidents which did not happen to them, but to other individuals in the country.

It would have been easy to find or to fancy a more complicated tale ; but I have mainly considered this as a medium for description,

DEDICATION.

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domestic and scenic. Others may smile at my enthusiasm, but you, to whom the glories of Stamboul and the beauties of the Bosphorus are familiar, will scarcely accuse me of exaggeration or overstrained sentimentality. If those descriptive portions which compose the greater part of my work, recall to your recollection an image, however faint, of the objects they are intended to represent, I feel confident that you will not regret my respectfully presenting to you these volumes.

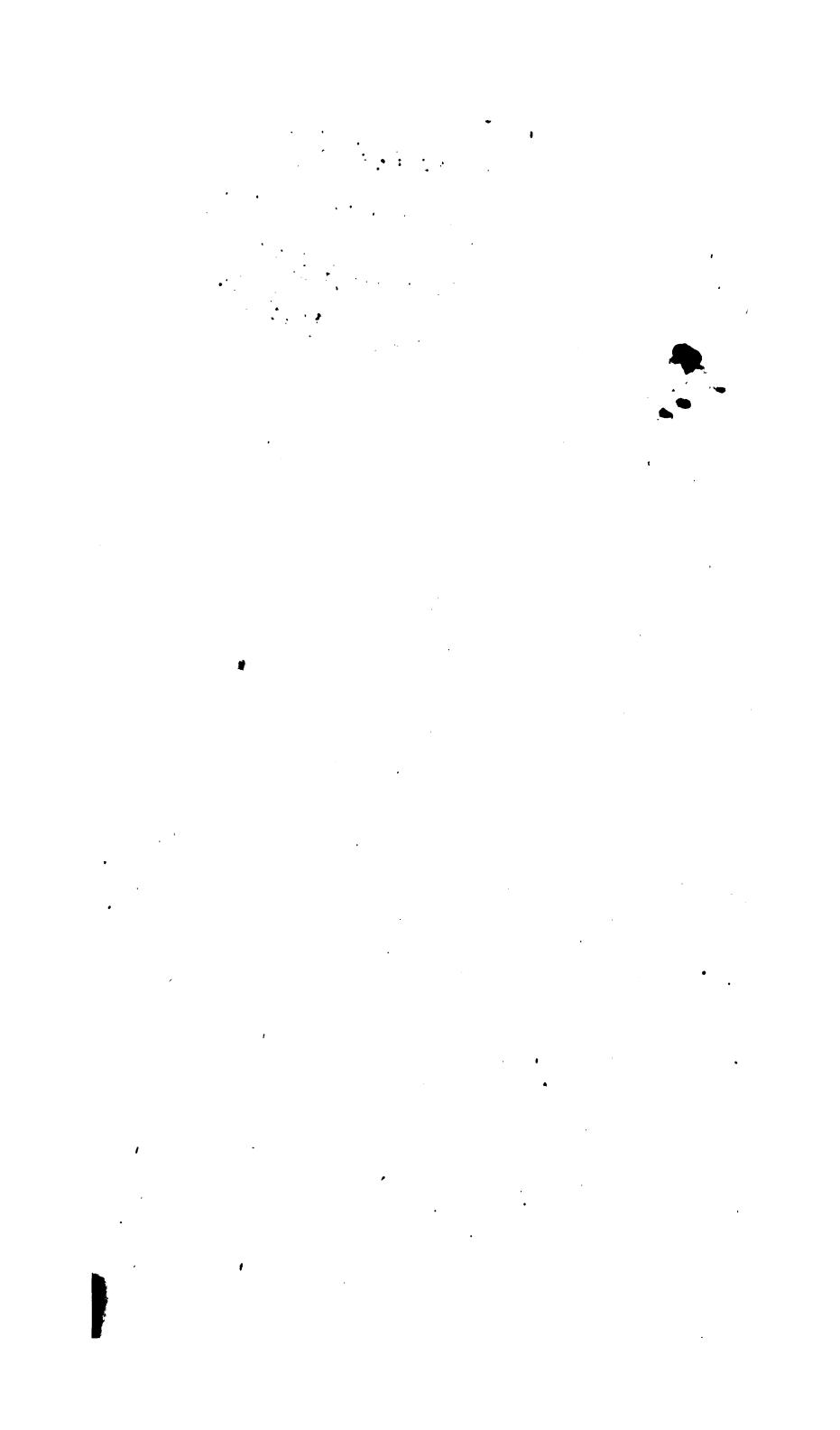
I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and devoted servant,

CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

London, April 26, 1830.





THE ARMENIANS.

CHAPTER I.

It was on one of Constantinople's very finest afternoons, that a stranger and a traveller from a distant land, having turned his back with pleasure on the dull etiquette and the palaces of Pera, and the bustle and the warehouses of Galata, was ascending the straits of the Bosphorus with that lively attention to scene and circumstance, that perhaps only the casual visitor knows.

The day had been exceedingly sultry, but the southern winds which had prevailed, had given place to the cool northern breeze of the Euxine, which blew freely, but gently, down the winding passage, and over the narrow waters that separate the continents of Europe and Asia—at that point where, like jealous beauties, each puts on all her charms to meet her rival face to face. “And truly,” thought the northern wanderer, as his light caik merged from the Golden Horn, and glided by the barracks of Tophana, and the kiosks of Dolmabackchi, “truly each has well arranged her

jewels and her appointments—the gems are much the same on either hand, and the charm of variety is found in their arrangement. On this side, on the ridge of the European hill, how sad and yet how lovely is that crescent of cypresses—death's coronal—the light-impervious grove, that covers the shallow graves and the marble tombs of the Osmanlis; and on the other side, along the acclivities of the Asiatic hills, how beautiful are the detached portions we catch of Scutari's interminable cemetery, which now retires from the sight in the inequality of its surface, now hides itself behind the extensive suburb or contiguous villas, surrounded with gayer trees :—the regions of death concealing themselves behind the abodes of the living, as, to the moral sense, the dark path to immortality is veiled by the din and bustle of merely mortal life. How sweetly do the hills on either side rise from the edge of the transparent waves, in gentle swells, to their varied elevation—not lofty enough for sublimity, but high enough for beauty ! How richly do the golden vineyards cover their sides, that are thickly dotted by painted kiosks and trees, and flowers of every hue. And here, and there, in Europe as in Asia, are the grey domes and golden pointed minarets of the mosques, on the sides of the hills, or on the water's brink, where they seem, like sentient beings, to be eyeing their loveliness in the exursive flood, or gazing across it at each other in conscious and complacent beauty. How brightly the gilded crescent glitters on the almost invisible points of the minaret's slender cone, and how purely white are the walls of the Moslem temple ! !

“To the distant and fanciful eye, the one might appear a miniature luminary,—the other a mount of snow shining in its rays. And hark! from each the Muezzinn’s voice—the call to prayer! Those fair edifices should seem themselves instinct with voice, and notes so holy and melodious should be their own spiritual uttering.”

Along the European bank, from the point of Tophana, village succeeds to village, kiosk to kiosk, and the brief dividing spaces, with the exception of one or two romantic cemeteries, are fair gardens, or woody glens, through which some tiny stream finds its way to the majestic Bosphorus. Those imperial palaces are beautiful, although of frail materials; and their shelving projecting roofs, their gay colours and gilded balls and points, convey to the mind ideas essentially oriental, and scenes of the far remoter east,—of the old Ind, or of China. The kiosks, with closely trellised windows, and fronts painted red, are the dwellings of the Turks: the lords of the soil could ill share these shores of superlative beauty with unclean christians, and for a considerable distance no black or dingy hues denote the houses of rayahs.

The clear waters of the channel lave the walls of many of these abodes of indolence, and permit the listless Effendi to pass in a step, from the caik that has transported him from Stamboul into his own sofa-furnished saloon; and the never-failing evening breeze must ventilate them all, either through latticed windows or open door and balcony. In many instances, too, in imitation of the refinement of the most luxurious of the ancient Roman patricians, and of the marine villas of Baïæ

and Pausilypus, these kiosks are so arranged, that the sea waves flow under portions of them, giving a sensation of freshness, whilst their low beat and murmur, amidst the piles that support the building, and the walls beneath, add to that sensation, and give at the same time a soft voluptuous charm to gratify the sense of hearing. And on the Asiatic bank, the scene is still the same ; and on the very edge of one of the loveliest channels that flow on earth, villages give the hand to each other, and fairy villas extend so tranquilly beautiful, that they ought to be the resort of taste and worth and all the domestic virtues, and not as, alas ! they are, the receptacles of barbarity, tyranny, and grovelling lust.

“ Thus far, indeed,” mused the traveller, “ the features of the rival continents present equal charms ; but if I turn my eye back on what I have left, the beam will incline in favour of my own, my native Europe ; for the Asiatic suburbs of Scutari and Chalcedonia(1) cannot compete with the glories of even that small portion of proud Stamboul that now meets my eye. ’Tis the seraglio—the occupant of the site of the ancient Byzantium—one tyrant, barbarous palace, covering the space of a whole free, brave city. ’Tis the seraglio, with a group of the imperial mosques towering above its white walls, its leaden domes and black cypresses, and with part of the town stretching away to the right, towards the aqueducts of Valens.(2) ’Tis the extreme point of the fair triangle, washed on one of its sides by the broad Propontis ; on the other, by the waters of the tranquil Golden Horn. ’Tis the spot specially appoin-

ted by nature to be one of earth's capitals. 'Tis a scene at once sublime and lovely.

"How do the white fronts of the scattered edifices within that vast inclosure, contrast with the dark cypresses which occupy nearly all the space of what can scarcely be called a garden. The setting sun brightens with his glow every other object in this magic panorama, but he cannot influence the colours of those white walls and black trees, which each, intense in its way, and by its opposition to the other, thus ever looks, and is unchangeable. In part pallid beyond marble, in part more sombre than the grave, the seraglio has an imposing, unearthly aspect; and associating with it, the deeds, the crimes of which it has been, and is the scene, it might be compared to the appearance the rebellious archangel would have presented, had it pleased Omnipotence, instead of casting him to hell with thunders, to blast him with a look, and fix his giant bulk in lifeless, motionless stability. For even so pale, so sad, so vast, and yet so beautiful, might we imagine the fallen cherub, if death struck, ere his form had lost 'its original brightness,' and transfixed for ever with the first hues of fear, and sorrow, and remorse, upon him.

"Those imperial mosques, that rise in the rear of the palace or the prison, are Stamboul's proudest works; their minarets are lofty, their domes are vast and boldly swelling, and taking all in all, what city of Europe can offer to the eye four such temples, and in immediate contiguity with each other, as Santa Sophia, the Sultan Achmet, the Sultana Valide, and the Sulimanye?

"Yes! fair Europe surpasses her duskier rival; and a portion, a small, though a glorious portion, of the vast Stamboul, decides her immeasurable superiority. But, no! the vapours of the sultry day are dissipated by the northern breeze, they withdraw like the raising of a veil of golden tissue from the bosom of the Propontis; the eye can now reach the farther Asiatic shore of that magnificent basin: all is clear, and the rays of the setting sun rest upon the sublime heights of the Bithynian Olympus.

"Its long, wavy ridge, covered with eternal snows, that at this moment show more rose-hued than ever did Mont Blanc, or any other of the Alps, seems a fitting path for celestial feet, an appropriate throne for the divinities of old, if those essences of paganism were susceptible of interest in the glories of this nether world, and in the sight of regions so admirably formed for the solace, the support and prosperity of mortals. How beautiful, how sublime, that range of mountain, with a cloudless sky above its head—a waveless sea at its feet! Now the more ancient of the rivals prevails. Asia surpasses Europe,—and the glories of Olympus eclipse those of Stamboul, as those of nature will ever surpass those of art!" The traveller may have been right in his decision; but before giving his preference to the Asiatic side, he ought to have provided, either that Olympus should be somewhat nearer, or the atmosphere clearer, for it is but rarely, and on fine evenings, such as he was favoured with, that the mountain is visible from the Bosphorus, and enters in the picture. His light caik meanwhile, propelled by the sturdy

arms of two Greek boatmen, each working a pair of oars, ascended the channel.

To avoid the force of the current, it is necessary to keep close in to the European bank ; but even thus, it is at certain angles of the channel so impetuous, that a dozen pair of oars would scarcely master it ; and at these places the boat is taken in tow by a number of men, who run along the quay, as horses are seen to do by the sides of our canals. Proceeding in this mode, seldom more than a few feet from the shore, the stranger could view in detail, the features on the European bank, or such of them as were on the water's edge ; whilst on the side of Asia, at the varying distance of half, or three-quarters of a mile, his eye could embrace the counterpart of the picture, with its lovely back-ground of wooded hills, all, thanks to the peculiarity of their situation, and to the winds and vapours from the Black Sea, fresh, and gaily green, even at that advanced period of a sultry summer. Numerous and beautiful were the shady nooks and bosomy hills, he thus passed in close or in distant view, and so lovely seemed each, that he felt as if he could there put his foot on shore and cease his wanderings ; but as still he went on and on, and scenes more exquisite burst upon him, he could have wished thus to glide for ever, or that the little boat were to him the world, and that objects such as then delighted him, were destined to be his sole occupation in life, his charm till death.

He had passed the romantic village of Arnaut-Keui, the imperial kiosk of Bebeck, a religious wood of cypresses mixed with tombs, fractured sarcophagi, and masses of rocks, producing to-

gether the most picturesque effect ; he had gazed on the opposite shores, and had dwelt with delight on the lovely village of Kandilly, and its projecting eminence, with one fair country house, and tall green trees ; he had glided under the memorable but not imposing looking castle of Mahomet the Second, or the Roumeli-Hissar ; he had shot across the deep inlet of Balta liman, or " the Port of the Ax," and was now approaching a spot of peculiar loveliness. A gentle projection—a point of land, that might have been the cape of some miniature world of perfect elegance, shot into the clear Bosphorus. Its ridge, the very line of grace, was designated against the picturesque, but ruder back-ground of the Thracian bank ; its whole extent was covered with a wood of cypress and pine, that murmured to the sighs of the evening breeze, while some of those fair but sad trees, standing on the very line that separated sea from land, seemed to have their roots deep beneath the waves.

From this holy recess, the white marble sepulchres gleamed on the eye, and these too extending themselves to the Bosphorus' brink, the " turbaned stone," and the less honoured pillar that marks a woman's grave—the lowly stone with a rudely carved basket of flowers, or a solitary rose,—were reflected in the waters, whose gentle laving, with the moaning of the trees above, formed a natural and enduring requiem, or dirge, for those who slept the sleep of death, that each evening would hear repeated, save when the wintry Euxine should throw down his copious discharge with increase of rapidity, and lashing torrent and roaring

gale should substitute, for notes that sounded like the gentle plaint of subdued anguish and holy sorrow, the groans and outcries of recent and irremediable wo.

Though the stranger had loitered long on his way, he could not fail to linger at a spot like this—his heart had been bruised by early affliction, he had felt the loss of those he loved, the disappointment of many a bright and ardent hope ; he was grieving at the time under sickness of body, and, worse, of heart, and nervous and moral irritation, and disgust, had only been suspended for a while, not removed, by the interest he felt in the novel objects he had just passed. The present touched him more than all. Those pallid marbles spoke of the “beautiful in death ;” those sepulchral shades of cypress and of pine, promised a repose that would not be disturbed ; and the low winds, those voices of heaven, that sighed through them, said, in tones that could not be misunderstood, “Poor mortal ! why all this fret and fever—this cark and care ? yet a few short years, and most assuredly thou shalt be as they o’er whom *we* breathe ; and in the grave, or in the regions beyond it, matter of utter indifference will it be, whether thy career of life have been brilliant or otherwise !”

The shades of evening were now lengthening apace, and the mountain ridges, and capes of Europe, reflected in the waves, seemed to do homage to the hills of Asia, and to kiss their feet.

Boats as numerous as the carriages on a summer evening on the Neapolitan Corso, now glided up the channel, each with its proportionate and full freight of human beings, to the villages on its

banks, whither the more wealthy of the Turks reside during the fine season, and the more respectable of the Frank and Rayah population retire after the business of the day. These caïks presented a striking and agreeable variety as they passed in succession by the stranger, who, having no one to "await his coming, and look brighter when he came," and no object, or chance of enjoyment there, save in the beauty of the scenery, ordered his boatmen to row as gently as they could.

The rapidly succeeding figures in the moving and animated picture, were easy to be recognized and reduced to their separate castes and conditions, even by a stranger. A lengthier caïk, advancing to the pull of three pair of oars, would announce a Turkish effendi—it would approach—go by—with noiseless, or rather, voiceless speed, for the plash of the oars would be audible, but not one syllable of social—of human converse.

Reclining on soft cushions, in the bottom of the boat, or seated cross-legged on a carpet of brilliant hues, but in either case, as for ever, with his long pipe—its tube a cherry-stick or a lithe jasmine, with an envelope of cotton and silk, bathed in rose-water to keep it cool; its mouth-piece precious amber, enriched with gold and enamel,—the indolent proud Stamboul lord would be seen with two slaves at his feet, or standing in the waist of the boat, with their arms crossed on their breasts, and their eyes fixed on their master, to detect his will and pleasure in his looks. At times, as he passed the Christian stranger, without turning his head, he would turn his large black eyes in their sockets, take a glance short and con-

temptuous, and, caressing his flowing beard with complacent pride, glide on, as if he were saying to himself, "the ill-shaven dog, what does he here?"

But far more frequently the ghiaour was not honoured even by this doubtful sort of notice; and the haughty barbarian would shoot by him, as if he were naught but a familiar rock or tree, utterly unworthy of the trouble of a look.

The effendi, perhaps, would be followed by a more humble caik, and a party of Turkish traders—drillers and venders of pipes, tobacco, or shawl merchants.

There would be, perhaps, four, six, eight of these dear friends and neighbours in the close juxta-position, necessitated by a sheer, narrow boat, yet not a word of conversation would be heard from them, unless it should happen, that just at the moment of their passing, a pipe should be finished, or a tobacco-pouch emptied, and a piece of lighted *amadou*, or a bowl full of the heavenly weed, required. These Osmanli bazaar-gandjis would probably have in their rear (for these two classes sympathize together more than any other in the East), a black, modest looking, but finely built caik, with a cargo of fat Armenian seraffs, or bankers, recognizable to a man with good eyes, at least a quarter of a mile off, by their black calpacks and dress, their peculiarly large long eyes—black, but as lustreless and as heavy as lead; by their dingy, oily complexions, plaited mustachoes, and stubbled chins, and, more than all, by their immense asinine ear, which is as distinctive of their race, as is the Jewish eye of the children of Israel.

The social soul of these rayahs seems as thoroughly absorbed in coffee-cups and tobacco-pipes, as that of their masters the Turks—they have no other idea of enjoyment, and the amount of their pleasure is counted on the number of chibooks they may have filled in the course of the day.

It would be rarely, therefore, that the stranger could catch any thing but smoke from these equipages; and if he did, it would most undoubtedly be a pouring forth of the spirit of lucre, and "*rubiehs*" and "*paradis*," would be the sounds—the first and the last, to strike his ear.(3)

Towards evening, a certain number of common passage-boats, capable of containing a host, and rowed by a multitudinous assemblage of oars, quit the rotten wooden scales or wharfs on the Constantinople side of the Golden Horn, with the small fry of traders, the refuse of the shop-keepers of the bazaars; for even they, poor and tasteless as they may be, hasten to escape from Stamboul's narrow streets and hovels, to the gay and ever verdant banks of the Bosphorus.

Several of these, all slowly as they went with their heavy freight against the rapid current, passed our loiterer, who was, or might have been, amused with the motley, huddled appearance of their living contents. The boat men, with red cloth skull-caps, and muscular arms, naked to the shoulder joint, were so impeded and mixed up with the passengers, that they could not always be seen. On the elevated poop, a thickly wedged mass of turbans, calpacks, and beneeshes, appertaining to cross-legged sedent figures, offered a tangible and stable breadth of objects; be-

neath them, in the bottom of the boat, like the hold of a slave-ship, or more like a cargo of loose rags embarked at Naples, to be made into paper at Leghorn or at Genoa, would be bestowed an undulating, varied mass of dirty white yashmacks and feridjis, belonging to sundry females; and this would be dotted here and there by a glaring skull cap, decorated with shining yellow coins, (fair vouchers to the truth, that all is not gold that glitters,) denoting the presence of some child of the foregoing. (4)

Longitudinally disposed, and between the rowers, who, as I have said, were almost hid, were sundry poor bazaar sweepers on the edge of the boat, over whose sides their long pipes projected like so many fishing rods; and, to finish the account of the stowage of the cargo, the platform at the prow of the barge was covered with turbans, calpacks and beneeshes, just at its poop. As this Charon-like bark and freight passed, the mingled and euphonous sounds of the Osmanlis' and the Armenians' Turkish, the Greeks' Romaic, and the Jews' degraded Castilian, (5) floated, with clouds of tobacco, on the air,—for these mingled classes could talk as well as smoke: all were poor enough to be merry,—and whenever a dozen Greeks are gathered together, there, you may be sure, will be gossip, and wit, and laughter among them; whilst the poor Israelites, contemptible as they are, rise a degree or two in estimation, from their superior sociability and conversiveness, and are generally found ready to take their chibook from their mouths, to laugh at any body's joke. (6)

Another of the groups in the aquatic procession, which that evening might (no, *must*, from the habits of the animals,) have glided past our observer, would be a hired caik with two pairs of oars, containing a thing of infinite solemnity and importance, in yellow slippers, fawn coloured jubbee, and samoor calpack—a drogoman—a dealer in words; the *renderer* into bad Turkish, of the bad French of some pompous minister of some infinitely little European state—a post he is as proud of, as if he delivered to mortals the edicts of the great Jupiter. Perhaps, he would have with him his better half, *Madame La Drogomanesse*, certainly, one or two flippant “*jeunes des langues*,” those aspirants at diplomacy; and as they go by on their four oars, and impertinently *toiser* the sick, irritable stranger, he may have the satisfaction of hearing such pleasant remarks as these—“*Voila encore un Anglais poitrine. Qu'est il. Est-ce qu'il a ete presente au palais? Croyez vous qu'il soit noble. Est il Protestant a l'ordinaire, ou Catholique comme notre Docteur,*” &c. And thus they pass on their way to the village of Buyukdere, where they and their masters have transferred all the stiffness and ennui of Pera, and that etiquette, the great concern of those pigmy diplomatists who have no sort of business to transact—no political nor commercial interests to conduct. There, along the smooth extending quay, washed with waves ever clear as the mountain stream, with the Giant's Mount, the entrance into the Euxine, and the wooded dell of the “Grand Seigneur,” scenery rich, lovely, and elevating, to a degree almost equal to any thing on earth, constantly before

their eyes ; or in the promenade of the Great Valley, so picturesque, so romantic, so pastoral, and in the shade of its glorious plane trees, these creatures of Pera never lose sight for a moment of their own paltry importance, but persist in frightening away the Dryads with their eternal discussions on rank and precedence, interlarded with obsolete and most intolerant polemics.

The bad humour that such knowledge might have imparted to the stranger, was as yet spared him ; but he felt the insolence and vulgarity of the gaze, of this boat-load of *drogomanerie*, and was about wishing them at the devil, or somewhere equally remote, when the sounds of a guitar struck his ear, and turning his head, he saw a caik with a company of Fanariote or superior Greeks in his wake. Their object, like his, was not speed ; they remained for some time behind him, and he was charmed with the sweet sounds of a female voice, that sang a patriotic ode, ardent, if not as poetical, as the songs of Greece's better days. The last strophe of the ode was repeated by all in the boat, even by the boatmen, in a loud, spirit-stirring chorus, and to its theme " May Hellas again be free — may the arms of a Themistocles or a Leonidas again prepare the way for the arts, and the elegancies of Pericles," the stranger joined a silent, but deep and sincere " Amen !" and felt his heart revive at the thought, that even in those regions, so long blasted by an oriental despotism, there still existed a class capable of aspirations after liberty and European civilization.

The Greek boat now lay alongside his : the freight it bore was worth examining :—three lovely young

women, sisters, from their striking resemblance to each other, a fourth lady, more advanced in years, yet still handsome, and rather like an elder sister than the mother, which no doubt she was, sat at the stern of the caik, on crimson cushions ornamented with fantastic gilding, the handywork of Persia, and on carpets that seemed, from their softness and thickness, and the glowing richness of their hues, the reality of those flower-sprent parterres they were meant to imitate,—these also the product of Persian industry and ingenuity. Over their heads, a light transparent parasol of ethereal blue, turned towards the sun, cooled the warm crimson rays of evening, ere they fell on the classically pale complexions of the ladies ; and the whole scene recalled to the wanderer's mind the most glorious of all aquatic pictures, his own Shakspeare's imperishable description of the descent of the Cydnus ; for each of the sisters, beautiful, graceful, imperial, seemed a younger Cleopatra, without the wantonness of the Egyptian Queen ; the sea strait, the Bosphorus, is, in all its length, a stately river to the eye ; there were the tones of music on the air, and each of the ascending caiks might feel proud to be the attendant barks, and the suite of the fair princesses.

A fine, gentlemanly looking man, with his moustache slightly silvered by years, seemed the husband of the elder lady, the father of the young ones ; four much younger men were there,—the eye, the chin, the smile of one of them, showed fraternity, but the other three were far too gallant to stand, at the most, in a closer degree of kindred than that of cousins—they might be lovers—that

they were admirers, the glances of their lively eyes betrayed.

The free intercourse of the sexes, as here displayed, contrasting with the true Turkish mode; and oriental jealousy, with which all other classes in the East shut up their wives and daughters, and mask their faces when abroad—with that spirit which has even invaded the Frank or European Christians long settled in the country—the adaptation of the plan and conduct of society, to which modern nations owe half their amenities, and perhaps half their virtues, and without which men would be rude brawlers or indolent carousers, and women chroniclers of the lore of the kitchen or the nursery, seemed to the stranger one among many proofs of the superiority of the Greek people.

As the caik, which, either by accident or design, lay several minutes alongside, or off the bow of his own boat, gained on him, and was leaving him in the rear, certain sweet glances from the eyes of the young ladies, and the commiserating tones of their “*Kaiemena!*”(7) more touching to the ear of the stranger than perhaps any other sound he ever heard, except some note of pity or affection in his own, his mother tongue, could scarcely fail of increasing the interest the northern wanderer felt for these children of the East.

“How beautiful! how graceful!” mused he; “let those political troglodytes, who would dig into the bowels of the earth, to find an argument against the Greeks and their re-establishment as a nation, ransack their brains for proofs that the Hellenes of the present day are not the descendants of the ancient Greeks. For myself, I seek, I

ask no better proof of their legitimacy, than features and forms like those I have just seen—those breathing identifications of what we call ideal beauty—of those immortal creations of the Greek chisel, over which the art of after ages and other lands has sighed in impotent despair—those traits which shadow the impress of divinity and immortality, and would almost excuse, or deem it not idolatry in us, to bow the knee to the Belvedere Apollo, and the Medicean Venus—yea, even to worship them! What historic page, what genealogical tree, were it even traced pure and unbastardized from its very roots, with every branch spotless and intact, with not so much as a twig of unfair growth, could vouch and identify like these pronounced and exquisite qualities? Nay, more—that gracefulness of motion, that delicacy, that finished elegance, in each and the smallest action,—all bear testimony of the affinity of the Greeks of to-day, to the Greeks of twenty-two centuries ago!”

The stranger's reflections were interrupted by the passage of another caik, which crossed his bow, and made the quay of Emenerghen-Oglu, from which village he was but a few oars' length distant. A young man of elegant appearance, went from the boat to the landing-place with an elastic step. His dress was splendid and Turkish, all save his samoor calpack, which denoted him to be of the Hospodars, or Greek princes, of Wallachia or Moldavia.

When he stood on the stone quay, he paused to speak to somebody, probably an attendant, in the boat. At that instant, two female figures turn

the corner of some buildings, and appeared on the quay. The white yashmack, the loose, ample envelope of pelisse, the roomy boot and papoosh, were worn by each, and their concealment might have equalized to the eye youth and age; but the stooping attitude, the slower step of one of the females, betrayed her years, while the carriage of the other, erect and gliding like that of a swan, gave evidence of the existence of a young form, and a young and confiding heart animating it. Before the prince turned his face from the boat towards them, they stopped at a house but a few feet behind him. The elder female clapped her hands, the door flew open by some invisible agency, for no attendant was seen, and anon it shut in the same manner on the visitors, who had glided in, but not before the prince had caught a glance of their muffled figures. He paused a moment, then, apparently first casting his eye along the quay, which was entirely deserted, save by two or three Greek children, who were seated on its curbstones, angling in the channel, he advanced to the house, called "Petracki" in a gentle voice, and the hinges turning as they had just done to the ladies, he entered—the door closed on him and them, and his caik glided down the current, towards the neighbouring village of Istenia.

"Ho, ho!" thought the stranger, "even in this land of bolts and bars, and veils and sacks, the capricious god had his devotees—the stakes are high—that youth's life or faith(8) pays the penalty of discovery! But no—the messler—(9) the papooshes of the silent fair ones were certainly not yellow—the robes were of the dark brown hue affect-

ted by Armenian wonen—the house is not red, but black—it is only some rayah the Greek is wronging, and he is safe !”

CHAPTER II.

At the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet II. religious error, bigotry, and long and tyrannical misrule, had reduced the Greek character ; though in forming our judgment of it, we should not overlook the moral condition of the different people of Europe at the same time, nor forget, that except the miniature republics of Italy, none were so civilized, whilst nearly all were as obnoxious to superstition, deceit, and fickleness, as the melancholy remnant of the Eastern empire. Many years before that fatal period, or in the days of Petrarca and Boccaccio, the sons of Greece, degenerate as they were, gave to Europe the key to the inestimable treasures of their ancient letters, and while we doubt, or abstain from entering on the long discussion of “ whether Italian literature, the earliest cultivated in Europe after the ages of barbarism, be the child of the Hellenic muses, or indigenous and original,” we must all acknowledge, with confident gratitude, that it was to those men who visited and corresponded with the

Italian peninsula, and to those of their countrymen who followed them at the distance of a century, that the world is indebted for the immortal pages, whose mere appreciation implies a mental superiority, which could not exist among a people wholly degraded and barbarized, as some writers have represented the Greeks at the period referred to.

The mind that has been nourished and elevated by the works of old Greece, that has traced the full effect and extent of those works on the literature and manners of modern Europe, may shudder without suspicion of affectation, or morbid sensibility, at the idea of their loss, and at the picture of what the world would now be without them. The barbarians that overran the Roman world, when the Romans had lost their virtue, more indolent, or more judicious than the Turks, would frequently respect the wonders of ancient architecture; the friendly earth covered many a divine work of the Greek chisel, to be providentially restored at the very moment that taste for the arts should re-awaken from its long sleep, and require such examples and guides:—temples and statues, the marble and the bronze, were almost time-proof, and protected besides by concurring circumstances; but frail papyri and parchments, consumable by fire, by time, by use, by disuse, were the only retainers of the harmony of the *Ilias*, the periods of Demosthenes, Herodotus, Xenophon, and Thucydides; and but for the still surviving taste and religious respect for what they could no longer imitate,—but for a sparkle of their fathers' fire, in the bosom of the Greeks, which induced

them to propagate their copies of the codices, and sedulously to preserve them, they would most surely have been to us as though they had never been. Religion will not deem such cares incompatible with the operations of the divine Being, who, promising a state of perfectibility in a future life, interdicts not, but encourages, our aspirations after improvement and excellence in this : nor will it be held inconsistent with heavenly attributes, that it was providence so admirably arranged matters for our benefit,—so timed events, that the Greek empire was not annihilated, and the most enlightened of its subjects were not scattered abroad, until a portion of Christian Europe had risen in arts and letters, and the soil of Italy was fully prepared to receive the fructuous seed. The merchant-citizens of Italian republics, emulous of Athens, had already expended the gains of their commerce in the purchase of ancient manuscripts ; the names of the greek poets, philosophers, and historians, though still mysterious sounds, had been heard in the schools, and the man, though in manners a brute, (1) had been revered as an angel, who could unlock the closed treasures, or give a course to the sealed fountain.

Even after we have subtracted from the account of the siege and taking of Constantinople, all that cotemporary alarm and irritation, and the prejudices of conflicting faiths may have added or exaggerated, and if with admirable indifference to human suffering, we closely calculate the woes and horrors that then befel the Greeks, still we shall have a terrific amount. The happiest fell by the sword, after stopping the “deadly breach” with

their gallant Emperor, and evincing valour equal to ancient Greece's boast—the hundreds at Thermopylæ—the vulgar are safe in their obscurity; but of the patrician families who did not seek safety in flight, and the abandonment of their material possessions, many were reduced to slavery, and subjected to political and studied debasement by the Turks. Their beautiful children became the prey of Eastern lust and brutality, and in tender age, and separated from their parents and their caste, their religion gave way to the precepts of a Mahometan chodjea.

In the process of not many years, the melancholy fragment of the Greek aristocracy was confined to the narrow limits of the Fanar, a district of the vast capital, situated on the port, or the Golden Horn, nearly at the end of Constantinople, against whose battered walls its extreme left (in military parlance) may be said to rest. Here, in the lowest, the darkest, the dampest quarter of their own city, were relegated the noble Greeks, and the comparison would be fair, and the transfer parallel, should the inhabitants of St. James's be removed, by some caprice of fortune, to those unknown regions—Wapping or Limehouse.

Much has been said of the *philosophic* tolerance of the Mahometans; but the Turks had found the Greek people, even in their worst days, steadfast in the faith they professed, and ever ready to testify even unto death: to destroy a whole race in cold blood, was perhaps too atrocious for their fanaticism and cruelty; and if they did so, who would pay the kharatch or capitation tax,⁽²⁾—who would cultivate the grounds, build the houses, and

exercise those few mechanical arts essential to the Osmanlis, however barbarous? But the conqueror, Mahomet II. had much to gain by indifference, and by renouncing the dogma which imposes on the Musulmans the duty of converting to the Koran, or slaying with the scymetar, all the nations of the earth; he took, as several of his predecessors had done, the modified sense of another passage of the "*sacred bones*,"(3) which allows the victors to permit the unbelieving vanquished to wear their heads, on condition of their paying an annual tribute to the faithful for the privilege; and more, by an infernal policy, he made their very religion and his tolerance work against them, by the nature of his convention with their Patriarch, which submitted them to a real hierarchal tyranny, while it proffered an apparent recognition of rights and privileges to the Greeks. This is not the place, or it might be shown how prejudicial such a government within a government, or tyranny within a tyranny, has been to the character of the Greek people; how the teachers of the Gospel of Christ have been made subservient to Mahometan oppressors, and how the shepherd has often times leagued with the wolves, to devour the helpless flock.

But the moderation of the Turks, which allowed the rayahs their religion, did not leave them places of worship to exercise it in; they seized all their churches—the crescent was erected on the dome of Santa Sophia, the glory of the Eastern Christians; minarets, whence the unity of the godhead was proclaimed, arose by the stately temple, specially dedicated to the holy and mysterious

Trinity ; and the Greeks who beheld all this, had but a few low, mean edifices allotted to them, nor were they thenceforth, either in the Fanar or in any other part of the empire, permitted to erect a place of worship, or even to repair, nay, to whitewash, the walls of the churches they already possessed, without the consent of the Porte—a consent never obtained but by the disbursement of ruinous sums of money, and frequently, when granted and paid for, made unavailable by the fanaticism of the Turkish mob. The European traveller, though exempt from religious enthusiasm or prejudice, who shall attend the early morning service in the miserable Greek cathedral at the Fanar, and shall mark its humble door, its low, dingy roof, its narrow aisles—infinately too narrow for the flocking devotees—its gloomy crumbling walls, and its turret without a bell ; (4) and who shall merge thence, on the open square of the Hippodrome, and eye the swelling domes of Santa Sophia, and of the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and their aspiring pinnacles, their gilded minarets—their portals, “so high, that giants may jut through, and keep their impious turbans on,” cannot fail being forcibly struck by the contrast, and feeling in its full extent, the humiliation of the Greek and the Christian.

The Greeks were degraded, but no oppression could destroy their active, busy spirit ; and the Turks, in their own ignorance and inaptitude, soon felt the want, and employed the services of those whom they affected to despise. Such aids as masons, architects, and others merely mechanical, or approaching it, may be passed in silence ;

but as the Turks came more frequently in contact with the nations of Europe, they must recur to European languages and polity, and they were, as they still are, ignorant of both, and obstinately disinclined to learn them.

Now the Greeks, who were interdicted the use of the sabre, were expert in the employment of that weapon, sharper than the sword—the tongue: they were prying and inquisitive, and from their community with them, every way more adapted to read the riddles, and detect the manœuvres of the infidel dogs, than the honest, the loyal, and somewhat *indolent* Osmanlis. The Greeks were elected to the offices of drogoman to the Porte, and drogoman to the fleet; and from that moment, for the honour of the yellow slippers,(5) for the consideration, the pecuniary emolument, the wide arena for ambition, attached to those ranks, the Fanar became a scene of intrigue unparalleled perhaps on earth. The certain dangers accompanying the career did not deter the ambitious, and the fall of predecessors' heads only seemed to them steps to rise by, and gave no warning; that the occupation of the desired post would, of a certainty, expose their own lives to the same violent end. We may condemn the operations of this spirit in the Greeks, that frequently made them unmindful, even of what is proverbially strong and ardent among them—the force of blood, and the ties of consanguine affection; but our curse ought to be upon those who left no other avenues open to their *rayah* subjects, and perverted the passion of ambition, in itself noble, and the cause of the beauty and progress of our moral, and in part of

our material world, though its unruly excess may be eternally fatal to the one, and may devastate the other.

A wider and a more splendid field than the dark room at the Porte,(6) or the inferior cabin at the arsenal, or on board the Captain Pasha's *Belik*,(7) was, however, in time to be opened to the Greeks, and their intrigues were destined to have provinces and principalities for their object. When the Turkish crescent, (belying its name,) from remaining a long period without sensible increase, or decrease, began to wane rapidly, and the Ghiaours no longer trembled at the Osmanli name, but invaded their conquest; it was determined by the high will of the Muscovites, what indeed, and with much more, had been stipulated for by those provinces themselves, when they submitted to the Sultans, that the regions between the Danube and the Pruth, which contained a Christian population of the same church as themselves, and the Greeks, should no longer be oppressed by the constant interference of Turkish Pashas, but governed by Greek Hospodars, to be chosen from the noble families of the Fanar by the Porte, to be guaranteed and protected, (which they never were !) in their principalities, by the Russian Autocrat.(8)

Loyalty and honesty in all their dealings have been attributed to the Turks very generally; and if the experience of unprejudiced persons has not always tended to confirm them those merits, the moral qualities may still exist among the more obscure of the nation, who are withdrawn from contact or observation; but all the virtues seem to evaporate before ambition, and advancement, and

government intrigue, and, as one has recently said, "it may be doubted whether there exist a more corrupt set of men than the Turkish grandees, or those who have to do with the Porte."

The treacherous system of intrigue will be resorted to only when there is a certainty of its efficaciousness, and this, as regards the Turks, was to be found in their ignorance and stupidity, their rapaciousness and universal corruptibility; they, besides, set an example in their own conduct, and the intrigue, the insidiousness, the bribery resorted to for the hospodariats by the Greeks, were only imitations of those practised for pashaliks by the Turks, whilst the latter, or the Osmanlis, in both cases, were the mammons, to whom the acceptable sacrifice was offered.

Great craft may be compatible with extreme barbarity; and this Turkish history will prove in almost every page: but the Greeks, confirmed by an ancient proverb, by the long habit of seeking refuge from the oppression of the strong, in cunning—the Greeks, by nature quick and adroit, certainly perfected the system of intrigue; and, compared to the *menees* of the Fanar, the plots and projects of the Turks seem inartificial and coarse.

The noble Greek families formed into factions that were quite equal to the injustice and to all the extremes of party; but the members of the separate factions could never be sure of one another, even when they stood in so close a degree of consanguinity as that of brothers: nay more, and still more horrid, cases are not wanting, where the demon of ambition has so obliterated the feelings of nature in the bosoms of the Fanariote Greeks, that

for the principality of Wallachia or Moldavia, father has intrigued against son, the son against the father, though the success of either would peril the property, the liberty, or the life of the other. The gold of Christians was poured into the lap of infidels, to effect the ruin of Christians and brethren ; and eunuchs and women, and all the strange assemblage called the faction of the interior, or of the seraglio, were flattered and bribed to secure the governments of an exhausted Christian people. Yet this sacrifice of repose and principle was only to secure a few months' pageantry, terminating by a violent death ; but as when the game was of meaner value—a tergiuman's slippers instead of an hospodar's calpae—the sanguinary catastrophes were insufficient to check the ambition of the candidates, and on they went through falsehood and through crime, through abjectness, and brief arrogance, to the cymetar or the bowstring. But the step to the grave was from a throne ; and even a father who loved his son that had been recently executed, could reply to a condoling stranger, " At least he died prince of Wallachia !" (9)

If many dwellers in the Fanar abstained from the dangerous career, and, taking wider views and a higher ambition, looked forward to the day when the Greeks might be released from Turkish misrule, and exist again as a nation ; if many of the intriguing Boyars themselves contributed to the improvement of the Greek people, by their own adoption of European ideas, and by the pains they took in imparting to their sons, and of late years even to their daughters, the advantages, of European education ; it must still remain enregistered

against their class in general, that they were indifferent to patriotism, or—in the words of one who knew them well, and was not disposed to veil their defects—"the Fanariotes saw all Greece within the compass of the Fanar : out of it, they have said they had no country."(10)

Had the Greek princes conferred any benefit on the unfortunate Wallachians and Moldavians they were sent to govern, we might judge more leniently of the evil, for the good it produced ; but in the rapacity and pride of the Fanariote, the Christians had not unfrequently occasion to regret the Turkish Pasha.

Exhausted in pecuniary resources by the amount of the bribes given to obtain their posts ; worried incessantly for fresh bribes, whereby to keep them ; eaten up by relations and retainers, whom they had contracted to provide for ; beset by Jewish or Armenian Seraffs, who had furnished the sums for their costly equipment, or a succedaneum to the Vizier for their merit as rulers ; and worked upon, moreover, by a love of pomp and display innate to them, the Greek princes were obliged to squeeze their subjects to the very utmost, and depopulation and increasing misery bore testimony to their misrule, and perfectly accorded with the condition of the rest of the hapless provinces of the Turkish empire. Nothing, therefore, remains to excuse the Fanariotes, but the nature of ambition, general to man, the vices and imbecilities of those with whom they were constrained to act, and their own talent—for talent it was, however ill employed.

"The princes of Wallachia and Moldavia," once said a Greek with glistening eyes, "were

kings while it lasted : they were surrounded by none but men of their own faith, who showed as much outward respect to them, as the Osmanlis do to the Padishah himself: there the Turkish grandee could not do what the Turkish beggar dare elsewhere—insult them by word and gesture: the princes, named to all offices of trust and honour, the swords of Christian soldiers leaped from the scabbards at their command, and if it was but in pageantry, it bore the aspect of real and imperial power; while their courts shadowed forth, however faintly, the splendour of that of the Byzantine emperors, the dignities and titles of which were in part renewed at Bucharest and at Jassy.”(11)

“Aye,” rejoined another Greek, “the post was worth having, were it but for the satisfaction of being able to punish the insolence of the Turks, and to rise superior to them. By the orders of the Sultan, every respect was to be paid to his lieutenants, though they were Greeks, rayahs, ghiaours; and when the Prince C—— was taking his pompous departure, when his splendid retinue had quitted the capital, and was passing the village of San Stefano, I well remember how I saw a fanatic of a Turk, who refused the wonted sign of respect, and continued smoking his chibook in his Highness’ presence, seized and inverted, and soundly bastinadoed—yes, bastinadoed before us Greeks, Emir as he was—for the turban that was sullied in the dust was a green one! For a pleasure like this alone, I would adventure my peace to be prince or hospodar, were it but for a day!”

We may suppose all the feelings alluded to,

as having their place in the bosom of the Boyar Ghika ; and to avoid details which are disgusting, perhaps injurious, in contemplation, as they tend to make us familiar with moral depravity, and to sink human nature in our estimation, we may imagine all the usual intrigues, and falsehood, and bribery to have been resorted to, and successfully—for the (12) Bairam of 182—, saw him appointed to the government of Wallachia, and a few weeks after, he took his departure for Bucharest. The family of the Ghika, said to be of Wallachian origin, had long been conspicuous in the intrigues of the Fanar, and more than one of its members had already been in possession of the short and perilous honours of the vice-regal government: the present Prince, said to be born and educated north of the Danube, was essentially a Wallachian Boyar, but marriage had connected him with the noblest Fanariote families; and his fair lady, who, though the mother of many children, could scarcely be said to be in the wane of her beauty, was truly Greek, and spirited, intellectual, and patriotic.

According to the custom of that arbitrary and suspicious tyranny, the Porte, at the departure of the Hospodar, had retained his eldest son as hostage, or as a victim at hand to sacrifice, should his father ever escape into Franguestan.(13) The odious name of hostage had however long been abolished: the Hospodar's son was called the agent of his father, whose business he was intrusted with at the Porte; he enjoyed the protection and guarantee of the Ambassador of the Russian Emperor, and his person was *nominally* inviolable. T

young Greek prince we saw, in the last chapter, step from his caik on the Bosphorus, was Constantine Ghika.

Actions mark a character more strongly, and generally more correctly, than description can do—they may be left to speak for that of Constantine Ghika, or Costandi, as, in conformity to Greek usage, we ought rather to call him; and here it may be enough to state, that he was the owner of a handsome face and a fine, though rather undersized and delicate person; that he was the uncontrolled disposer of a liberal income, his father could *now* allow him—generous-hearted, impetuous, susceptible, and two-and-twenty.

His errand at the time was indeed different from what the passing stranger had suspected Costandi was going on a visit to an aged relation—a beloved and afflicted mother of his mother, from whom a round of occupation and pleasure had estranged him for some time, though he had every evening reproached himself with the neglect, and every morning determined to erase the stain from his escutcheon in the course of the day.

The dingy and deserted-looking house on the quay, opposite which he stopped, was that lady's residence, and the silent unattended door gave access to her, who, in other times, at the court of Bucharest, was to be approached but through an avenue of spendidly-dressed attendants and obsequious friends; and who, in later days, when her husband was no longer a hospodar, had enjoyed the elegancies of rank and polished society. But the Greek revolution, or the rage and cruelty of Sultan Mahmood, consequent on that event, had

made her a widow, and childless, save in her distant daughter the Princess Ghika :—the minor evil of confiscation had not left her wherewith to support even life's decencies, and until lately, that the circumstances of her surviving child permitted her to assist her, the daughter and wife of a prince, the mother of a reigning princess, might be said to have felt the pangs of privation, if not of absolute want.

We have mentioned that Constantine caught a glance of the muffled figures as they glided into the house. "Who have we here?" thought he to himself as he crossed the quay; "what nymph is visiting my grandmamma, for the first of these figures, though mayhap not fair, is certainly young. Let us in and see—she may be both! The Bosphorus and sun-set, silence and yashmacks—on my word, an appropriate beginning to an amorous adventure! I am heartily tired of that minx Marionka—Madame the —— is tired of me. I just want something to make me aware of my existence, and I may light upon it here, where none but an adventurous youth like myself would hope to find it—under the brown cloak and white veil of an Armenian!" He smiled at the novel thought, and as his footstep passed the threshold, which he was not to cross again with so light a heart, he added, "Well, I am glad I have at last done my duty, and got to my dear, kind tedious grandmamma's; and who knows but that virtue may be its own reward even in this world, or that I may not find an angel here, where I have hitherto found but wrinkles, unsavoury kisses, and good advice, more unsavoury still!"

CHAPTER III.

THE houses of the rayah subjects of the empire, distinguished by their colour, are also purposely kept mean in their exterior, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, and the risk of their occupants being thought wealthy ; but that slovenly exterior was frequently but a mask, and the inner apartments of many Armenian, and still more, of many Greek habitations, were well arranged and splendidly furnished. Such, however, was not the case with the silent residence of Prince Ghika's aged relative. The tottering staircase led him to a hall furnished with one low divan, old, tattered, and despoiled of half of its cloth cushions, and with a solitary attendant, in as bad a plight, in person and attire, as the sofa, and probably much older. Folding-doors at the upper end of the hall opened on a saloon, the princess' parlour and drawing-room, and these being thrown open by Petracki, with an attempt at the formality and style of other days, that might have caused at once a sigh and a smile, Costandi Ghika stood in the presence of his doating relative.

" You truant—you naughty truant," said the Princess, half joyfully, half reproachingly, " where

have you been this long time? But you are come at last, and may heaven bless you!"

Constantine advanced, and dropping on his knee by the sofa's edge, respectfully took the extended hand of his grandmother, and pressed it to his forehead and to his lips—for such is the reverence paid by all classes of Greeks to their parents and aged relatives; and the traveller from more civilized countries may be edified by displays of that almost religious respect, and devotional submission, of the people of the East generally, without distinction of faith or race, to their fathers, their mothers, their elders, whenever they approach them or stand in their presence, which may recall to him fancies and pictures of the patriarchal ages, but nothing that he has seen in modern society elsewhere.

"I crave your pardon for my past neglect, my dear, my honoured mother! Your blessing upon me—it will do me good, and I need it!" said Costandi, still kneeling, and sincerely and exclusively feeling what he spoke; but ere he said, "I will never so offend again—I will never again be so long a truant," his quick eye had caught the glance of the younger of the two females, who sat in the saloon with the Princess—had perused her unveiled face; he no longer spoke in singleness of thought and affection, and even as his aged relative blessed him, and raised him, and kissed his forehead with endearing eagerness, his imagination flew to her youthful visitor, and it was she, and the hopes of seeing her there again, that gave fire and sincerity to his renewed protestations,

that a week should never again pass on the unfulfilment of his devoirs.

The Princess was seated on a divan which ran along the semi-circular gazeboe, or projecting window of the saloon, a mode of arrangement general in the East, and judicious, and called for in the country residences on the Bosphorus, the front of each of which, overlooking a narrow quay, affords a ravishing spectacle of vale and wood, mountains, and the channel's glassy plain, dotted with rapid caïks, and Turkish ships, of quaint and picturesque forms. The young lady, her visitor, sat at her right hand ; the elder female, whose face, unveiled when the Prince entered, was now muffled up in the broad white folds of the yashmack, sat on the edge of the sofa—at such a distance as denoted inferiority of condition, whilst her being on the sofa at all, was a circumstance in evidence of her being something above a common servant. She was, in fine, what in Spain would be called a duenna, and what in the East has no name at all, though the character exists, and is actively employed, by Armenians, Jews, and Perotes, to mount guard over the virtue of young wives and unmarried daughters.

Before Constantine took his seat to the left of the Princess, he repeated the salutation he had made to the Armenian lady at his entrance, but with much more animation than then ; and when he sat down, from the curve of the divan, being directly opposite to her, he gazed with such intenceness, that she blushing raised one-half of the yashmack, or the lower portion of the visor, which

concealed all of her face below her nose. The princess observed this.

"My child—my sweet one!" said she, taking her hand, "this is my grandson—my Costandi—the child of my daughter—the pride of my house, now that *they* are gone—my joy on earth! It is not for you to feel confusion in his presence; you are above the narrow prejudices of your people, and have shown an unveiled face before friends ere now. But Costandi," and the old lady turned to the Prince, "it is for you to show gratitude, respect, affection, to Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus, the youthful friend, the generous, the delicate, the persevering, who in the days of her direst misfortune—I blush not to tell it, and do *you* blush not to hear it—saved your mother's mother from starving!"

Our immediate sympathies and antipathies regulate our estimate of character and worth; from the person we dislike we are apt to detract the good qualities he may possess, whilst on the object of our affection, and from a modification of the same principle, we are inclined to heap quality upon quality, virtue upon virtue, to delight in the aggregate of our own forming, and in every discovery tending to prove it correct. The feeling is general, and in opposition to those who would paint human nature worse than it is, it may be urged that the interest felt in the virtues and honours of one we love, is quite as vivacious as is the pleasure resulting to us from the exposure of the object of our dislike, or from the discovery of some defect that may cause us to dislike him still more; and further—the different processes of detraction and ex-

aggregation, of rejoicing at an increase of deformity and delinquency, on the one hand, and of an increase of beauty and merit on the other, will be seen most frequently and most actively in the same bosom—the same connexion will be traced between them as exists between gratitude and resentment, that are to be found in their extremes in the same man,—nay, exactly to equal each other in degree, whether strong or feeble, throughout the world. In either case, it is our susceptibility that measures out the sentiment; the heart most sensible to ill-treatment is also the most alive to kindness; and the extreme of resentment, like that of gratitude, denotes nothing more than excess of sensibility and vicacity of feeling: the source of both, though of such different natures and tendencies, for the evil passion may arm to revenge, and destroy our earthly peace, our eternal happiness; whilst gratitude, the attribute of angels, the only offering required of man by the Almighty, can work but good to ourselves and fellow-creatures—can tend but to improve the heart it warms.

Constantine Ghika, at least, was happy to hear the praise of one whose beauty had interested him at a glance, and to find that his gratitude should go with his admiration. He bowed to Veronica, and laid his hand to his heart—a gesture as sincere as it was graceful—while he spoke.

“ Though this is the first time I have an opportunity of expressing to her my grateful sense of all that she has done for my poor and beloved mother here; it is not the first time, by many, that I have heard the tale of her munificence—her active exertions, not to be restrained by the jealousies of caste,

or the antipathies of religious sects—which, alas ! and shame for us, Christians, who are all equally oppressed by our masters the Turks, never cease to trouble our tranquillity, and to urge us most uncharitably against each other. I have heard how, when the sultan's sabre had passed over her house—when a widow and childless, and deserted by all—for even her friends feared communication with her, lest they should awaken the 'Turks' suspicions—when despoiled, destitute, sick—sick almost to death, I have heard how then, the youthful, the tender, yet the bold friend, came to her aid, supplied her wants, and cheered her lonely hours and desolate heart ; and with all this familiar to me, I have long invoked Heaven's blessing for Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus !”

At the beginning of this address she to whom he spoke, reverted her head in modesty ; but as he continued, his warmth, the beauty of the tones of his voice, which went to her young heart, never before so touched, caused her unwittingly to turn her face towards him, and to look steadfastly on his very handsome, animated countenance, and graceful person. Only the upper part of her face was visible ; but her long, black, languorous Oriental eyes were caught by his, and rivetted to them, by something more powerful than fascination.

As he continued, and the glow of his language was reflected by the glow of his face, her hand, which had drawn the lower fold of the yashmack, dropped by her side, the envious disguise fell unsupported, and the whole of Veronica's features were disclosed to the admiring, and by this time impassioned gaze of the Prince. A gentle qui-

vering of the lips corresponded to the beaming agitation of the eyes ; but she did not speak until Constantine had ceased for more than a minute, when she said, in a subdued, trembling tone, but one that bespoke intensity of delight, " You have invoked heaven's blessing on my name !"

The silence that ensued may be employed on the portrait of the person of her who last spoke ; and the moment is appropriate, as it was only when animated by deep feeling, or placed in peculiarity of circumstances, that she could pretend to such great charms.(1)

The figure of Veronica was cast in one of nature's finest moulds ; but its smallness, its extreme delicacy, gave an idea of fragileness, that was at times really painful, and could all but induce one to wish to enclose it in a glass case or sheltered shrine, lest the roughness of the elements should annihilate it. Those exquisite forms were now concealed by the barbarous wrapper or cloak, which she had not laid aside, but the face that the Prince was perusing was disclosed, and by a most favourable light—the rosy hues of evening striking on it obliquely, as she sat on the divan, with her back turned towards the north. The warm glow on her face belonged to the time and tide, or was partially produced by her unusual excitement ; for in general Veronica was remarkable for a degree of paleness that seemed unearthly ; and even now, that reflex of the sun was delicate and faint, as the rose-hues of fading evening on the loftiest of the eternally snow-covered Alps ; as a veil of gauze light as gossamer, and tinted with red, cast over a marble statue—and you could

see it die away like the hues on the mountain, or withdrawn like the veil from the marble, and that face slowly wax paler and paler, as the shades of evening approached on sun-set—so glorious, yet so brief, in the climes of the South and the East. The pleasing, indescribable sensations of excitement, still however continued, and sent at intervals a faint blood-flush across her cheeks and forehead, soft and evanescent, which showed her face more pallid still; when it disappeared, in the degree that the lightning-flash increases the gloom of the midnight sky it traverses.

In the countries of which she was a native, and where Oriental customs and jealousies have been introduced, it is by no means rare to find examples of that pale fair complexion; for confinement to the house, the covering of the white yashmack or veil, which from the time they pass the age of children they never quit when abroad, and the frequent use of the vapour-bath, would tend to produce it in the Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish females, whose costume and modes of life very nearly resemble each other; but what was somewhat rarer—what indeed was perhaps seldom found in these “Eastern climes,” except among the highest of the Turkish ladies, the prides of the harems of the great—in the imported exotics of Circassia or Georgia, or in their immediate progeny, was a *thinness* and transparency of skin which distinguished Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus. How she came by it, Armenian as she was, heaven knows; for of all the people in the East, even without an exception in favour of the children of Israel, her caste,

though it abounds in otherwise beautiful women, have certainly the thickest and coarsest of skins.

Hers was clear and delicate, and through it the little blue veins (the exquisite tracery of an immortal hand) showed themselves like the scattered threads of mountain streams beneath their crystal covering of thin ice. Contrasting with this pallidity and transparency, was the jet-black, intense hue of her eyes and eyebrows, and of some straggling locks of hair that had escaped the bondage of her yashmack, and fringed here and there her oval face. The kol, or the surme, had been employed with effect; the eyes were brilliant and dazzling, while they were languid and caressing, and so long and thick were the lashes on the ample upper-lid, that when downcast, they in reality formed a veil, and nearly hid the whole of the orb; yet the eyes were not faultless, unexceptionable as they were in colour and size—they did not approach the forms of the Greeks,—the living, or the works of their ancestors,—they were too long, and too full and convex, like Armenian eyes in general. The eyebrows were better—loftier than those even of Andalusian maids; they were arched in the very line of grace; like those of the Greeks, they approached very near, but did not unite over the nose, as do the eyebrows of Turkish beauties—a defect whose absence, however, was not owing to her, but to the obstinacy of nature, for the Armenians dress their faces after the Turks, and Veronica had laboured with kol and tweezers, and used every proper application to make her two eyebrows one.(2) Her nose was thin and finely formed, though slightly acqueline; the mouth

that seat of expression, all but equal to the soul-telling eye, was small; and lips, perhaps, too slightly tinged with the colour of the rose, certainly somewhat too exuberant, disclosed in their opening, teeth perfect in whiteness, size, and regularity. The chin was delicately turned; the whole contour of the head was good, and supported by a long, lithe, swan-like neck, graceful whether in motion or repose. In short, though the eye of criticism might find many faults, the heart of feeling could scarcely escape being impressed by the delicate and truly feminine appearance of Veronica; and the interest was increased by that aspect of fragileness which has been alluded to, and by an air of extreme youthfulness—almost of childishness, which her countenance generally bore. That expression, however, would have been an incorrect index to the character of her mind, which was full of passion, will, and resoluteness, and was furnished with the springs and resources of ready wit and enterprize, to do and to dare, for the object of her affections, and with firmness to die in the cause of him to whom she should give her heart's love. The temper of her mind, indeed, was as different from that of the cold, prudent, heavy, passionless race she belonged to, as was the texture of her outward skin to theirs; as yet it had scarcely been developed, except in occasional bursts of feeling at what she considered base in others, or in the exercise of generosity and charity in favour of the friendless and afflicted, but now the moment was approaching—perhaps was already come, when all its energies should be brought into activity.

The silence that followed the few happy words addressed by Veronica to the Prince, was not interrupted by him—for, to gaze on those unveiled features was occupation enough—but by the old Armenian woman, who had been looking through the gazeboe on the boats that were passing on the Bosphorus.

"As I am a sinner," cried she, suddenly, and in a tone of alarm, "here's your uncle Yussuf returning in his caik—he will get home before us—we shall never get out again! and—my lady! shame on you!—a man is seeing all your face!"

From the depth of the blush that overspread Veronica at these words of her attendant or guard, one might have fancied that the whole blood of her delicate small form had rushed to her face and neck. It must not, however, be supposed, that the admiring gaze of Constantine, which, though not *all* unblushingly, she had sustained for several minutes, nor the idea of her caste, (which she despised,) that a woman lost a portion of her virtue by showing her features to a man, who was neither her father, her husband, nor her brother, that caused all that blush;—no! she was angry and ashamed at the disclosure of coarse Armenian prejudice, and of her own subjection to it. She blushed to have it shown that she was where she then was (and whither, at least, she had gone with intentions that might have been owned by an angel) by stealth, and that at the appearance of a boorish relative she must flee as if from a deed of shame. The blush, too, might have been further deepened by a conviction already felt of the interest—the de-

light she took in the company of Constantine Ghika.

The Princess could not but notice her confusion.

"Veronica, my child—my love," said she, and tears of tenderness and offended pride came to her eyes, "I see how it is—they have forbidden you to enter my desolate, dishonoured house; they fear that one of their blood should be known to have communication with lost, persecuted, hated Greeks like us; they fear the Turks—they fear their priests, for what are we but schismatics—heretics! I see it all! I was not aware of it before! Go, flee, Veronica! Heaven bless you! but here—come no more!"

"Listen, Dominizza," said Veronica, decidedly, while her blood seemed to race and bound in her blue veins, from the effort she made to recover or assume her composure; if the unreflected words of a menial have disclosed to you that I am here against the will of my relatives, a voice in my own heart tells me that the feelings which led me here—which have attracted me to you so many times, are grateful to that all merciful Being whom we equally adore, though the forms of our worship may differ. Those feelings will most assuredly lead me here again, as long as I know you are left to solitude and suffering, as you have been," (here Constantine blushed as he thought of his own neglect,) "and you will not shut your door against your Veronica, who feared not to enter it when misfortune—death stood on its threshold!"

"My too generous friend," replied the Princess, while the tears fell faster down her cheeks; "I

am sensible of the purity of your feelings, and heaven will reward them ; but if your coming here be in opposition to the will of your family, can I encourage it ?”

“ Most honoured lady,” continued Veronica, “ I am sometimes perhaps not sufficiently sensible of my bounden obedience—of my subserviency to the uncharitable constructions of the unamiable caprices of my caste and kindred—I am the less so, as I have no mother to give sanctity to advice and command. Oh ! if I had a mother, would she not feel with me, would she not pride in a daughter who could exercise that charity recommended as the first of our duties, but which others think they fulfil when they passively assent to the words of an homily ! My father, busied incessantly in the pursuit of wealth, which, when his, he dare not enjoy, I rarely see, except in the evening of some holiday, when I light his pipe and present his coffee, and he gives me a handful of coin, which, in his eyes, the sole worldly good, supplies the place of affectionate caress or parental advice. The duty to a father can scarcely extend to an uncle, and my uncle is busier still, and engaged in a more perilous career : as head of the Turkish mint, his life is every day in jeopardy, and in the moments when the dreams of his ambition lag, when the spirit of accumulating fails its excitement, and his dreaming eyes glitter not at the prospect of piles of sequins heaped upon piles, the forms of his predecessors in office—the murdered Dooz-Oglus, hanged to their own lintel—there, in that country-house over the Bosphorus, fix them glaring in their sockets. These are all his soul’s thoughts—gold and the

rope!—and all the instruction or orders I ever received from him, were to fear God and the priest of Pera, and to take care of my purse! The rest of my advisers, the rest of those who can pretend to an authority over me, are aunts and cousins; and I may hope for pardon, if my subjection to them does not induce me to adopt beliefs and prejudices that my intellect and heart alike reject. Why, my aunt Serpui, and my aunt Marter, would fancy they perilled their salvation by converse with a Greek—of another church than their's! To bigotry like this, I cannot assent; nor can you, my Princess, require me so to do!"

The enthusiastic girl was silent, and catching the eye of Constantine, that had been rivetted on her while she spoke, she blushed at the intensity of his gaze, and at the heat and length at which she had spoken; and then kissing the hand of the Princess, who pressed her to her bosom and kissed her forehead, Veronica drew the yashmack over her agitated face, collected the loose folds of her garment with her left hand, and having made a sign with her right to the old serving-woman, or duenna, to lead the way, (a gesture whose firmness and dignity contrasted most singularly with her slight aerial figure, and with the almost childish face she had just covered, and of which only the two black eyes, through loop-holes in the white linen veil, were now visible,) she laid it across her breast, and bending reverentially to the Princess, and somewhat less lowly to the young Prince, she left the room, saying, in a tone that thrilled the heart of the latter, "I shall soon be here again; and certainly family matters will shortly so engross

my tender aunts and cousins, that I shall have much of my time at my disposal."

It will not be attempted to depict in Veronica, a character at all of heroine-like perfection, or one who might be a model to regulate the thoughts and conduct of others ; but merely to describe her as she was, with her virtues and her faults—pre-mising that the nature of female education in the East, and of Armenian coarseness and restriction must be occasionally remembered, to excuse what, to the maidens of civilized Europe, would seem deficient in decorum—unpardonable.

Until that evening, the secluded fair one had never been the object of tender attention, had seldom been five minutes in the company of a young person of another sex than her own : by the Armenians, the only visitants at her home, she had been considered, as women are by that heavy race, a comely sort of vehicle for pipes and coffee, but one with whom it was neither expedient nor desirous to hold converse, unless it were determined, signed, and sealed, that she were to be the mother of their children—their obsequious wife ! Veronica,—alas ! how opposed to the gentle practices of Europe, where the glance of maid, wife, or widow, is potent to engage every male hand in the party to her service ; and where the wants, the wishes of a beauty, are read in her eyes almost ere they are formed, and instantly operate on the young and the gallant of the other sex with the promptness of electricity—Veronica had been accustomed to wait behind her father's or her uncle's guests, and the brutes would sit, even though the warm current of youth

ran in their veins, whilst at the end of the repast her delicate hands conveyed them the embroidered napkin, and poured the cool rose-water into their palms,—and if she presented the amber-mouthed chibook, and the fragrant coffee-cup in its filigreed case with readiness, they would, as an effusion of their *keff*, or joviality, bestow some such praise on the young lady, as might be given to a *cafidji* in a place of public entertainment, or to a sure-footed horse who had carried them quickly and well over a certain distance of ground. Women are conscious by intuition of their rights—the manners of the boors of her own race were not calculated to engage affection, but they served to make Veronica sensible, by the force of contrast, to the charms, the attentions, and amenities, the Greeks, in imitation of polished nations, practise towards ladies—particularly when the ladies are young and handsome.

The interview had been so short, and so much occupied with a discussion of a melancholy and painful nature, that Constantine had little opportunity to exercise the gallantry in which he was accomplished; but his mode of noticing her was so different from what she had been used to in men, the tones of his voice when addressing her were so peculiar and penetrating—and how he hung upon her eye, her lip, when she spoke!

It would be long to trace the inward and mysterious process in the fair Armenian's mind, which ended in the serious result of love—a love as rapidly conceived as it was destined to be lasting. The analysis would produce many trifling causes: "How handsome he is!" (but beauty was never yet sincerely held of trifling estimation by maid

or youth,) "how graceful his person! how rich his dress!—his boots and slippers are like a Pasha's—the shawl round his waist is an exquisite cachemere—and, wonderful! he has sat a quarter of an hour in women's company, and never once called for a pipe!"(3)

Thoughts like these rushed through the mind of Veronica, as she gazed on the Prince for the last time, and they determined her (we may blush to tell the truth) to see him again, were the interview to be accomplished by artifice, or to expose her to shame and punishment. The virtuous, the generous intentions, which had hitherto led her to the princess, and might have paved her way to heaven, were never again to be her exclusive conductors thither.

The prince, who was scarcely less affected than herself, and who was deterred, moreover, by the well-known scrupulosities of the Armenians, spite of her last glance at him, which might have betrayed her heart's secret, stood by the edge of the sofa when he had risen to return her parting salute, until Veronica had disappeared through the farther door of the hall, into which the saloon opened. But then, and in a very few steps, he cleared the two apartments, and descended the stairs, on which the domestic was slowly tottering, and passing the lady and her *suivante*, advanced to open the front door for them. "No, prince, not that way," said Veronica, with a tremulous voice; "I should not like to meet my uncle face to face on the quay—or, he may be already at home—we can enter by the garden unperceived, and from this back door we can reach the garden."

Constantine stepped back and reached the opposite door, as the hand of Veronica was laid on the latch—he put forth his to open it—he covered her delicate hand with his : she did not withdraw it ; but when the door opened and he still retained it, and after thanking her again for her kindness to his aged relative, he pressed it within his and raised it to his heart, his lips ; the blush that mantled on her cheek was betrayed in her visible eyes, and was almost seen through the thick linen yashmack. She would have spoken, but her heart was too full of sensations, as novel to her as they were powerful ; she could only bend to the prince, and cast on him a full, deep, penetrating glance, and thus she left him, unconscious of all else in the world, or of the earth she trod on.

Constantine remained at the door until he saw the fair Armenian and her somewhat relax duenna reach the little wicket gate of a garden, at the back of a house not more than a hundred yards distant. The suivante thence advanced alone through the garden to the habitation, and having reconnoitred, she gave a sign and a gentle “ hist—hist ! ” to Veronica, who bounded across the path like a fawn, and disappeared within the house.

The mind unaccustomed to concealment or deceit will revolt at the least appearance of either ; but in the jealous and restrictive East, in Turkey, where the commonest affair of life is carried on as an intrigue, that generous sensitiveness is blunted : the conduct of Veronica, which might have given rise to unfavourable opinions in another, to Constantine the Greek, to Constantine the Fanariote,

who had been accustomed to secrecy and intrigue all his life, seemed only clever and interesting, and perfectly justifiable ; and the fair Armenian herself, who had never been treated with confidence, felt no remorse, as she broke no trust, but merely evaded the clumsy controul and restrictions of her kinsfolk. Her conduct was even calculated, and systematic ; and she had long decided that those who employ lock and bar, must look to lock and bar for their security, and have no right to pretend to a sentiment of obedience (proof to all motive and to every temptation) in the breasts of their captives. Hitherto she certainly had never set at nought the domestic, Armenian authority, for other than the most unexceptionable purposes ; but now that an incipient passion was planted in her young heart, it was readily to be conceived, how much her disregard of that authority would be increased, and how, when she should be detected and violently constrained in her person and actions, an incessant combat should be instituted, as, in fact, there soon was, in which her artifice and adroitness would be opposed to the obstinacy and violence of her relations.

Constantine stood at the door he had opened, which afforded a pleasant view of a hanging wood that descended the hill's side, a few paces behind the princess's residence. The hues and brightness of the brief twilight, had given way to the deepening shades of night ; a nightingale, awaked into song by the congenial gloom, was pouring forth her melancholy strain, to which the murmur of the wind among the trees formed a subdued accompaniment ; a bright star—Hesperus the lovely and

the solitary—stood still in the blue face of heaven, over the brow of the wooded hill, as an exquisite eye arrested in its course of conquest by some object of irresistible charms, and the topmost trees were agitated like bosoms, conscious of the presence of immortal beauty.

Constantine, after lingering for awhile, took an affectionate farewell of his grandmother, and heard the old lady renew her praises of Veronica—an object that was already dearer to him than he would have believed. In the warmth of her gratitude, she expressed her regret that the Tinghir-Oglu was not a Greek. Could she boast of Hellenic blood, who so fit as she to be the pride of her house's prop, her Constantine? But Veronica was an Armenian, and in spite of her worth and beauty, the princess never conceived, for a moment, that her daughter's son, could fall in love with one of her inferior caste.

"True, 'tis too true, she is a pretty girl, but she is an Armenian after all," reflected Constantine, as wrapped in his cloak, and seated at the stern of his boat, he descended the moon-lit Bosphorus, passing with sinful indifference or unconsciousness, the loveliest nooks, the most happy combination of nature and art, of minaret and cypress, of mosque and hanging wood, of villa-covered quay, and *now* solitary channel. "Yes! she belongs to the race of Asinine ears, thick skins, and ponderous hands and feet!(4) She does not, however, betray her breed; her skin is certainly as fine as that pure specimen of Greek blood I have been worshipping these three months; her hand lay in mine, small and soft, like an unfledged bird within its nest;

her feet—a curse upon mestlers (5)—have not been seen ; however, we shall see them, and her ears too, if she have no more affection for the yashmack than she has shown this evening. I wonder whether they are as long as the ears of my neighbour—the somewhat fair and fat Pupul,(6) that look like mushrooms undressed ; but be they as long as those of the holy mule that carries to Mecca(7) the annual offerings of the padishah, Veronica of the Tinghir-Oglus is a beautiful girl, and I am determined to see her again !”

CHAPTER IV.

ACCORDING to those philosophers who would reduce to a branch of statistics man's virtues and their different degrees, making them absolutely dependant on the warmth or the cold, the dryness or the moisture, the élévation or the depression, of the regions wherein he is fixed—the ancient Armenia was a country that ought to produce a hardy and free race of beings ; and, without attempting to account for the fact in the spirit of system, without assigning to one cause, what may be the result of many causes united, history has recorded that the ancient Armenians were robust, spirited, and courageous ; and, in spite of their

powerful neighbours, and their own varying submission, attached to their national independence, and jealous of the authority of all, save their legitimate kings. (1)

It was an evil hour that saw the Armenians espouse the cause of Mithridates, and brave all-conquering Rome : but till that fatal moment, though nominally subjected, and following the fates of the great Eastern empires that succeeded each other, the country had enjoyed a degree of freedom, under the supremacy of the Medes, Assyrians and Persians ; or of Alexander the Great, and his successors the Seleucidæ. (2)

When the Roman eagle, from being restricted in its range of flight, was driven back upon the Seven Hills, and forced to tremble and fold its wings in its original eyry, before the vultures of the North, the provinces and conquests of her who had styled herself the earth's mistress, and presumed her reign to be eternal, were left to themselves, weakened and demoralized by the long habit of servitude, and of looking to the imperial legions for their defence against the barbarians.

In the general disseverance, some few states started anew, and at once, in the career of independence ; but the greater number received a copious fusion of the barbarians, their necessary allies, or their conquerors, ere they remodelled themselves into nations.

It would not be easy to trace the extent, or the quality of the accession to the original Armenian stock ; but in the course of a few centuries, we hear again of the kings of Armenia, and of their power and military enterprize.

During the reign of Constantine, or towards the middle of the fourth century, the Armenians embraced the Christian religion ; and the strength of their character was soon displayed, by the fervour of their devotion.(3) Soon they fell into schism, and one, who holds not the scales, nor attempts to decide on the conflicting opinions that too soon distracted a church, whose very foundation-stone was peace and mutual forbearance, will scarcely withhold his admiration, from the firmness with which the Armenians retained the opinions they had adopted ; though he may regret, that a blind, unyielding reverence to dogma, should betray them into contempt of human suffering and human life—in their own persons, or in those of their antagonists ; for, on extended observation, it will hold but too true, that the spirit of fanaticism, which shall suffice to make men encounter death, for unintelligible, speculative notions, will, under a different modification of circumstances, justify them in their own eyes, in inflicting that death on others, their antagonists ; and sanctify the employment of the sword or the stake.

Adopting the tenets, or the heresies of Eutyches, the Armenians formed themselves into a separate community of Christians ; and they would be a people attractive of some curiosity and interest, were it but from the fact of their being, as they are to this day, one of the churches of the East—one of the great divisions of the Christian family, that, retaining their faith, in the regions of Asia, where it sprung, to improve and bless the world, have adhered to it, through twelve long centuries of Mahometan persecution. In the middle ages, so

dark for Europe, a glimmering of light rested upon Armenia; and literary works of that period still exist, to speak to its comparative learning and civilization.(4)

The fanaticism of a novel faith, or the ambition and rapacity of new conquerors—for the proselytes of the Arabian prophet were, at least, as anxious for exclusive power and possession in this world, as for exclusive bliss in the next,—soon annihilated the political existence of the Christian states in Asia; and that their religion did not fall with it, must, as we have intimated, remain matter of admiration.

A part of the dominions of the two Armenias, which, in their most extended sense, had comprised the vast regions between Medea, Iberia, and Mesopotamia, for the Major; and between Cappadocia, Cilicia, the Euphrates, and Syria, for the Minor, fell to the Turks; and a part was included within the modern Persian empire.

The condition of the people varied according to the caprices of their masters; and sometimes flocks of Armenians, for refuge from the tyranny of the Turkish pashas, fled to the shadow of the Persian Shah; whilst at others, the cases of persecution and protection were reversed, and they sought in the dominions subjected to the Osmanlis, that peace they could not find among the Persians. For the last two centuries, the indifference, the indolence, the apathy of the Turks, have caused the current to run pretty steadily in one way; and, during that period, the impolitical activity and persecution of the Persians, have many times swelled the tide of emigration; and, to its own

detriment, furnished the Ottoman empire with industrious, valuable rayah subjects, who were but too well disposed to the change of masters, by the knowledge, that from the dreaming, stupid Osmanlis, much more was to be gained by way of commerce, to which they have exclusively turned their attention, than from the wide-awake, the crafty Kuzilbashes.(5)

The regions of peculiar sanctity, the spots which had witnessed the early formation of the church, or had been the scene of Scripture's earliest events, (at least, according to the Armenians)—the holy peaks of Mount Ararat, on which the ark of Noah was deposited by the subsiding flood, that had lashed its waves round the punished globe; the monastic establishments, the vastest, the most ancient, and most revered,—all remained within the limits of the Persian empire;(6) in Armenia Major, too, masses or communities of the Eutychean Christians continued untouched, and free, almost, from the admixture of the Mahometans, and that portion of the ancient Armenian kingdom, which had been distinguished by the superior nationality of its inhabitants, still retained a hardy population—the semblance of a separate, though conquered state.

It is true, migrations were known from parts of those upper regions, but they took a very different course; they set towards the realms of a Christian sovereign. (7) Those who departed, corresponded with their brethren who remained behind; and though it may have escaped observation, or in the diversity and more immediate interest of the world's affairs have been held as unimportant, it is still certain, that for many years the occupation of

parts of Armenia was prepared for Russia by the Armenians. (8) But the objects of present consideration are rather the inhabitants of Minor Armenia ; and an inferior people, who from Persia and the Turkish provinces contiguous to the Euphrates, have overrun nearly the whole of the Ottoman empire.

The current, it has been said, has run, for the two past centuries, pretty regularly from Persia to the dominions of the Porte ; and its channel has been deepened, and its tide strengthened, as the following circumstances will sufficiently explain.

A certain number of missionaries, the active and talented members of the *Propaganda fidei* of Rome, who found it easier and safer to enter into discussion with schismatic Christians, than with wholly unbelieving, and hot-headed Mahometans, whilst the merit of converting is equal in both cases, in the eyes of their church—succeeded in their zealous efforts, and induced a few Armenians to embrace the Roman creed and ritual.

The story of the Neophytes, of this infant sect, was the usual one. They were pitied or despised, as long they remained weak and humble ; but malice rose with the accession to their strength, and ended in persecution and deadly hate.

The operations of the Armenians were singular, owing to their dependent situation ; they could not erect a “ holy office ” of their own, to judge and to punish on matters of faith ; but Christians as they were, they applied to the followers of Ali, the men of a hostile faith, who detested all the forms of their religion alike, to deal with the seceders.

The Persians did not imitate the good sense or

indifference of the Turks, who let the Nazarenes quarrel on as they like, and treat them but as different breeds of swine in one sty— they were seduced by their wonted busy, intermeddling spirit, and by those springs, without which nothing is set in motion in the East—purses of gold—to an interference in the modes of faith of their Armenian subjects. The princes and khans, who rubbed their foreheads on the threshold of the Shah's porte, found a satisfactory source of revenue in the persecuting Eutycheans, who were ever ready to buy them over; and what mattered it to enlightened patriots like them, that the country was impoverished and seriously injured by the frequent emigration or flight of the Catholic Armenians?

But where favour is to be bought, the higher price will secure it, and intrigue and caprice are not to be depended upon—no where less so, than among the fickle Persians. The Catholics, who had increased under persecution, at length boldly ventured on the market; and their money, and in some instances the talent and the *money too*, of the church of Rome, were employed on the Mahometans against the rival sect. Innumerable were the combats and various the successes; at times the object of attack and defence was a mud-walled church, or a khan of a monastery, for the Catholics soon erected such places; at other times, it would be the seizure of a backsliding brother or sister, or a right of precedence, or some other of the numerous apples of discord that are thrown between contending churches—gross and paltry objects, it might seem, to the advocates of eternal salvation. Under one Shah, or under the influence of a par-

ticular favourite of the day, it would happen that the Eutycheans would procure a sentence, condemning the Roman church to be levelled with the ground, the monastery to be converted into a stable, and the priests and monks to be imprisoned and bastinadoed.

There is one case on record, where they were even so successful as to induce the court to condemn the Catholic bishop to be burned alive ; and it is almost surprising, that their fanaticism should not have made them insensible, we will not say to humanity, for that is not supposed to have directed them, but to fears for their own skin, and to the reflection, (which saved the bishop,) that among the capricious changes of their masters' humours, it might happen, on some other day, that the Catholics should succeed, and the Eutycheans be sentenced to the grill.

The holy, the pure faith, which each sect pretended exclusively to practise and teach in its perfection, orders that ill shall not be done, in the hopes that good may ensue from the practice ; but Eutychean and Roman shut their ears to the immortal precept, while, to their passion-blinded eyes, every means seemed justifiable that led to the end. The vices and abominations of the interior of an eastern despot's court, were called into action in the cause of the Christian religion ; and letters are extant, written by a member of the Roman church in which he congratulates a devout friend, on the turn affairs have taken at the court of Persia, in favour of the Catholics ; which success he blushes not to attribute, next to the influence of the Holy

Spirit, to their intrigues with a eunuch and a concubine, the two imperial favourites of the day.

We have said, the success of the rival churches varied; but as the Eutycheans or Armenians of the ancient Armenian faith, continued infinitely more numerous and more wealthy, it could not but be, that on the whole they would have the advantage over their Catholic countrymen. Frequent persecutions were raised against the latter; and one of superior magnitude in the early part of the eighteenth century, drove a number of Catholic families from the country, the greater part of whom found a peaceable asylum in Turkey; and only an enterprising few broke through their prejudice in favour of the East, and of eastern customs; and, crossing the Mediterranean, found refuge and protection at the extremity of the Venetian gulf.(9)

The religious feuds which had divided them in their own country, or in the Persian dominions, could not be effected by a change of soil and air; they went with them into Turkey; and if they were not more frequently displayed in action and violence, it was rather owing to the contemptuous indifference of the Turks, than to any improvement of moderation in themselves.

Eruptions of zeal or fanaticism, however, there were on both sides; and the Eutycheans, continuing to be in the Ottoman States as they had been in the Persian, incomparably more numerous than the Romans, and more wealthy, and every way more influential, they seem to have had, almost without an exception, the victory on their side. Nor did the Eutycheans always use that victory with moderation, and stop short of human

blood ; for about a century back the Turks, urged by them, put to death, for the faith's sake, a certain strenuous Catholic. His name was Comedas or Comydas : he was beheaded, and the Church of Rome awarded the crown of martyrdom to the man who had the constancy to lay down his life for her tenets, on the walls of Constantinople.

These dogmatic dissensions, which rendered the Armenians insensible to the charities and the humanity of our nature, which made them unmindful of the facts that they were brethren—descendants from the same ancient stock—Christians agreeing upon the same material point of faith, cast among fanatic Moslems, who detested them all, and all their doctrines alike, continued with unabating fury for many years.

At last, the weaker or the Catholic party, made their sufferings and their full condition known at the Vatican ; and the Pope of the period, with a very proper knowledge of cause and effect, and of the character of a coarse, worldly-minded hierarchy, decreed that the Armenian Catholics should be permitted to receive the sacraments of baptism, marriage, &c. from the rival Armenians, and to pay the priests of the schismatic church for the same, precisely in the same proportion as they would their own sacerdotal body. (10) The rubiehs and the piastres, and the mahmoodiers, though they bore the infidel impress of the Turks, were more potent in the production of tranquillity between the sects, than the inspirations of humanity, of patriotism,—of the blessed word itself. The bearded priests of the Eastern church received their fees, and ceased from troubling the beardless priests

of the Western church; and if there were always latent causes of dispute and ill will,—and the spread and rise of the Catholic body afterwards renewed hostilities more violently than ever,—still, for awhile, the Armenians at Constantinople, at Smyrna, and the other great cities of Turkey, ceased to persecute and intrigue against one another, and to give to the world the scandalous spectacle of their unchristianly, religious dissensions.

As ghiaours, the Armenians were precluded from the profession of arms, for none but the children of the prophet may well wield the sabre in Mahometan armies;(11) and the same privileged class exercise the calling of law, which indeed, from the Koran, is but a portion of their religion.

In barbarous and arbitrary governments, where the property it engages and produces is so much exposed, agriculture will never be resorted to from choice; by a weak and rayah population particularly. As lately has been said of the Jews of Turkey and Barbary, that never one of them is seen engaged in the labours of the field, so, with perhaps slight exceptions, the same may be advanced of the Armenians, who flock to the great cities of Asia Minor, and to the capital—Stambool. Like the Jews too, and indeed like all the races of the Levant, except the Greeks, the Armenians are averse to a seafaring life, and are not found as sailors.

The healing, or as it might more appositely be called, the *killing* art, in the East, whenever held as a profession, and separated from the craft of santons and conjurors, is monopolized by audacious Franks; the doctors of the Italian peninsula chief-

ly, who never had a diploma from an Italian university ; by cast-off cooks or valets,(12) or the descendants of the same, educated in Smyrna or the capital, heirs to the science which was intuition in their fathers : or it is practised by a set of Jews, who prowl about the streets of Constantinople, like the wicked master for whom Anastasius was treated with a sight of the interior of the bagnio : or they open a little shop, or erect a little stall in some great thoroughfare, or opposite to a favourite coffee-house, which *they* (and the mountebanks, but no decent European practitioner, as a traveller has incorrectly stated) frequent, on the look-out for customers.

The more mechanical and material department of the *ars medicandi*, fell however partially to the Armenians, who are possessed of a certain mechanical dexterity ; and the Armenians are celebrated as bone-setters, and generally employed as such, all over Turkey. The same dexterity recommended them to the exercise of several other mechanical professions, such as those of jewellers, enamellers, weavers, carpenters, and smiths ; and among the Turks, who now do nothing at all, but drill pipe-sticks and make earthen pipe-bowls, and who never seem to have done anything mechanical, beyond the manufacture of arms, saddles, and carpets, they were sure of finding employment.

The very lowest of the Armenian race, unrepulsed by filth and contempt, employed themselves to perform the duty which cloaca, or common sewers, do elsewhere ; and their odious and unsavoury name of *boktandji*, is applied by the Turks, in their choler, to the Armenian caste generally.

But it was in the congenial pursuits of commerce, that the Armenians from the beginning, looked for employment and advancement.

Sober, patient, cautious, laborious, and even enterprizing, they were indeed admirably, suited for the details of trade, and to be the merchants of the strangely modified East. They not only established houses in the capital and at Smyrna, and the other great *scales* or ports of the Levant, which are the issues for the rich produce of Turkey, and the stores for the manufactures of industrious Europe, and the *now* indispensable luxuries which the enterprise of Europe draws from its colonies; but they settled at Brusa in Bithynia, at Kutaya, and Angora, and other places in the interior of Asia Minor, or in Syria; and their colonies along the shores of the Euxine were more numerous than the Ligurian establishments, and but for the stupidity of the Turks, their general oppressors, the Armenians, mixed with the Greeks, might have become almost as useful and as prosperous as once were the trading colonies of the Genoese Republic, or the earlier settlements of the Greeks in the same sea.

Endowed with great bodily strength, and a sort of passive courage, the Armenian traders were accustomed to take journeys through remote and dangerous countries; they traversed the now deserted regions of Asia Minor, where during summer, fever lurks in every vale and hollow; they braved the Syrian heats, and, at times, the simooms and the drought of the Arabian desert. In the happily constituted states of society, in the well governed countries through which their road generally lay,

the rapine of professional robbers, and of robbers more insatiable than they—the pashas and men in power—the dysentery, the plague, not to enumerate minor evils, were of familiar occurrence. (13) Yet, the greater the risk, the greater the gain, in case of success; and the spirit of the Armenians was not broken by repeated misfortunes and wrong.

And, after all, who paid the price of disorder and injustice? Why the Turks, and not they! for the injury inflicted by the plundering rapacity of a sheik, an agha, a pasha, or a freebooter, was made up by an increase of price on the articles that remained, or might follow by another caravan; and the Turkish buyers grumbled, and paid their enterprising purveyors. The Armenians were, indeed, by land what the Greeks were by sea; but for these two classes of rayahs, the commerce of the Ottoman dominions, confined as it has been, would have been infinitely more despicable; whilst, on the other hand, had they been protected in their persons and property as they ought to have been, their commercial spirit—the steadiness and perseverance of the one class, the energy and intelligence of the other—might have renovated a sinking empire.

Tribes of these Armenian traders there were, and are still, though the number be diminished, constantly on the road, patient as the camels they bestride, passive and enduring as their own bales of merchandize; and the picture of Maallim Moorsa, (14) is no caricature, but a most correct portrait of one of those sons of trade.

Even commercial pursuits, in their develop-

ment, are susceptible of grandeur ; and those of the children of the East, at times approached the romantic, the poetic ; for in their course they would frequently leave the ancient Euphrates far behind them ; would consider Bagdad—the fallen Bagdad, once the home of Oriental gorgeousness and revelry,—but as a starting post for their extended career ; would traverse regions whose very names carry with them impressions imaginative and fable-like ; and return to Stamboul and Europe, or the western shores of the Asiatic peninsula, with the stores of “ Ind and Catai.” (15)

The Jews also abound in Turkey ; for the intolerance and persecution of various states have strengthened the rayah population of that singular country. The children of Israel had avowedly no pursuit but that of trade ; they were, however, more sedentary than the Armenians—perhaps more timid. The inferior classes exercised their skill as trucksters and brokers ; and the superior, acquiring wealth, became the seraffs or bankers of the Porte, the pashas, and Turkish grandees in general.

In well constituted governments, where honesty will always be more profitable than dishonesty, it will never be found that a whole class or race is thievish ; and if the Jews in Turkey were notoriously so, the blame attached to the Turks. The pashas and men in office thought they might improve by the change, and began to substitute Armenian seraffs for Jewish.

In a few years, the Israelites had almost disappeared as bankers ; the Armenians advanced in wealth and consideration, but certainly not in hap-

piness and tranquillity ; and the latter was fatally compromised, when, not many years ago, they accepted the offices of seraffs to the Porte, and directors of the Mint. The honour, in their eyes, attached to these high functions, the hopes of rapidly making gigantic fortunes, seduced the Armenians into intrigue and manœuvre, similar in nature to those resorted to by the Greeks of the Fanar, for the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. The ambitious career of both, was alike subversive of the feelings of nature and of honour ; alike perilous—for that of the seraff of the Porte was sure to end in death and confiscation, or exile and ruin, like the more splendid one of the hospodar. There was, however, one grand point of difference between the Armenians and the Greeks ; and it may be assumed, as one among many proofs of the superiority claimed for the latter, over all the dwellers in the East.

The Greeks, as they advanced in prosperity, improved in spirit ; they contracted European ideas, and laboured, that their children should have some of the advantages of European education. They more and more detested the Turkish tyranny, as they acquired light to judge of its full horrors and deformities, and to contrast it with civilized Christian governments. They threw off the Eastern customs and opinions of their predecessors, as unworthy trammels ; they assimilated their domestic interior to those of our western world ; and for more than a quarter of a century, the European traveller had remarked the advancement of the Greeks, in intellect and manner. They could not stop there—they looked to what *they* had been—at

what the Turks *are*—and they conceived, cherished the idea, of acquiring their independence, and becoming again a nation !

But the Armenians, the plodding, the unintellectual Armenians, had not the embryo, the spark of a spirit within them, to be warmed by their prosperity. Essentially oriental, they continued unchangeable in their attachments to the ideas and usages inveterate, from their many-centuried existence ! they still dispised knives and forks, sat cross-legged, veiled their wives' faces, and smoked their pipes, in gross, contented ignorance. The oppression of their masters they felt less than the Greeks ; for the submissiveness, the grovelling spirit of the Armenians, disarmed the apprehension and hatred the ancient possessors of the country constantly kept awake in the bosoms of the Mussulman conquerors. Of that oppression they would lose sight altogether : they were decidedly the favoured class among the rayahs ; and though not exempt from violence and extortion, they balanced the injuries they sustained, with the advantages they derived from the shortsighted, indolent Turks ; and the evil with the good, they were inclined to become advocates for the statu quo of things ; and the Armenians of Constantinople, as an experienced and philosophic observer has said, would certainly view the subversion of the Ottoman empire with regret.(16)

It might be both instructive and amusing, to trace the history and condition of the different classes of rayah, or conquered population, in the Ottoman empire ; this, however, is not the place ; and it may suffice for the present, to describe, as we have done, the effects and the character result-

ing therefrom to the Armenians. But the abjectness, the timidity, the downcast eyes, the crouching demeanour, the silence of these men, when in the presence of the Turks, must be seen to be understood.

The proud Osmanlis, besides the reproachful term with which their anger designates the Armenians, have another name for them, in their moods of friendship and good will—they call them men camels; and their enduring patience, industry, and usefulness, may make the name of the quadruped applicable. The analogy may be further extended; for, as among animals, the camel is that which bears most markedly the signs of subjection and servitude, so among men, is the Armenian of Constantinople.(17) No soul-stirring reminiscences of ancient glory and independence; no patriotism, (that religion of earth!) no abstract love of freedom, can be expected in a race like this.

The Armenians neither recal the past nor look forward to the future; they are in this, inferior even to the despised Jews, who still, from the depths of their degradation, remember that they were once "the denizens of their own free independent state;" and enslaved, poor, scattered, dishonoured as they are, their souls' aspirations are for the day when they shall again be free, rich, united—a nation! Aye! some there are, who, in the glowing language of the Hebrew Maid,(18) can refer to "the ancient history of the people of God;" can esteem the proudest names of other lands but "as the gourd compared with the cedar;"—can trace those names "that ascend, back, to the high times, when the Divine Present

shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim ; and which derived their splendour from no earthly prince, but from the awful voice, which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the Vision !”

And indeed, the children of Israel who retain their faith, generally, and thrown wherever they may be, still mourn, as in the days of their Babylonian captivity, over the picture of Zion ; and the feeling with which they look forward to the fulfilment of misunderstood prophecy, has perhaps in it, as much of nationality, of patriotism, as of religion.

In England, in other countries of Europe, where, admitted by degrees to somewhat like equality of rights, the Jews, imbibing the modes and opinions of our days, and verging to a change of belief, or (as may be feared,) to general disbelief, are not so strongly moved by the sentiments alluded to ;—but in the East, where they are strictly confined to the society of themselves ; where they are shunned and condemned by all castes and creeds ; where they retain their ancient usages ; where their women wear the garments and style of ornaments they wore when a David or a Solomon sat on the throne of Israel ; where the holy hill of Sion, and “ Siloa’s brook, that flow’d fast by the oracle of God,”—are comparatively objects near at hand and accessible, those sentiments of patriotism are ardent and enduring. They are not often shown openly, as though they never would excite envy or fear ; they certainly would provoke derision ; but he who traces these sketches, remembers a burst of feeling, and a scene, that deeply interested him at the time.

He was standing in Constantinople, at the upper extremity of the Hippodrome, and at the foot of the Egyptian obelisk, with the twisted broken column, or truncated tripod of bronze behind him—before him extended the long, vast square, retaining nearly its original dimensions—the arena, where a mighty empire had displayed its pomp and splendour; where the maddening course of the charioteers had caused the hearts of assembled thousands to rush like the fiery wheels of the contending cars; and where the deadly factions of the blues and the greens had dyed the soil with red blood. He stood there, overpowered with the recollections, and the real and present magnificence of the spot.(19)

To his right, and running half the length of the Hippodrome, was a wall, with open iron railings, that separated the square from a vast and well-paved court-yard, in which rose the Mosque of Sultan Achmet—the grandest edifice in Turkey—with its swelling domes, and six towering minarets. Before him, at the end of the Hippodrome, was the broad and ancient mass of Santa Sophia; and at the same extremity, but to the left, the column of the Emperor Marcian showed itself over a line of serais and meaner buildings. The breezes of evening were busy, in a line of fair and stately trees, ranged in front of the nearer mosques, while the setting sun, striking on the taper, gilded points of the minarets, made them glitter like flames, and shining full on the wide-arched upper casements beneath the dome gorgeously coloured the expansive glass with the hues of purple and of molten-gold. The building of the Mahometan cor

queror showed as a mountain of purely white marble ; the more distant temple of the Christian emperor, in colour grey, and subdued, in mourning weeds for its actual desecration ; but, taken both together, the church and the mosque, without any accessaries, save the spacious square and the mystic column—they offered a picture which, perhaps no capital can surpass.

A poor old Jew had approached the traveller, to offer him some attar of roses for sale ; he might have remarked, that he was impressed with what he saw ; he followed his eyes, and measured with him the length of the Hippodrome, the elevation of the domes and towers, the breadth of the stately edifices. “ And what is all this ? ” said he, in the corrupted Spanish, (the general dialect of the Jews in Turkey,) “ what is all this to the Holy Mount, and the Temple of Solomon ?—Aye, Jerusalem, our city, and the city of our Lord, was as superior to Stamboul and all its glories, as is Stamboul to Ortakeui ! ” (20)

CHAPTER V.

A RESOLUTION like that made by the hero of our tale, at the end of the third chapter, was likely to be kept ; and as his time for once lay heavily on

his hands, as in the pursuits of gallantry that had occupied him, he had himself tired of one fair friend, and had caused another to tire of him, as he had no new horse to exercise and be proud of, no new shawl or robe with which to attract attention, among the blue coats and bright buttons of the *cercle diplomatique* of Pera, or awaken envy among the gaudy Stamboul dandies—as, in fine, he had nothing to do that was worth the while doing, he went back to his grandmother's the very next day.

The thanks of his aged relative for so speedy a repetition of his kind visit, the beautiful view of the Bosphorus, and a good appetite for his supper, despite his kindling passion, were however the only rewards his exertions met with—Veronica came not.

He went home that evening in a very bad humour with himself, and with the Armenian race in general: he determined that Veronica must have ears like an ass, feet like an *hamal*, (1) and that he must be a fool, if ever again he lost his *precious* time for her. And yet without any revelation from another world, to show him he erred, and to change his opinion during the night, the next morning found him full of anxiety to see that pale impressive face again, and busied in devising some pretext for again repeating his visit to the Princess; who, conscious as he himself was of a secondary motive so perfectly independent of his duty and attachment to her, he apprehended might detect its cause, and throw obstacles in the way of his meeting Veronica, before he should have im-

pressed the fair Armenian with a full sense of his merits and *irresistibleness*.

A letter from his mother at Bucharest, and a present of rare fruit, the growth of the seraglio garden, came most opportunely to his succour. "I must carry these myself," said Constantine; "I will go early—I will dine with my grandmother—I *will* see the lily of the seraff, if I wait till night, and hear every piece of good advice the old lady ever gave me, over again." He went, and a dull day he had of it. In vain did he look along the quay, mistaking every distant veiled figure he saw for the object he desired; in vain did he fix his eye on the house of the Tinghir-Oglus, expecting to see Veronica enter it from without, or issue thence for her promenade, or her visit to the Princess. He felt, too, his lengthening disappointment the more keenly, as, on his arrival, his relative had said that she expected her young Armenian friend would visit her in the course of the day—that some of the fair fruit—her Costandi's present, should regale the kind Veronica.

As he sat at dinner with the Princess, he heard a female voice at the outer door, gently call the name of "Petracki;" the sound was more musical than the voice of a cherub—it must be the attendant's call—*she* must be there—he almost leaped from his seat.

Petracki, obedient to the summons, repaired to the outer hall, and pulled a cord which communicated with the latch; the door creaked on its hinges, feet were heard on the stairs—light, gentle, the fall of female feet—two figures advanced to the open doors of the saloon, yashmacks covered

- their faces, their boots and papooshes were of the proper colour—was the loiterer come at last? No! they were only two Armenian women who were bringing home some kalemkiars,(2) the Princess had ordered for the mother of Costandi—of the graceless youth, who, at this unexpected disclosure, destroyed the graceful curl of his moustache by furiously pulling it, and the *grace* of a whole morning's good behaviour (in the eyes of his grand-mamma) by speaking ill of painted handkerchiefs.

But the most painful incident was towards the close of day, when, as tired and exasperated, he was looking across the Bosphorus to the Giant's Mount, whose ridge of trees bending towards him, from the blasts of the Euxine, as if in mockery, to say that they were coming to him—a promise *they* seemed as likely to keep as Veronica—he saw a four-oared caik, with ladies seated at its stern, approach the quay. The boat stopped opposite the house of the Tinghir-Oglus; three ladies, closely veiled and wrapped in their ample cloaks, stepped on shore and glided to the porch, whilst, to gratify the longing eyes of the Prince, Veronica's uncle Yussuf, with long iron-grey moustachoes, and a chin for a week unconscious of a razor, stood leisurely by the water's edge to settle some matter of paras with the boatmen.

• Before the disappointed Constantine descended the Bosphorus that evening, he walked for awhile up and down the quay, in the hopes that Veronica might see at least, by his presence there, how very ill she was behaving.

His only pleasure—and childish as it may be it is a pleasure that all who have loved have felt

was to fix his eye on a light that faintly glimmered through the well-secured lattices of a room in the seraff's abode—to fancy that its rays illumined the face and form of the fair Armenian, and as it was obscured to him by some object passing in the room, or by a tremulous shadow playing across its radiance, to determine that effect was produced by Veronica.

Fishing is an amusement very much resorted to at Constantinople, where pastimes are somewhat scarce, and at different seasons of the year the banks of the Bosphorus are lined with adventurous caiks, furnished with nets and hooks. The nature of the occupation could scarcely accord with an active, impetuous, impatient disposition like that of our young Greek; he had often expressed his astonishment how a man who could bestride a steed, and had an open, unobstructed country, like the wild neighbourhood of Stamboul, to gallop over, and to make his own, could coop himself up in a rocking caik; and he had invariably refused to honour the aquatic piscatory parties with his presence.

His conversion was very sudden. The morning which succeeded the day of his disappointment, saw him more anxious than ever for a sight, for a word with the Armenian, whom, though he had ten thousand times represented to himself in the garb of inferiority, and as an object not meriting his love, he felt he loved. There were no letters to cover his visit to the Princess, and he had neither fruit nor flower to present. What should he do? A scene of the preceding day recurred to his memory—it was a long bark on the Bosphorus, lay-

ing on its oars, with six black-headed Armenians leaning over the waves, and bobbing with rodless lines. These fellows moved like machinery, and were just as silent, save now and then, that a fish was hooked up, and their hilarity exploded in the Turkish monosyllable "*bir*," or one.

"I will become a fisherman," thought he; "the idea is excellent! my new vocation will give a motive not only for this day's visit, but to as many other and consecutive ones as I choose to make: so I can float up and down the Bosphorus like a porpus; so I can pass and repass that cursed quay, and gaze on old Tinghir-Oglus' house, till *he* may think I have a design to knock it down with the evil eye,—till Veronica again show herself!"

The implements of the often-derided sport were soon purchased, and before noon Constantine was again landing at the Princess's residence. He blessed his star for having conducted him.

The day was a great Catholic festival,—the Tinghir-Oglus, as Armenians of the Roman church, were sure to make a holiday of it—he was certain to see them out of doors—and so much had the rising passion gained upon him, by irritation, and disappointment, and delay, that he fancied he should, to a certain degree, be happy, could he but rest his eyes on Veronica's form, even though it were buried in broad-cloth and linen.

Petracki, who gave this information regarding the fete of the rival church, was, though old, a true Fanariote Greek servant—quick-sighted and shrewd; he had witnessed, moreover, the animated pantomime in the passage, when Veronica retired.

by the garden-door; he had seen his young master's hand on her's, and had watched the flush and animation of his countenance; he guessed the rest, though not to its full extent, for had he suspected, what by this time was almost the case, that the hope, the pride of the house in whose service, through prosperity and adversity, his life had been passed, that *he*, Constantine Ghika, a Greek, and of the noblest, was seriously enamoured of an Armenian, the daughter of a vulgar seraff, Petracki would have bit off his tongue rather than say any thing that might lead to another meeting. But a little playful gallantry was permitted to youth; the flames of the gentle god might play for awhile innocuously round the heart of maid and swain—and then it might some way or other tend to annoy the starch, purse-proud, gross Capriles,—and that would be delightful!

Constantine was sitting on the quay by the water's edge, arranging his fishing tackle, and pricking his fingers with the hooks, for his eyes were looking after something in the frontispiece of the black-painted wooden house, occupied by the Armenians, when Petracki renewed his conversation.

"Ah, my young master! if I were permitted to guess, I should say, that the fish you intend to catch, does not swim in the water."

The Prince's quick eye turned on the favourite serving-man, and the significant smile, and the oblique glance from himself to the Armenian house, told him that Petracki was master of his secret.

"And suppose it do not, Petracki," replied the Prince, after a moment of hesitation and confusion;

for he had not yet overcome that feeling, which would make him blush at the thoughts of an Armenian passion of a serious nature—"suppose it do not, can you tell me where it does swim?"

"Mayhap I might."

"If you could, it would deserve a sportsman's thanks. As for myself, I begin to fancy it frequents depths deeper than the mid-way channel, and far less accessible.

"Listen, novice in fishing as you are," replied Petracki, gently pulling the Prince by the sleeve towards the door of the house, where from a curve in the quay they could not be seen by the Armenian neighbours; "the fisherman heeds how his shadow be cast on the waves, lest he startle, and frighten his finny prey beneath—why, the whole shoal your game belongs to, may see you stretching over the boat, and will certainly prevent its biting!"

"I understand you, my palikari—they see me from those close latticed windows—I beg pardon—I mean from those sedges, and hinder the delicate fry from striking a fin."

"I know not that it is so, but even so it might be, according to the rules of fishing," continued Petracki, with increasing confidence. "But what then is to be done for the coy fish?" said Constantine.

"It is their migratory season,—like the palamedes, (3) they are about to take their passage to-day—the whole shoal is going down the Bosphorus!"

Now, as the fish alluded to, are great travellers, and descending from the wintry Euxine

the Bosphorus, the Propontis, and the Dardanelles, go Heaven knows where, Constantine thought Petracki was carrying his metaphors a little too far. "Their passage to-day !" said he quickly ; " going—why, where in Satan's name, is Veronica going ?"

" Veronica ! my gentle master, and what fish is that ? I never heard of such before."

" Curse fish !" cried the Prince.

" With all my heart—I keep no Roman fasts !" (4) replied Petracki, delighted like a Greek with any exercise of his wits, and determined not to be driven so soon out of his types and symbols.

" Petracki," said the Prince earnestly, " let us speak plain Romaic ; " tell me who is going—tell me where."

" My good young master, the matter is by no means so important—*she* is neither going to Aleppo, nor to Mecca ; but merely, as to-day is a Catholic holiday, the whole family of our very worthy neighbours, are to descend the Bosphorus—no farther, however, than the village of Arnaüt-Keui, where they are to join the festivity of some of their friends—doubly amiable as Catholics and as Armenians, like themselves. That is all I know ; I learned it from their serving-woman, Taqui, this morning, and I thought it might be interesting to *somebody*."

" You guess right, Petracki ; but not a word of this to the Princess, your mistress !"

" I am dumb," said the old Greek ; and then musing a minute, he continued : " it is matter that requires neither inquiry, nor admonition ; my master's pursuit is merely an innocent piece of gallantry—a pastime to himself,—of course there can

be nothing serious, for the Cocona(5) is an Armenian."

"She is an Armenian," repeated Constantine; and if he neither groaned nor sighed, he turned away his head to conceal a certain emotion.

"And yet, Armenian as she is," continued Petracki, turning consideration from Constantine to Veronica, "she is a generous, noble creature, and my master would not wrong the youthful benefactress of the aged mother of her who gave him birth."

"Never, my honest fellow!" said the Prince, with most sincere warmth. A brief silence which ensued was broken by Petracki.

"I have been thinking then, that you had better give up this pursuit and go no farther—at least so it strikes me, now that I consider the matter seriously—separated as you are in caste and sect—inferior—is the blood—but not to speak of that, you never can be anything to each other; and I may equally dread, or almost so—for she has been a friend to us in the moments of our utmost need—either that evil may accrue from the indulgence of what is now but a caprice, to the gentle, the kind Armenian, or that our own Constantine may rue in earnest, what he began in sport—for if old eyes and ears like mine may still judge, the beauty and wit of Veronica are not to be encountered too often with impunity."

"Beauty, and more—*wit*!" interrupted the Prince, resolved not to listen to the advice, reasonable as he felt it to be, and accordant as it was with some serious thoughts the old man had awakened within him: "wit indeed! what, are you a Greek, and allow wit to an Armenian! surely your ears

must have deceived you—perhaps your eyes have served you better—come, tell me, what sort of ears has Veronica?”

Petracki's grizzled moustachoes curled up with a smile, and he was going to paint a portrait of the young lady, which would have no wise tended to second his advice, or detach the Prince from his pursuit, when a rush was heard in the waters of the channel, and the Tinghir-Oglus' best caik, with three pair of oars, was observed at the edge of the quay, having issued from beneath their house.(6)

“As Saint Peter is my saint and protector,” said the old Greek, “they are going even now—see! there they are.”

The caik lay alongside the convenient quay, and so deep is the water that laves the Bosphorus' banks, that an “Argosie” might have laid there as well. The first figures that approached it were two old Armenian serving men, with thickly padded, dark skull-caps, and short jackets with tight sleeves, that showed the amplitude of their nether garments to the greatest advantage. Each bore in his hand a large, well stuffed cushion, and a small, but thick Persian carpet, which they carefully spread in the boat. Next came two more youthful attendants, carrying each a narghile, or water pipe, the flexible tube of which was twisted round the arm in guise of a snake, while the brass mounting, newly polished, shone brilliantly in the sun. Then came two brawny old gentlemen of a mahogany complexion, who from the homeliness of their appearance, would, scarcely have been judged the masters or movers of all these “notes of preparation;” they seemed indeed to belong to the narghiles in whose

train they moved ; but like our mother earth, which, obsequious to the sun, has still the moon in immediate controul and attendance, each of the pursy seraffis bore a long chibook in his hand.

They stepped into the caik, and at once the aspiring poop of the boat was brought to somewhat like its level by their weight. They sat themselves down crossed legged in the bottom of the caik ; and as the chibookjis, the two youths, already specified, had taken their places behind them, on the short deck, that always occupies the stern-point of these Turkish boats, the cargo might have been supposed complete.

Constantine began to imagine it really was, when his heart beat at the appearance of three veiled figures, and quicker still when the lightness and quickness of motion of the first that stepped unhanded over the boat's side, betrayed youth, and, so it seemed to him—Veronica.

The women were presently sedent in the bottom of the boat, cross-legged like the men ; the chibookjis did their duty ; the pipes were lit, and the Armenian brothers, puffing in time to the pull of the oars, this festive party glided down the gay stream of the Bosphorus in wordless silence.

“What merry souls they are,” said Petracki, as his master, from within the Princess's door, followed them with his eyes.

“Aye ! animated indeed,” rejoined the Prince, whose contempt for the Armenians was revived by the mute pantomime—the gross want of gallantry he had just witnessed. “And yet if I read aright, there is one there that might be made to feel. Petracki, you must say nothing about it within, but

when I go to fish this afternoon, I shall not want these nets ; I shall go to Arnaut-Keui."

CHAPTER VI.

IF there is a dearth or monotony of amusement in Turkey, there is no lack of holidays. The sabbaths alone of the three great sects that divide the East, occupy three successive days of the week, the Turk holding as holy our Friday, the Jew the Saturday, the Christian the Sunday ; and as, in the cities especially, and among the classes engaged in trade, the followers of these religions are mixed up together, and depend in many of their operations upon each other, it happens that the festival of one always interferes with the labours or business of two, and that, in a certain degree, all are obliged to keep three holidays in the week.

Though cessation from worldly occupation is not imposed as a duty by the Koran, repose is so congenial to the Turk, that he seizes it whenever he can, and has ever imitated the conduct of the Nazarene or Jewish rayahs, who "do no manner of work," on the days they esteem the Lord's. The number of Turks recumbent under cool plane trees, or by the sides of plashing fountains, is vastly augmented on the Friday ; on the Saturday, if the stranger traverse the bazaars—for it is there, where

all business is done—he sees that many of the warehouses or shops are shut, and misses the busy, cringing Jews ; on the Sunday, the Turks and Jews are there, though from the mixed relations alluded to, far less numerous than in the early days of the week, but he finds neither Greeks nor Armenians, and in their absence the Bezesteen(1) wears an air of desertion. But the fifty-two Sabbaths of each church, or faith, are insignificant in number, when compared with the numerous conceptions and assumptions, birth-days and death-days, saints-days and other days, that are *held* as *holy*-days.

In this latter enumeration we must, in justice, exclude the Moslems ; for three days at the festival of the Bairam, three others at the Courbam-Baram, and one day at the Mevlewt, or birth-day of Mahomet, are the only ones marked on their annual rubric. The Jews in this respect, stand next in moderation to the Moslems, though their festivals are infinitely more numerous ; but the remaining class, the Christians, sub-divide themselves into three hostile sects, each of which has its saint, and its festivals, and its peculiar holidays.

The advocate for industry has too often sighed over the indolence induced, under a sacred show, by the fetes of Catholic countries, but these are exceeded in frequency by those of the Greek church, whilst the difference in style, or date, is the occasion that the same holidays in name, as Christmas, Easter, and the rest, are celebrated at different times by the Greeks and the Romanists, and some of them in such an unfortunate juxta-position, that, “ at the same moment one party is in the consternation of grief, occasioned by the anniversary of

the death of the Son of God, and the other in the transports of joy at his resurrection.”(2)

The third, the Eutychean, or Armenian creed, has also its festivals, its separate saints, and its martyrs—in short, were the days on which labour is prohibited in the three churches put together, they might occupy the whole year; and it must strike us as fortunate, that they have retained even one common Sabbath, and have not shown their disseverance and opposition in the election of three separate days on which to worship the Lord.

Besides the partial interference and suspension of business necessarily occasioned, it must happen, that the festivities of the one class seduce the other by the force of example. This will particularly happen during the fine seasons, which may be said to reign nine months in the year, and to spread enchantment over the ever touching scenery in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

If the livelier Greek, with a finer disposition for enjoyment than any of the rest, see his Armenian neighbour embark his pipe and himself in a light caik to ascend the Bosphorus, and spend a day of *keff*, (3) he cannot sit cross-legged from morn till eve, at the front of his open shop, but must repair to the scene of the day's festivity, in the afternoon. The same thing will occur, reversing the case of the Greek and Armenian, (let the latter be Catholic or Eutychean,) and it will be found that the festive crowd collected at an Ayasma, (4) or Panayea, will be swelled by those who hold not the same creeds.

Even on the Moslem's Friday, and chiefly at the glorious season which follows the festival of Saint

George, the parties of Turks that repair, on prancing steeds, in silent, gliding caïks, or saunter slowly along on foot, following the curves of the Golden Horn, and the sleeping rivulet Barbyzes—all to the valley of the Sweet-waters—the verdant, the cool Kiathane, to spend the time till the glorious orb of day sink on scenes, than which he sees none lovelier, on his vast and eternal course ; those flocking Osmanlis, even then, though mixed not with them, but apart, and distinct in their pride and intolerance, oftentimes are less numerous than the knots of rayah subjects, who are taking the same road.

And then, in that valley itself, redolent with freshness and beauty, and joy—where the sward is so emerald, so smooth, its flowers so bright of hue, that it should seem the foot of mortal ought not to soil its purity ; where the shade is so broad and refreshing under the over-arching trees ; where the water glides so silently and smooth in its marble bed, or gushes and splashes with a soul-cooling sound, in the marble fountains ; where the gaily-coloured, the light kiosk, (5) though the erection of a tyrant, has the mien of a residence destined to the gentle Graces and Loves ; where the enamelled mead spreads before the released coursers, (6) who chase each other along the rich, hollow-sounding turf, and bound as neigh aloud, while the echo of their rapid hoofs and of their gleeful voices, is prolonged by the surrounding green hills that clasp the valley in close and jealous embrace, as if to separate and protect it from the rest of the earth. There in that glen, never to be forgotten by him who but once loitered through it, during the delici-

months of May and June, are found, on holidays, crowds of every class or caste that dwell in vast Stamboul, and its wide-spreading suburbs. All idle, thoughtless, and happy in their way.

This continual out-of-door, dis-occupied life, which ever forcing itself on the eye throughout the East, sets the natives of more industrious countries wondering how they all live, and would inevitably drive the political economist, the utilitarian, into a very unsatisfactory train of thought. Yet they *do* live—they, or at least some portion of them, *do* labour sufficiently in some mode or other, to support the community, and until an entire change be wrought in the government of the despot, whose subjects they are—until law secure property, and wealth cease to endanger, (as it now does,) the life of its possessor; the slaves of the sultan do well to set not their hearts on the accumulation of treasure, the acquiring of honour; and these are the *wisest* of his lieges, who, contented with their pillaff and their chibook, can recline the whole day in the pleasant shade of a tree.

Were the hearts of these slaves susceptible to the ineffable beauty of the scenes around them, with such an inexhaustible resource at hand, their condition and enjoyments might really be matter of envy to the free, the bold, the intellectual; and yet, uninformed as they are,—vulgar, incapable of giving expression, or of understanding themselves what passes in their minds,—who shall venture to say, that the glorious aspect of enamelled mead, and verdant hill, of flowing torrent and waving wood, of the rushing strait and the smoothly spreading sea, of the grouping islands and the proud as-

piring mountain—though they never heard the name of Olympus, and to them Homer and all his divinities are an unknown creation—who shall say, that the magic panorama, reaches not their hearts grovelling as they may be, and imparts not a portion of its divine colouring ; when we see the steed we bestride, the very dog that tracks our steps, point his ears and give indications of animation and sensibility as a sudden turn in the road, or an opening vista, affords the spectacle of summer's setting sun, or some scene of peculiar grandeur or beauty ? But be that as it may, whether they taste the banquet an Almighty hand has spread before them, or have no sense for it, whether they enjoy the scenery or not, their presence, their moods of *idlesse*, their Oriental pastimes, grouping, and costume, their variety of caste and race, displayed more markedly still in their forms and faces than in their dresses, certainly add vastly to the picturesqueness of the spots they frequent, and enhance their beauty in the eyes of the foreign wanderer ; nor, though carrying with him a conviction of the value of the qualities of energy, and enterprise, and industry, that have rendered his own country such, that his heart beats with pride as he acknowledges her in a far-off land, will he always be inclined to draw unfavourable comparisons, and to reprobate the displays of Oriental indolence and listlessness, that are continually meeting his eyes.

But could he, indeed, with justice, act the part of a censor ? Would not his blame recoil upon himself ? For why is he there ? What does he there but idle ? What has he been doing for months, for years, but losing his time in abstractions, or

dreaming over solitary regions and falling temples, which, *in fact*, are but wastes, and stones! And even now, if his eye is active on the groups assembled at Stamboul's fairest promenade, and if his imagination warms and swells, as the sight of the Israelite carries him back to the remotest periods of history, and to regions of mystery and ineffable splendour; as the Armenian suggests ideas almost as Eastern and antiquated; as the Greek, spirited and elegant, even in his degradation, recalls the days of Themistocles and of Phidias, and identifies himself with that ancient race, whom letters and arts have immortalized; as the Turk, with flowing robe, and muslin turban, and indolent and haughty air, transports him far away to the wilds beyond the Caspian, whence sprang his nation, and assimilates himself to the Persian, the enemy of the Greek of two thousand years ago, as *he* is the foe of the Greek of to day; as the groom to the sultan's steeds now ranging the valley—the mild, blue-eyed rustic, whose pipe and tabor (their ancestors could wield the sword and spear!) are the principal amusements of the festive day—as the Bulgarian peasant speaks of mountain-life and mountain liberty, of the dauntless tribes that baffled all the power of the Grecian emperor, and as he resembles, in the stranger's eye, the Hardy Highlander of his own native land;(7)—still what is all this but idleness or profitless speculation—a little more intellectual, it may be, than the ruminations of one of those Turks or Armenians, who is watching the smoke curling from his pipe—a little more spirit stirring, but still idleness!

But let us return to the Bosphorus and our impatient Constantine, whose premeditated excursion to a Catholic festival has led to such a wide digression.

When the sun began to decline, and the evening breeze, which gives coolness and delight to the warmest summer days in the spots we are describing, was setting in, Constantine left Emenergen-Oglu for Arnaut-Keui, which is indisputably one of the finest of the numerous villages on the strait, whether on the side of Europe or of Asia.

The distance was short, Arnaut-Keui being not more than two miles from the residence of the Princess, and so much lower down the channel, or nearer to Constantinople; yet this space includes, perhaps, the loveliest scenes of the Bosphorus, which is every where beautiful, from the "blue Symplegades," to where, at the point of Stamboul's triangle, its waters mingle with the expanding waves of the Propontis.

His caik, favoured by the rapid current, glided past the villages of Jeni-Keui, Istenia, and the deep port, the village, and the wood of Balta-liman. He did not pause, as he reached the narrowest part of the straits; the spot which is marked by nature as the military passage from Asia into Europe, and which is farther indicated as such by the two castles which face each other on the meeting continents.

The beauty and the horror of the scene, and its associations, had long been familiar to Constantine; but the stranger might pause.

It was supposed to be here, and the peculiar and unchanging nature of this part of the strait

gives more strength to the supposition than historical hypotheses are always attended with, that the great Darius crossed the narrow sea to chastise the Scythians ; and it was here, and many centuries after, that another Eastern conqueror erected the fortresses we now see, which gave him the command of the Bosphorus, and hastened and facilitated the capture of Constantinople. (8) The castles stand on the sloping banks of the Bosphorus, and on two small capes, inconsiderable in projection and height, that regard each other obliquely : neither the Roumeli-hissar, or the fortress of Europe, nor the Anadoli-hissar, or the fortress of Asia, possesses any imposing or terrible features ; indeed, a round tower, not larger than a coast-martello, a double line of *crenelated* walls, ascending in their longitude the sides of the hill, a low battery with guns, important from their weight, but contemptible from their awkward arrangement and the immoveable carriages on which they are fixed, are the characters of each ; and as they are always kept neatly whitewashed, the miniature castles might almost be mistaken for pleasure houses.

It was an infernal mockery to give so mild an air to the outside of an interior of horror ! We place the lovely marble on the grave, and it is well, for death has had his own, and is no more appalling—the victim that sleeps beneath is as impassive as the product of the quarry that records his name, or begs a prayer for his departed soul—though his agonies may have been measureless, his final hours an accumulation of horror, he is now at peace—at peace ! and the tyranny that

could tear his quickly decaying, his so lately susceptible form, from the hospitable earth that covers it, might rend it into ten thousand pieces, might scatter it in the air, might consume it in fire, but could not inflict an ache—no ! not so much as that of a scratching pin ! But these turreted walls, bright and pure in hue as the marble, are the living recesses of human woe, the lair where tyranny laps the blood of her victims, and shouts over her hellish repast ! It is here, and at this moment, when the remorseless measures of Sultan Mahmood against the obnoxious incorporation were in full career, the executions were more frequent than ever, that the Janissaries are transported, and a gun from the European castle is the knell of each that falls—the peal that announces a fellow-creature ceases to exist with the smoke that curls from the cannon's mouth. This is not the grave with its imperturbable repose, but the stormy, anguished passage that leads to it,—this is not the void abyss, where feeling is extinct, but the overhanging, inevitable precipice, where feeling has all its acuteness, and would cling to the slippery, obdurate rock, and shriek so piteously to be saved yet awhile the fatal descent ! There within those walls, which a youth might leap in his sport, within that whitened tower so fair to the eye, had groaned—still groaned, fathers torn from their children's embrace—husbands dragged from the arms of their senseless wives : the inscription at hell's entrance, “ O leave all hope, ye who enter herein,” might have been inscribed over its gate—the victims all knew this, for what captive had ever made egress from Roumeli-hissar, other-

wise than as a headless corse cast into the Bosphorus' current ?

With all their affections fresh within them, with the memory of the hopes that had sprung but yesterday, of the projects to occupy months, years of existence, of their unexpiated crime perhaps—and oh ! with their unavailable remorse, each wretch was left to number the brief rapid moments between him and death ; and as the walls of his prison trembled at the shock, and the winding banks of the channel echoed the cannon's roar, that told, for one human being, time had become eternity, to groan, " It may be my turn next ! "

The little promontory on which this fortress is situated, was anciently denominated of Minerva ; it is covered with gay green trees, with here and there a diminutive cypress ; and a pleasant and picturesque village, inhabited by Turks, stands round the castle. But the Asiatic neighbour, or rival, the Anadolihissar, is perhaps still more beautiful and smiling ; and the moment Constantine was passing, the declining sun's rays rested on its white walls with most advantageous effect. A Turkish hamlet, bearing the name of the castle, is close to it, and at a short distance it is overlooked by the projecting mount, (crowned with a spacious kiosk and garden) and the village—the romantic village of Kandilly. The fortress and the villages are arranged in a semicircular line ; and rising up the banks of the Bosphorus, they seem to indicate an amphitheatre—a fair Naumachia, with waves rapid but smooth, for the combat or the pageant ; and here, indeed, the windings of the channel only admit a circumscribed portion of the sea to meet

the eye—a lake in aspect, which the warmth of an eastern sun, the glowing tints of summer's eve, are wont to convert into a glorious, though placid expanse of unrolled sheets of gold, with intervening laminæ of emerald and sapphire.

Between the Anadoli-hissar and Kandilly, is the valley of Gheuk-sou—its Turkish name, which signifies the vale of the waters of celestial blue—as pretty as itself! It is one of those narrow verdant-wooded hollows, of which several open on the Bosphorus from the bosoms of the European or Asiatic hills; and the features it reveals, as seen from the channel or the opposite coast, are a light and fanciful kiosk of the Sultan, like the fishing-house of some fair romance, a small quiet rivulet, and a thick wood of stately plane trees and gnarled oaks.

The back ground to all this is a graceful range of the Anatolian continent, whose wavy, gentle hills are cultivated or covered with verdant groves, and decked here and there in peculiar and most felicitous effect, with gay, open-looking kiosks, plane trees of luxuriant foliage, knots of dark pines, and young cypresses, more isolated and darker still.

Shortly after passing the advancing cape on which the European castle is built, Constantine rowed by the Turkish cemetery on the water's edge, mentioned on a former occasion; he next went heedlessly by the valley and the imperial kiosk of Bebek, and, rapidly propelled by the current, which at this point runs with the force of a whirlpool to the European bank, he glided by a lovely promontory (the ancient Esties) and landed a few paces

beyond it at the quay of the populous village of Arnaut-keui.

Here every thing bore evidence to the festivity of the day, and, in the manner we have attempted to explain, all the castes of the inhabitants of the village, Armenians, Catholic and heretic, Greeks, Jews, and a few Franks, were equally intent on enjoyment in their way, without much caring that the festival was one appointed by the Pope.

The whole length of the quay, and it is a long one, was almost taken up by the caiks, that had brought visitors of all classes and races from other villages on the Bosphorus, or from Stamboul, or Tophana, Galata, Pera, Hassim-Pasha, or Saint Dimitri. (9) On shore, there was a crowd of promenaders; they chiefly seemed to direct their steps inland towards the hills, but some were seated by the channel side, in social groups, smoking their chibooks, whilst along the quay, numerous open wine-cellars testified to Mussulman toleration, and the laugh and the chorus from within them, to the strength of the juice of the grapes grown under the crescent of Mahomet.

Arnaut-keui is in part situated on the channel, but after passing under an immense Turkish house, the residence of a leading member of the Divan of the day, at the northern extremity of the quay, the village is found to extend from the sea, and to run along an ascending hollow for some distance. It was to this hollow that Constantine, following the living current that flowed thitherward, directed his steps.

“I shall see Veronica on the brow of the hill, or at the kiosk, where the groups repose and enjoy

themselves," thought he, as he walked onwards, for once in his life indifferent to the many pretty faces that glanced unveiled by him, and incurious whether the large languishing black eyes of the far more numerous fair ones who were veiled, appertained to pretty faces or to downright frights.

CHAPTER VII.

To the sounds of numerous feet shuffling along in papooshes, and of a Babel of language, proceeding almost entirely from the women, for not even a steep hill could stop their tongues—Constantine continued his walk in search of Veronica.

The circumstances that had disappointed him repeatedly in his hopes of seeing her, had tended to increase his impatience to an intense degree, and to give a character and direction to that passion which, under opposite events, it might never have acquired.

A second interview with an amiable object will often destroy the impression of the first, which is as yet weak and delible; the first magic glance that carried to the bosom a picture of exquisite beauty, with a sensation of overpowering delight, may be coldly fectified in a succeeding meeting, when the eye, and the ear too, shall have reason to be criti-

cal : a feature discovered to be defective, a smile misplaced, an unfortunate remark, an unfortunate complexiom of the day, an unfortunate tone of voice, a cold—nay, so absolute a trifle as an unfortunately chosen ribbon, and many a thing more trifling still, has been known to be a speedy corrective to first-sight love, and to send one from the desired visit—the penetrating *second-sight*, with the tranquillizing conviction, that *she* is not so beautiful, after all—that the sun may shine on her equals, her superiors, and, in fine, that it is very possible to live without her.

But when the mind is left to dwell upon its first perception, and to cherish the loveliness that broke on it but for a moment, like a glimpse of paradise—a rapid, evanescent opening of that heaven for which he suffers, on the closing eye of an expiring martyr ; when nothing intervenes to divert solitary thoughts, and comparison is impossible—when memory and imagination, and other of the soul's faculties, are exclusively employed on the first impression, like many diverging streams united and thrown with impetuous force in one channel, it must be, that they give it depth and extent—it is likely to happen that rapid admiration be converted into fanciful but imperious passion ; and more particularly, as was our young Greek's case, if the accidents of separation from objects that must recall the intoxicating dream—of absence, of occupation, of variety, be wanting, and if the rising sun of each morning renew the promises that yesterday had belied—the hopes, the assurances that "to-day I shall see her again !"

We would not willingly abuse the too frequent-

ly abused words, but from the causes alluded to—from his gratitude for her generous attentions to his helpless relative, his darling mother's parent which he sincerely felt—from a certain feeling of esteem which, from what he had seen and learned of her, would mix with his more sensual admiration of her person; and perhaps, still more than all, from his imaginative passionate disposition, Constantine was at this moment in love with Veronica, and was fast forgetting that she was the daughter of an Armenian seraff, that he was the son of an hospodar of Wallachia, and that insurmountable obstacles must oppose their union. Their union!—Yes, their lawful marriage, for even early in his love as this, *he*, though not without an effort, could look over the fancied inferiority of Armenian blood. If thoughts less licensed had occupied his passionate brain, they were speedily put to flight by his better feeling, and (shame on us all!) who among us would venture to divulge his soul's secret thoughts, his passion's first suggestions, when its object was really, or imaginarily, inferior in caste or condition, or when the legitimate indulgence of that passion would entail the wrath of family and the scoff of friends. Still, however, Constantine was a Greek and a Fanariote; and though he would not act with the extreme degree of dishonour to Veronica, he already would not hesitate to employ every species of craft and deception against the Tinghir-Oglus and the whole Armenian race, whom he well knew would be averse to him.

He was, indeed, if ever man was in the state we have described—in love! His heart was full of one dear image, and yet he was not exempt

from the personal vanity proverbially attached to the Greeks. His elevated condition allowed him the privilege, and he had changed his heavy, huge, graceless samoorcalpack for the Turkish fess and Eastern turban, susceptible of such infinite elegance and grace ; and if the pure white were prohibited to all but Osmanlis, the cherished green to all but the emirs, or cousins of the prophet, he could venture on other bright hues. His turban was of a bright grey, but lines of gold transversed it rather closely, and a fringe or tassel of gold fell from one of its extremities, and floated, as he walked, upon his shoulder ; the exquisite linen's folds were broad, and *roundly* relieved ; the whole had the Stambooli *non-chalant* and proud obliquity, which is attained but by the finished Eastern *petit-maitre*, which occupies the most anxious minutes of the toilette, and is the utter despair of the uninitiated, or of those who have not been admitted into the very penetralia of the fashion and bon-ton of the capital. From the aspiring side of his turban, to balance the tassel on the depressed side, there floated a bright carnation, entwined with the small white flowerets of the jasmin ; and the rich blue silk knot of his fess or scarlet skull-cap, (the nucleus of the turban,) just showed itself in the midst of the rich folds, and formed a crown, or termination to the whole. His beneesh, light in colour and material, as befitted the season, was of the hue of the downy peach, of the manufacture of the finest looms of France—the cut was perfect—it fell in free graceful folds, but not lower than the calf of the leg, and the wide open sleeves flowed into drapery, almost as classic as

the toga, from the raised arm of some ancient statue, as he walked along with that elegant deportment—which he shared, however, with even the poorest of his countrymen.

He did not wear the jubbee or flowing silk gown, which, as generally worn by the Turkish effendis, gives an unnatural, effeminate appearance to the whole man, and assorts most ridiculously, in the stranger's eye, with thick beard and fierce mustache ; his camisole was beautifully worked in silk, and gold thread ; it was cut in the picturesque fashion of the Albanians, disclosing the neck nearly to the shoulder ; whilst below the breast, some fanciful apertures and loop-holes, permitted a jewelled and enamelled watch to show itself, and gave egress to a costly Venetian gold chain loaded with rings and seals. The shawl that girded his waist was an exquisite cachmere, and so well arranged, that both its blue ground-work and elaborate broad fringe, of many and bright and felicitously combined hues, were well and sufficiently displayed—another great art, be it said in passing, of the Oriental toilette. The princes of Wallachia and Moldavia might even carry arms ; and in Constantine's girdle there glittered a short, but massy-handed poinard, set with brilliants, rubies, and emeralds. An instrument of death, throughout the east, being rendered the most costly toy, and considered as essential to the equipment of a gentleman. His shaksheers, or ample Turkish trowsers, were of an amaranthine colour, and of materials still finer than the flowing cloak ; they were contracted by a silken string above the ancle, and revealed that glory of glories, for a christian—a rayah subject,—that boon, for which alone, death

had so often been dared by the intriguing ambitious Greeks,—that summum bonum (in the words of Anastasius) a pair of yellow slippers ! In short, Constantine had all the advantages of dress : he could not be better attired, according to the style of the country ; and we generally seem to agree, that the costume of the Turks is among the most graceful we are acquainted with. He was fully aware of these advantages ; he had improved them, particularly, by the studious toilette of the morning, and he had been too often praised for the beauty of his face and figure, and too long accustomed to compare the flattering reflexion of his own mirror with the features and forms of those he met, to be ignorant that, all in all, he was one of the handsomest youths at Stamboul. “ If I cannot see Veronica,” thought he, as he stepped along with grace, and the complacent consciousness of his own good looks ; “ or, if I cannot discover her through her mantle and veil, she at least can see me—must see me,—and that will be something !”

He had scarcely consoled himself with this idea, when he came up with a troop of Armenian females, who were slowly shuffling up the hill, and increasing, or, it might be, relieving the toils of the ascent, by a general and most voluble gossip.

Their mestler and papooshes were pretty new, and so were their cloaks, and of a finer cloth than would compete with the vulgar. He looked where their faces ought to be, and saw that the yashmacks that buried them were of fine stuffs, and clear as the untrodden snow—these were all the out-of-door, indications of superior condition,

that ever enable the eye to judge of the Turkish or Armenian fair.

They must be Armenian ladies—Veronica might be among them: he would listen, and he thought not even the interposing folds of the linen, which press on the mouth and gave to speech the tones it has when under a carnival mask,(1) could disguise for a moment her thrilling voice, at which his heart having once beat, would beat again, should it strike his ear, from a sympathy as mysterious and as powerful as that under which the ocean's waves rise and fall, to the fair and distant moon.

The sympathy, however, was not so strong as he supposed, or Veronica was *not* there; or if she was, she did not speak, for no discovery could Constantine make, though he had the patience to listen at some length to the vocal concert, and to learn, much to his edification, that fat neighbour Maghurditch was ill of a money fever, ever since the Porte had cut off a pasha,—a creditor's head, without allowing him time to settle with his seraff; (2) that cousin Bedros was certainly going to marry his eldest daughter to cousin Bogos; that Asphadur, the enameller, had changed three of the best diamonds in the Stambool effendi's hand-jar; (3) that Capril, the Kalemkiar painter, had changed his religion; and Artine, the broker, his manners, for he was going every night among the Franks at Pera to play *whisk*!

Constantine was about to pass on with an impatient pshaw! when a sonorous voice he had not hitherto heard, preluded a long speech with the name of Tinghir-Oglu. He stopped short, and

the words of the gossip he next caught, were—
“ Yes, I can assure you, the presents are all fixed and ready ; and she is to be married next week ! ”

“ Married—*who ? she* married ? ” the Prince was well nigh crying out aloud ; and his breathing came thick, and his knees trembled under him, as he stepped closer to the communicative dame, and tried to catch the rest of the words.

By some perversity or other, for which he could have found it in his heart to throw her down the chasm, round whose upper end they were now advancing, the Armenian dame, who had begun to speak with a voice as distinct as a public crier’s, suddenly lowered her tone just at the part that interested him, and continued her news in a whisper, which he cursed from the bottom of his heart.

“ Oh, no ! as to that, she died yesterday morning,” were the next words from another speaker, that Constantine could understand, and with that *fixity* of idea which possesses us, in certain conditions of mind, he still recurred to Veronica of the Tingir-Oglus, and without reflecting that the same person could not well be married next week, and dead yesterday, a cold sweat burst forth on his forehead. This was but for a moment ; he had seen Veronica, or at least members of her family, step into a caik but a few hours before, to repair to a scene of festivity—the gossip must be speaking of some other person.

And so she was, for she went on to say that though Puzant had lost one wife so suddenly, there could be no doubt that a rich shawl merchant like himself, would soon bargain for another man’s daughter, and get her too. Death should not seem

to be a pleasing subject, and yet people in the East, as well as people in the West, enter on it when once introduced, with extreme zest.

"The *tabute*(4) has been in our quarter, as well as yours," said a waddling dame, who had hitherto been silent : "fat Haterick, the wife of Hatchadur, the money-lender, has lost her youngest daughter Serpui—but she has got nine others—God is great ! and so, you know, there is no great harm done !"(5)

To escape this detailed necrology, Constantine quickened his steps, and passed the Armenian ladies.

The ravine, or hollow, mentioned as running behind Arnaut-keui, extends for some distance within land. After the village finishes, there are several scattered houses and kiosks along its steep banks ; the acclivities of the hills are cultivated here and there, and bear vines ; a few pine trees and a few cypresses aid the scene, and if the hollow be not itself a lovely spot, it certainly is the way to some of the loveliest on earth. When at the head of the ravine, by continuing straight on, you come to the ridge of the Thracian hills, or summit of the European banks of the Bosphorus, which is most gracefully crested at that point with a whispering grove of delicate light trees. There is a romantic fountain not remote ; a still more romantic path or road winding along the valleys, and over the dusky, heathy hills towards Stamboul, passing by the too-memorable site of Levend-Chiflik ;(6) and there is a cool coffee-house well-furnished with seats and sherbets, coffee and chibooks,

where you may repose yourself, and feast upon the scene.

But still a greater treat is offered to the eye of the stranger, if, instead of continuing straight on from the village, he turn at the head of the hollow, and follow its left side, returning towards the Bosphorus. He will presently arrive at a smooth piece of table land—a natural elevated esplanade, that runs out on a projecting headland or cape, which forms an elbow in the channel. This esplanade is enclosed and imperial property, but the public are allowed to promenade there, and a rubieh will always procure admittance to a lovely kiosk which is built at its extremity, and immediately over the narrow sea; and hence is, beyond compare, the finest immediate view of what we have mentioned as the finest parts of the Bosphorus. It is here, Kandilly, and the hills and shores of Asia, besprent with gardens, groves, villas, marine residences, mosques, and royal kiosks, display all their charms. It is here that the eye plunges down on the winding shores of Europe, and on these rapid yet tranquil waves that divide the two continents; and it is rapture to stand here at the evening hour, and watch the fancifully shaped sails, and the swift caiks gliding beneath you, whilst, from the effect of the setting sun's magical colouring, from their picturesque forms, which are not unlike the *chalets* of mountainous Switzerland, the meanest houses on the water's brink, with their hilly background, verdant and sylvan, assume the character of intrinsic loveliness.

This was the road our hero took. He found, as he had expected, crowds of people gathered on the

advantageous esplanade, and plenty of Armenian females, like the Jewesses and the Turkish women, sitting in groups apart from the men, though not a few of them were engaged in the same manner—smoking ! but he looked in vain for any thing that might denote the presence of Veronica.

He walked round the space, and backward and forward, wherever he saw the purple slipper—still not one of the daughters of Armenia seemed much to regard him, and even the consolation of being at least seen by Veronica, if he could not see her, was deserting him, when a party of Greek ladies—friends whom he had neglected for several days—traced his melancholy steps, and faced him on a sudden, with a playful reproach, that from the nature and steadiness of his occupation there, he must have fallen in love with some yashmack—was it Turkish, Armenian, or Jewish ? Was it fair, was it pardonable, in him, a Greek, thus to abandon his own countrywomen ?

With such evidence as the personal charms and graces of the fair Grecian interlocutors before them, no court would, at the moment, have hesitated to declare in their favour, when brought in immediate comparison, as they were, with the awkwardness of dress and demeanor and barbarous concealment of face of the other classes of the Sultan's female subjects. The ladies of the Fanar advanced frankly with unveiled features, and with a dress so contrived, that instead of wrapping the whole figure, as in a sack, it disclosed, with delicate reserve, the beauties of form ; the Greek flowing white veil, as graceful as a Spanish mantilla or a Venetian fazzolli, and almost as coquet-

tish, draped the back and sides of the head, in a style frequently found in ancient statue ; (7) but a *toque*, or *kalemkiar*, worn as a turban, showed itself in the front of the head, and relieved, by the brilliancy of its colour, and by the glossy black folds of hair that it allowed to escape from beneath it, the shroud-like whiteness of the veil. The veil fell loosely to the shoulder, thus interposing no obstacle to the sight of a long, white, elastic neck ; it was then curiously crossed, and part coming in front of the robe, and part floating down the back of the pelisse, it formed a most graceful piece of drapery, loose, ample, and snowy white. The pelisse was of fine light-blue cloth, and scarcely descended to the ankle, for the skirt of a muslin dress, tastefully embroidered, peeped beneath it. Instead of the loose, shapeless, leather boots, which, as worn by the Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish ladies, give their legs the appearance of being afflicted with a monstrous species of elephantiasis, and the peaked slippers which flap and shuffle as they walk, the fair Greeks had adopted the elegancies of Europe, (among the prettiest inventions of modern dress,) the embroidered silk-stockings, or the cotton *bas au jour*, and the small, low-cut shoe, which contributed to display to advantage the statue-like shape and even the colour of the delicate ankle, the high, elastic instep, the concise, rounded heel, and the flat, classical fall of the toes. (8)

Constantine, pre-occupied as he was, had too much gallantry and Greek elasticity of character, to refuse the attention and admiration his fair friends challenged. He had only been out of ha-

mour, because he had lamed his best Arabian—he was only sauntering there on foot, because he had not a steed he cared for, to carry him; and he assured them, at the moment they had overtaken him, he was only thinking how beautiful was the Bosphorus, Arnaut-Keui, and Kandilly.

The lightness of heart we assume, will often become real for the time. The Prince had waxed lively and animated, and was profuse of his wit and attentions, when, 'chancing to cast his eye on a group of Armenian women sitting on the grass, whom, be it said, he had passed several times before without heeding, so busily was he engaged with his fair Fanariotes, it struck him that there was one in the number regarding him with peculiar and unremitting interest. The witticism died on his lips: it might be Veronica—he gazed as he drew nearer, but whoever it might be, like the shade of the injured Dido at the approach of Eneas, she turned away her head.

He was again agitated and absent—the Cocona Elenco, the youngest and the loveliest of the friends he was promenading with, rallied him to no purpose—in vain her tapering arm was thrust forth coquettishly from the wide falling sleeves of her pelisse—in vain did she lay her cool, small fingers, on his arm, and ask him, in the prettiest tone of her voice, whether his best Arabian was worse, much worse. Constantine could not recover his presence of mind; and less than ever, when on suddenly turning his head back on the sedent figure whom he had now past, he caught the overpowering glance of two large black eyes, full of tears. He could have rushed to fall at her feet,

to remove the odious yashmack that concealed the rest of her features—to kiss the precious drops as they were shed, and shed for him—for it was Veronica ! Could he mistake the glance of those eyes ?

It was indeed she, and the Armenian maiden loved him ; her tears were distilled by love's never-erring proof—by jealousy. Yes, Veronica already loved, and more ardently than the Prince Constantine, and she wept to see him accompanied as he was, whilst she, confined by the narrow, barbarous custom of her people, was condemned to sit by, like a heap of rags, and silently and concealedly watch the effect of the unveiled charms of those who would for ever exclude her from the affections of her heart's idol !

The torrent of thought and passion that ran through the hearts of both the Greek youth and the Armenian maid, at this rapid, furtive interchange of glances, though long to description or analysis, itself occupied but a moment ; for the report of a fire-arm, a loud cry, and a general rush were heard, and a drunken Janissary, with a pistol in his hand, and his unsheathed yataghan between his teeth, was seen pursuing an Armenian, whom in his inebriety he must have taken for a Greek, for as he ran he continued to foam at the mouth, and to cry, “ I am in a humour to kill a Greek—stop, you unclean Ghiaour—you Greek, whose mother I defile, that I may burn your brains, and cut your throat ! ” (9)

The festive groups that thronged the esplanade were all thrown into alarm by the barbarian ; the women screamed and fainted ; the men—the unarmed rayahs—had not courage to attempt to stop

him, though from the effect of what the fellow had drunk, he reeled as he ran, and fell several times with his length to the ground. Constantine saw this scene with indignation; he was not one, though an oppressed Greek, to whom the exercise of arms was forbidden, while their use was familiar to him as a study and an exercise, to stand by and see a fellow creature massacred by a ruffian. He was releasing himself from the terrified Fanariote ladies, to rush to the assistance of the Armenian, who had by this time approached the spot where he stood, when a voice from her of the tearful eye exclaimed, "Holy virgin! it is my father! the Turk is killing my father!"

That cry would have sent him to the cannon's mouth: he flew after the Janissary who had just passed him, and Constantine's hand struck the villain's elbow in time; for within a couple of yards of his victim, the old Armenian, who was breathless and could no longer exclaim as he had been doing, "I am no Greek, but an Armenian and a seraff, and the friend of all Osmanlis," the furious drunkard was pressing the trigger of his pistol. The weapon went off, but the ball, instead of finding a lodging in the body of the fugitive, merely found a passage through the seraff's huge calpack. The Janissary would have turned with his yataghan on the interferer, but the Prince, who would have been so much his inferior in strength, had the fellow been sober enough to use his, had all the advantages of dexterity and activity, and contrived to throw the drunken brawler on his back, though in so doing he received a slight flesh wound from the yataghan.

One of the Turks in attendance on Constantine, converted in part by his generosity from the character of a spy on his actions, to that of a really devoted servant to the young Greek,(10) ran up to the assistance of his master, who, should the Janissary recover his feet, had no arms to oppose to his yataghan, save the diamond-hilted dagger, the ornament of his girdle. Mustapha, as robust a fellow as ever went bare-legged in Stamboul, presently wrenched his arms from the Janissary, and as the fellow was secured, the Turkish guard came deliberately to the spot, adhering thus to their constant practice, never to interfere as long as there is any chance of mischief being done, or of their presence being of any kind of use.

The Prince could now look about him. The doughty Armenian Tinghir-Oglu, whose life he had probably saved, was not there to thank him, for his fears, or the effect of the pistol-ball that had whisked through his calpack, seemed to have made a vacuum before him, and he continued to run on when his foe the Janissary no longer pursued, but lay, very much surprized at all that had happened, among the feet of the bostandjis.(11)

But there was one at hand, whose gratitude was to him more *grateful*—whose single word might out-value the eloquence, the united thanks of the whole Armenian people.

When Veronica uttered that cry of filial alarm and anguish, at which Constantine had thrown himself on the Janissary, she neither fainted like some of her female kindred among whom she was seated, nor rose and ran away in delicate regard to her own safety, like others. She sat motionless as a

rock, and as breathless too, with her arms extended, tense and rigid as if fixed in convulsion, towards her parent. At the dreadful flash, a scream died away on her heart, but found no utterance; her straining eye, with affection's energies, broke the film that was gathering before it, and she could see that her father had not fallen before the Turk's pistol. Yet she had not time to feel or to indulge the filial gratitude that became her, for the same glance informed her it was Constantine Ghika who had rushed to her father's succour, and that he was now engaged in a deadly struggle with an Osmanli. The ice began again to gather round her heart. When, however, she saw the brawny ruffian reel and fall to the ground, and another Turk run, not to assist him, but to secure his arms—when she saw Constantine recomposing the folds of his turban and his flowing cloak, both sufficiently deranged in the scuffle, she sprang to her feet, and ran to bless him. Heedless of the rude Turkish guard that had now approached, forgetful of the rigid decorum imposed on her as an Armenian female, and an unmarried one, she exclaimed aloud, "My prince! you have saved my father's life; and I am from this hour your devoted slave!"

Constantine turned to the heart thrilling profession of gratitude, for she had approached behind him; the yashmack covered her face, and shrouded its pallour, and its beauty and expression; but a torrent of devotion, admiration, love, and love not to be mistaken, flowed from her large black eyes.

"Lady," said the prince, courteously, and in an under voice, "this is not the place for the indul-

gence of your feeling—recompose yourself, I pray! —But you are alone, here, among men; let me lead you to your friends!”

The Armenian girl mechanically followed the steps of the Greek, who made his way through the guard.

“Veronica,” added he, in a very different tone, when at a few paces distance; “Veronica! to have been thus able to serve you, to whom I owe so much, for all your kindness to my aged and deserted relative, is indeed happiness! An angel has guided my steps hitherward to-day. I was dying to see you once again; to be, at least, again near you, and I have had the fortune.”

“And you have desired to see me again,” said the fair Armenian, in a voice, which though but a whisper, was penetrating and passionate, “can I believe it? you came not here to meet those very handsome Greek ladies? you have thought of her you once saw for a minute.”

“As I live and breathe, I have thought of nothing else; and for a pleasure like that of the minute you name, I have ever since been impatient. The last day or two”——

“Then, Prince! our moments are few—we must not be seen long thus in converse. I feel inclined to believe what, in believing, would make me happy; but *you*, on your part, credit me, that your impatience has been shared—that she who now speaks to you, has thought the moments long since last we met; and had she not been prevented by family circumstances, and the importune presence of a female friend who has never left her until this moment, when there would have been

danger in her staying, she would have been at the Princess' before now."

"Family circumstances," and the gossip of the Armenian women, which had recently given him so much pain, occurred to Constantine, "It is then true, that you are going to be married?"

"I married! God in his mercy forbid! But a cousin of mine is about to be married, and I have been busied in preparing our portion of presents on the occasion."

"Veronica, I thank you—you have made me happy; but tell me—how, when shall we meet again?"

"Alas, alas! I am not allowed to go and to come, to visit and to receive visits, as is the custom with your people. I am a poor Armenian maiden, and subjected to almost the same restrictions as the females of our masters, the Turks; but yet, Prince, with proper caution, we may meet—we *will* meet, if *you* wish it—if you—

"If I love you? doubt it not, my Veronica. I love, I adore you; nay, start not, the passion will bode no ill to you."

As they conversed, they had walked slowly onward towards the edge of the esplanade; they had moreover gradually approached nearer to each other, and at this moment they stood by the imperial kiosk, at the very point whence the Bosphorus and its glories burst so felicitously on the eye, and so close were they now to each other, that at the declaration of his passion, the Prince grasped the hand of Veronica.

If he had ever felt the flesh wound he had received from the Janissary's yataghan, he had certainly

never been sensible of it, since his reconnoiter with the fair Armenian ; but as he closed her little and but half retiring hand within his, the blood that had trickled down his arm, was conveyed to her delicate palm, and from the motion he made, several large drops fell on the wide linen sleeves of her robe. As the red spots met her eye, Veronica trembled, tottered : though near fainting, she recovered herself, gently repelling the Prince—who losing, in the sight of her condition, all consciousness of where he was, and how situated as regarded her—extended his arms to receive her : it was several seconds before she could speak, and then the words came indistinctly and huskily.

“Prince ! you are wounded—and I know not how to assist you.”

“A trifle—a mere prick from the yataghan’s point ; think not of it,” said Constantine, throwing from him the blood, which now indeed seemed to flow rather copiously. Veronica trembled more than ever, when she saw the large drops fall on the green grass. “It is no trifle, I fear—I fear you are much hurt—and for my father—for me,—and they come not to your aid !”

“It is nothing, Veronica ! upon my word, it is nothing,”—and the Prince again approached her ; “but the drops of blood which now flow innocuously from my arm, I would shed from my heart for you—I swear, nay, why again start from me ?—by the love I feel, I swear—.”

Trembling all over, uttering her scarcely intelligible words with extreme difficulty, and holding up her little white hand, whiter than snow, save where her lover’s blood had stained it, the Armeni-

an maiden interrupted him—" Oh do not swear! not now, not now—there was blood on the hand with which you grasped mine, to give me the first assurance of your love—see here, the purple stains! This is not the moment—and oh! I dread that only trouble and sorrow can ensue from a passion commencing under such ill omens as blood—blood!"(12)

The difficulties that must oppose her love, now burst upon her in fulness and horror; though strong minded, she had not overcome a superstition so general and so powerful all over the East, as that of a belief in omens: the one she had just received was of a fatal character; she gazed on the blood on her little hand, until she sickened at the heart—the scenes she had just witnessed—a father's peril, a lover's wound, had tried her severely, and she had borne up with a courage that few women might equal; but she could no more—the up-lifted, stained hand dropped to her side; the large black eyes that had been fixed upon it in speaking terror, slowly closed, and Veronica's delicate form would have fallen to the ground, if the Prince had not caught her in his arms. Still, so strong and intent was the mind that animated her weak, frail body, that she could scarcely be said to have fainted; though but for once, she put her hand to her yashmack, to prevent Constantine from withdrawing it, which however he did, to give her air; she struggled slightly in his embrace as he pressed her passionately to his heart, and on hearing her name shouted out by her friends, who had at last recovered from their own terrors, and had time to think of her, she by a wonderful effort recovered her

strength and her self-possession, and hurrying the yashmack over her face, left the prince's arms, and walked, though with faltering and uncertain steps, in the direction of the kindred voices.

The esplanade had been thinned by those who had fled at the Janissary's intrusion; it was now cleared by those who followed his arrest, to see in what the business had originated, and in what it would end.

Scarcely any body remained on the pleasant flat, as Veronica, followed at a few paces distance by the Prince, advanced to meet her father, her aunt, her eldest sister, and the old female attendant, or duenna.

"You are not hurt, my father?" tenderly inquired the agitated girl.

"No—not at all, thanks to Heaven!" replied the old pursy, seraff, who had not yet recovered the breath he had lost in running away from the Janissary; "but where have you been, while we have been looking after you?"

Veronica could not reply, but the Prince, who felt rather embarrassed as the eyes of the Armenian party glanced suspiciously from him to his companion, and next from her to him, said with a wave of the hand, and a tone that did honour to his Fanariote education—

"The young lady was left by her companions—she has been here at hand waiting their return, and I have had the pleasure of protecting her from evil or insult in their absence!"

The seraff put his hand to his forehead, his lips, and his heart, saluting the Prince with due Oriental respect, and then drily inquired,

"And pray, Chelibi, (13) may I ask who you are? I see you are not one of us."

"I am Constantine Ghika, son of the hospodar; but my name and condition are of little consequence here. I am he who lately, *perhaps*, saved your life, and who certainly prevented the Janissary from shooting you," replied the Prince.

"And in so doing, my father," warmly rejoined Veronica, "was wounded himself—see, he still bleeds!"

The old Armenian, who had never once looked behind, knew not but that it had been St. George, or St. Michael in person that had saved him; the benefit, however, was of too important a nature, and too recently conferred, to be treated negligently, though the benefactor was a schismatic Greek, and wore yellow slippers instead of purple; he again pressed his head, his mouth, his bosom, and bowing lowly, and touching the earth at Constantine's feet, said,

"Great Hospodar," I am your slave all the rest of my days! all that I have is yours, and I hope the next time you pass by Emenergen-Oglu, you will permit me to give you—a pipe and a cup of coffee!"

At another moment, Constantine might have smiled at the magnificent free offering of the banker, but he was interested in watching the grateful, anxious eyes of Veronica, and was delighted to have an opportunity of passing a quarter of an hour, at least, under the same roof with her. He modestly protested what he had done scarcely merited so great a reward; and then saying his wound, though a trifle, was becoming troublesome from the

quantity of blood that was flowing from it, and required a bandage, he bowed a *congee* first to the old man, next to the old woman, and last to the gentle Veronica, who looked at him supplicatingly, as if imploring him to have a care of himself.

As he walked slowly away, intending merely to get out of sight of the party, to bind his handkerchief round his arm, and then to follow them to the water's edge, he heard one of the female voices say, "A worthy youth, and modest, though a Greek." Another added, "It is to be hoped, however, under favour of the blessed Virgin, that he did not see our Veronica's face!" And Veronica herself, whose tones were thenceforward to be the music of his soul, closed the remarks that met his ear. "He is good, and he is noble! he has saved my father, and may *heaven bless him as I do!*"

We have all felt the low, melancholy mood of mind that follows moments of extraordinary excitement; and some of us may have experienced that feeling of extreme susceptibility to objects of external beauty, which accompanies the dawning passion of love. Constantine was worked upon by both these influences, and, perhaps, for the first time in his life, as he was on the Bosphorus, he was struck by the sad, holy aspect of the Turkish cemetery on the water's edge, which we have before noticed, and determined to land and muse awhile within it.

The long, sharp prow of his caik touched the strand, and he leaped on shore in the romantic garden of death, and ordering the boatmen, who thought him mad, to wait, he retired with that sen-

timent which, in all solemn matters seems to induce us to seek utter solitude, he fled to the thickest part of the religious wood, and sat himself down by a recently made grave's headstone—an elaborate work, with lofty caouk and folding turban, that denoted the precise rank and condition of him who now lay beneath in death's equality, with intricate arabesques, boldly relieved, and done in gold, and in the deep blue of the lapis lazuli, and with a long inscription running diagonally, and covering the whole slab from the arabesques to the point where the springing green grass from the prolific sod waved round its foot. As common, in the sepulchres of the rich, there was another sculptured stone at the grave's foot, but rather lower than that at the head ; its only ornaments were a tree—a stately palm, gently relieved and coloured with green and with gold, and a wavy line, like the blade of an angel's sword, or the bolts in the hands of the thunderer, which ran round the edge of the purely white marble. Two lateral slabs, whose breadth attained about one-third of the elevation of the head-stone, and about half that of the foot-stone, united both together ; there was no covering slab, as the Turks in their *material* superstition, and by a rescript of the prophet, never lay weight over the shallow soil that covers the dead, lest it should check his rise at the judgment-day, (14) but within the enclosure of the pale marbles, flowers that seemed to have been sedulously cultivated, saluted the eye with melancholy bloom, and the nostril with an odour overpoweringly languid.

“It ought to be pleasant thus to rest,” reasoned the moody lover ; “and thus, in the gloom of eas-

tern cypresses, with the gleam of spotless marbles, and the blush of roses—in silence like this, and with a genial heat, a balmy air like these upon ye—grave! horrid as thou art elsewhere, here thou seemest replete with beauty, and wouldst make one almost in love with thee! 'Tis strange that a scene, sweet, poetical, ethereal like this, should be the work of a gross, sensual, and barbarous people—the disciples of a false code! I would not live the life of a Turk,—I have done so, perhaps, too much already—but, no! I would not envy the life of one wealthier, grander, than he this proud tomb covers; but when all is over, I could look with complacency to a resting-place like this, and prefer the Moslem's grave to all others. Even now, so beauteous and so holy is this spot, I could almost lay down my head on that pillow of green sward which crowns a humbler grave, and unrepiningly resign this troublous spirit. I could almost wish to die, to be buried in a place like this!"(15)

Presently, his thoughts flowed in another course, and those who have reflected on the sudden turns of their own mind, and how, from the pure, and the calm, and the soothing, we frequently rush at once to the dark, the irritating, the harrowing, will not be surprised if his abstractions were of a character totally different from those which had immediately preceded them.

In glancing at the back of the head-stone, he saw some but half-effaced traces of the graceful, the never-to-be-mistaken, ancient Greek chisel. He looked closer—he traced the outline of some exquisite female figures, that seemed to have formed a procession—he traced the emblematic extinguish-

ed torch, and the touching type of our immortality, a butterfly rising from its dull chrysalis coil ; and he knew that same fair marble had once adorned another tomb than that of the Turkish effendi. But what was there ? On one corner of the stone, defaced more carefully than the Pagan symbols, was the Christian cross and the mystic fish ; (12) and in examining these more closely, he observed that they, with the commencing letters of an epitaph, had been cut over part of the more ancient classic work. "And cannot even the solemnity of the grave," mused the sad humourist, "inspire the virtue of honesty, and respect for the ashes of the dead ? What have we here but a repeated sacrilege—a double robbery ? The Christian desecrates the Pagan's tomb—the Turk the Christian's, and effaces as equally obnoxious, the work of both, to make room for his own epitaph, which he fondly hopes will be respected and enduring ! Who, then, need care where his ashes repose ; or flatter himself—unless they be given at once to the elements, through the agency of fire, or cast into the remote and fathomless sea—that his remains will be undisturbed by man ! Anon, the Muscovites may be masters of proud Stamboul, and the Turks—the Turks, who have never dug a stone, nor worked in the marble quarry, (13) since their establishment in the fallen regions of architecture and sculpture, but have mutilated ancient art, and raised their motley structures with the exquisite fragments of my ancestor's skill, may see these cherished tombs (portions of their abused spoil) torn from the grave and the cypress grove, to build stables and barracks for the Ghiaours ! Let me be gone ! the

beauty of death and the repose of the grave, must be sought for in other objects and connexions than these, which, beauteous and impressive as they are, partake of the nature of every thing on earth, and afford no 'lasting delight.'"

The young Prince rushed from the cemetery with these feelings of irritation, which might have been soothed, while his amorous heart "was softened to rapture," by the cooing of the little blue turtle-doves that flitted through the sombre shade of the cypresses, and over the thickly-strewed graves, as if they had been the earth-linging spirits of those who were there mouldering to dust.

"Panagia," cried one of the boatmen, as the sensitive Constantine, pale and agitated, stepped into his caik, in the dusk of evening; "the effendi has seen a ghost!"

"What could he expect to meet in such a place, but Vourvoulackis?" (14) said his comrade. "It is wicked to tempt the evil one, as he has done, and I should not be surprised to hear that one of these Turks he has been disturbing, has followed him home in the shape of a black dog!"

"What nonsense is that you are talking about Vourvoulackis and black dogs?" inquired Constantine, who was willing enough to escape from melancholy reflexions, which though deep while they last, seldom last very long, in the happily constituted mind of a Greek.

"It is no such *bosh* (15) as you may think," replied one of the boatmen, crossing himself.

"Why, surely, you have not eaten bread for thirty years, and gained those manly moustaches,

and believe in the tales of the Paramanas ?”(16) said the Prince, jestingly.

“I believe in what I have seen with mine own eyes,” replied one of the boatmen.

“But you do not mean to say you have ever seen these ghosts and hobgoblins?”

“Aye, many a one !” affirmed the palikari.

“When you were drunk, perhaps?” said Constantine ; “the spirits were those of the departed okkas of crassi, that had gone the *way of all wine*, down your unconscionable throat.”

“I believe what I have seen, and what I have heard from men of truth,” said the other boatman ; “and only the other day, I had such a story from my cousin, a pilot on board the captain pasha’s ship !”

“Did it happen to himself?” inquired Constantine.

“No, I cannot say it did, but he got the tale first-hand from a donkey-driver at Smyrna—it had just happened, and was in every one’s mouth.”

“A donkey-driver at Smyrna is good authority for a ghost at Constantinople ; but, come, my lad, tell us your cousin’s tale,” cried the Prince.

“It was thus,” said the boatman, again crossing himself ere he begun. But we must give this supernatural episode the honour of another chapter, and beg the reader to remember, in aid to its effect, that it was told in a still, dark evening, between the shading banks of the Bosphorus, and with great earnestness of expression, by the Greek, whose voice quivered and faltered at the horrid points of his narrative.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ You know Smyrna—every body knows Smyrna ; it is such a place for figs ! ”

The Prince nodded a recognition of the great eastern emporium, and the boatman went on.

“ But perhaps you never heard talk of a little place, very near Smyrna, called Boodja, which my cousin, the pilot, describes as a pleasant enough village, frequented by the Franks and others, during the summer, when people can't live at Smyrna. Well, at this village there lived a certain Palikari,(1) called Costi, an honest lad and sober. He had lately taken a young wife, and inherited four strong asses, which he let out to the dwellers in the village, who perhaps do not know how to ride horses. He gained a comfortable living this way, for himself and spouse. To be sure, he had to work very hard, running with his donkeys from Boodja to Smyrna, from Smyrna back to Boodja, I know not how many times a day, and this, too, along a sultry, exposed road.

“ But what of that ? it was an honest and genteel livelihood, for Costi in this manner might be said to keep the very best society in the village ; and the great Frank merchants would gossip with

him as he ran by their sides, occasionally crying out, *och-e ! och-e !* (2) a magical word that always makes the donkeys go right, and, what was better still for Costi, they would often pay him double fare.

“ Well, one summer evening, Costi was in the Frank town, with two of his asses, waiting for a very great Ingliz, (3) who was to return with him to Boodja. It grew very late, but the donkey, driver had to peep still longer through the iron-bound doors of the merchant’s counting-house, where the principal and three familiar spirits sat scribbling with all their might, in the vain hope that his freight, the merchant, would finish and take his departure. Still they sat scribbling, scribbling on, as if the world was nothing but one wide sheet of paper. Costi grew impatient, and so perhaps did his donkeys, for they began to bray in the yard. Their voices made the merchant think of his wife. He called Costi, and having written on a scrap of paper, that the good ship ‘ Mary ’ had come in from London, and so he could not go out to his wife Mary at Boodja, or something of that sort, and giving this to Costi, he told him to make the best of his way home.

“ As the donkey-driver was going along the street of the Dung-hills, where my cousin tells me most of the handsome Frank coconas live, he met a friend. (4)

“ ‘ How late you are to night, Costi ! late and all alone ! Jannem, (5) I hope you won’t meet a ghost ! ’ said this friend.”

“ And then,” said Constantine, interrupting the boatman, “ Costi left his donkeys in the street, and

went into the first *caffé*, and drank half an *okka* of *raki*, to make himself ghost-proof."

"Not a drop," replied the boatman; "the man was as sober as the beasts he was driving. But you put me out—where was I? Oh, in *Dunghill-street*. Well, on giving the 'Good night' to his friend, *Costi* did feel a little queer; but the moon shone bright and cheerfully, and he went on whistling and talking to a dappled donkey, that trotted on by itself a few paces a-head the one he rode on. In this way, he came to the Turkish burying-grounds at the edge of the town; they stood on each side of the way, and the shade of their lofty cypresses fell upon the paved road. Presently the foremost donkey began capering and snorting, as if the devil or the nose-flies were in him (6) *Och-e! och-e!* cried *Costi*; but still the ass capered and snorted; he thought of a certainty the beast was bewitched but coming out into the broad moonlight, he saw the cause of the creature's caprices. It was a little black dog.

"Now, as dogs without masters are just as common at *Smyrna* as at *Stamboul*, there would have been nothing extraordinary in seeing one where *Costi* did; but oh, sir! this little black dog was such a dog as had never been seen before—he did not walk like other curs, by putting one foot before the other, but sailed along as it were, between earth and air, close to the ground, but without touching it with his feet; and then he did not go straight on, but see-sawed across the road—now disappearing among the white Turkish tomb-stones on this side of the way, now among those on that side, and then, *Panagia!* there was such a smell of

sulphur, and every minute or so, a little blue flame spouted out of his nose, or played round the tip of his tail—a very small flame, not much more than the fire-fly's, but it was awful to behold ; and even the poor dappled donkey felt this little black dog was no fit companion.

“Costi said his prayers, and then shouted to drive the dog away ; but little blacky, see-sawing across the road as before, kept a little in advance of the foremost ass, that still jumped and frisked as if he had been dancing the Romaica with the dog.

“A little beyond these burying-grounds, there runs a stream,(7) crossed by a stone bridge, called the Bridge of the Caravans. At the end of the bridge, towards the town, there is a Turkish guard-house and a caffè. Costi, as he approached it, saw some Zebecks (8) smoking their *chibooks*, and as his knees were now knocking against the donkey's sides with fear, he almost felt disposed to stop, and ask their assistance to rid him of the little black dog ; but as he came up to them, the surly voice of one, who, from within the cabin, inquired what was passing at that hour, and the still gruffer voice of another from the outside, who replied that it was only two asses, a Greek, and another dog, deterred him, and he crossed the bridge without stopping or saying a word.”

“But did not the Zebecks see the phenomenon of a dog breathing blue flames, and carrying fire on his tail ?” asked Constantine.

“My cousin does not say that they did,” replied the boatman ; “the little black dog might have put his tail between his legs, as he passed the guard-house—but pray do not put me out.

"Well, on the other side of the stream, there is another Turkish cemetery, the largest at Smyrna, and covered with cypresses twice as high, and twice as black, as those in our burying-grounds at Pera or Scutari. Costi's road—a narrow lane, with turbaned pillars and new made graves on each side of it, lay through this cemetery—and then it was so dark!—those thickly-set trees retained such a depth of gloom, that the benighted donkey-driver could hardly see any thing, save the white marble tomb-stones gleaming in long array, that appeared to have no end.

"At the edge of this forest of the dead, the little black dog disappeared. Costi thought he was quit of him; but as he rode through the dismal avenue, he heard a strange moaning to his right, and looking through the boles of the cypresses, he again saw the quivering blue flame—and something more awful still!"

"What! something worse than the black dog and the blue light?" interrupted Constantine.

"Of a certainty!" continued the boatman, "Costi saw a tall ghastly figure rising from a grave with an emir's turban round his head!"

"Are you sure it was not a tall tomb-stone?" inquired the Prince.

"Rising from a grave," resumed the boatman, without attending to his scepticism, "and uttering dreadful groans!"

"Costi almost lost his wits, as well he might, and in terror he urged on his donkeys, that trembled almost as much as he did himself.

"He was a happy man when he got out of the dark lane, and could see the open country, and

the splendid kiosks and gardens of the great Sul-eiman-Agha, (9) and the placid hills, and the broad bright moon; but, alas! he had not gone many steps, when the dappled donkey again began to caper and snort, and Costi smelt sulphur, and saw the little black dog again before him gliding as if he did not touch the ground, and see-sawing across his road as before. Though the donkey-driver's tongue almost clove to the roof of his mouth, he contrived again to shout, but the black dog again disregarded his shouts, and kept sailing on over the moon-light path. Costi called on the Panagia, and every saint he could remember, and when that was over, he talked to his donkeys, to keep his spirits up. When they came to a rough ascending lane, running between beautiful olive groves, Costi had gained so much courage and resolution, that he descended from his ass to pelt away his ill-savoured fellow traveller, with stones, of which there was no scarcity in the lane. His stones had no more effect than his voice. He flung one after another, small and large; but though to his eye they seemed to hit him, or to pass through him, the little black dog took no heed of them, but glided on without bark or yelp, sporting the blue light at the tip of his tail, just as before. Costi, growing desperate, ran after him to kick him. He kicked, but though he was only a span's length from him when he raised his foot to kick, before the blow descended, the little black dog was seen see-sawing across the lane fifty paces distant, and Costi only struck the root of an olive tree, which nearly broke his toes. Kai-mena! (10) but how he did tremble then! he

could hardly remount his donkey, and when he did, he wished the Ingliz, with all his bales, at the bottom of the Gulf of Smyrna, for having made him stay so late. He pressed on his asses to a full trot. The little black dog glided faster and faster, and was always a few yards in advance of him. At the head of a beautiful valley, that the Christians of Smyrna call the Valley of St. Anne, Costi had to pass the frowning ruins of an ancient aqueduct, which was known to be the resort of Vourvoulackis, and all sorts of evil spirits. He flattered himself that the little black dog would here find more congenial society, and leave off persecuting an innocent Christian like himself; and sure enough, within the shade of the ruins, he disappeared. Costi pricked his donkey with his short, pointed stick, (11) but as he trotted on, over the uneven ground beyond the ruins, there came a rush of such awful sounds, from the arches and hollows of the old aqueduct, that his blood ran cold, and on looking before him, he saw, at his usual distance, the little black dog. O! how the poor fellow wished for some holy man to scare away this nothing less than devil. He would have given his asses, his only wealth, to have a companion with him; and he even felt some relief from the sight of a group of camels that were tranquilly reposing on the hill side, and in the fair moon light, close by their burdens and their sleeping drivers. (12)

“The plain of Boodja was now before him, and he was somewhat cheered by the sight of his village home. He cantered across the flat, with the dappled donkey capering and snorting, and the

little black dog gliding and see-sawing before him. The latter, however, when he reached the edge of the village, again disappeared ; and Costi, now thinking he was entirely free from him, proceeded rejoicing to the house of the Ingliz, where he delivered his letter, and said nothing about what had happened to him. But, kaimena ! judge of his condition, when, on reaching his own cottage, he saw a blue light gleaming from the shade of its portal ! Was he there again ?—could it be possible ?—Aye, sure enough there he was—the little black dog that had come all the way from Smyrna with him.

“ Spirits persecute the solitary ; and to complete Costi’s misfortunes, his wife had gone to visit her mother at a village not far off, called Sedi-Keui. What was to be done ? His friends, the Greek peasants of the village, had all been long since buried in sleep : not to be quite alone, he would have taken his favourite dapple into his hovel with him, but he was ashamed of that ; and the donkey, who had no taste for a change of lodging, had marched off with his companion to his wonted shed. Costi knew from experience, that it was no use trying to drive away the pertinacious dog, so he went and gave his asses their supper. When he returned, he found the little black dog where he had left him. He thought it as well to be courteous, and said, though his voice trembled, ‘ ha ! ha ! my little friend, you are still here, are you ? you are determined we shall not part company over soon ? ’

“ The little black dog wagged his sparkling tail,

and flames, like moustachoes of fire, came from his nostrils.

“ ‘ But curse me if you shall come into my house,’ said Costi—and opening the door but very little, and occupying, as he thought, all the space, he squeezed himself in, and banged to the door (he was sure of that!) in the intruder’s face. But he did no such thing, for the first object he saw within the room, was the black dog and his blue light.

“ Poor Costi’s misfortunes were every way complete—the only holy article of his household that might have been efficacious to expel the obstinate spirit, his wife had carried with her to protect her on her journey.—Perhaps, however, a light might do?

“ He lit his lamp, but its flame burned as blue as the nose and the tail of the dog, who now lay crouching and fixed on the wooden floor. Costi took no supper that night; and he had not a single glass of raki in his cupboard to create courage or sleep. But tired at length with watching his black and silent guest, and worn out by the labours of the day, he threw himself on his bed, and, after long and fervent prayers, and many vain attempts, at last fell fast asleep.”

“ What a fool! Of course he never woke again—a vampire fixed upon him, and sucked his life’s blood!” said Constantine, tauntingly.

“ You are wrong again!” hastily resumed the boatman; “ Costi did wake again, as the light of the risen sun shone through his lattice; but what do you think he saw, ha!—why instead of the little black dog, the corpse of a tall, stout Turk stretch-

ed on the floor, just where the dog had been lying!"

"Whew!" cried the Prince, "this is a ghost story with a vengeance; but it would require even more force of persuasion than was possessed by the Mahometan doctor, Abou-Halife,(13) who could prove a column of wood to be a column of gold, to make me believe it. But go on—what did your donkey-driver do with this dead Turk? Did he chop him into kibaubs?"

"When Costi saw and felt the unwieldly carcase, he trembled all over like the curds of caimak, (14) and he did not know what to do with it. Should the Osmanli be found there, he knew his own head would speedily be between his legs:(15) and so, half dead with fear, he tottered off to a papas in the village, to tell his deplorable case, and seek advice.

"This priest was a man of vast ability, and thus he reasoned with Costi.

"To remove this dead Turk, more especially as he is so tall and so fat, would be a work of great labour, and you might be seen; but wait till night—when darkness falls upon the earth, the dead body will return to the shape of the little black dog, and then I will do his business, and send him back whence he came."

"Things turned out just as he had said, and the papas was as good as his word. When he went into the room with Costi, he saw indeed, no dead Turk, but a very lively black dog, whisking round and round, and never resting. He began his prayers, he produced his relics—the little black dog whirled faster and faster, and presently darted out

of the open door. Costi and the papas ran out of the house to watch his retreat—they saw a pale blue light the very next minute, playing along the distant ruined walls of Smyrna Castle : it was the tail of the little black dog, which the donkey-driver never saw again : so my story ends.”

“ ’Tis a pity it is not longer,” said Constantine, “ but we have arrived in the Golden Horn—put me ashore, and good night, without Vourvoulaekis be with you.”



CHAPTER IX.

IN the turbulent days of the Janissaries, a scene of violence like that described in our last chapter but one, was by no means of rare occurrence, and a day of festivity among the Christian rayah subjects of the empire, would often end still more tragically, in the murder of defenceless individuals, guilty of no provocation, unless the sight of their enjoyments might be construed as such by the Turks. It was part of the system combined by the astucious Halet-Effendy, and so unrelentingly pursued by Sultan Mahmood, to throw temptations in the way of the sons of Hadji-Bektash, to induce them into violent transgressions, that there might be an apparent and justifiable motive for the frequent executions that took place among the

Janissaries, and that were slowly preparing, simultaneously with other and deep-laid plots, the final suppression of that now mock military association, which, like the Frætorian band of the falling empire of the West, was despicable to the enemy, and formidable only to the sovereign and the peaceful subject.(1)

All the means resorted to are not known ; but it is a well ascertained fact, that from the beginning of Mahmood's reign, or at least shortly after the tremendous Janissary revolt, in which Mustapha Bairactar, the friend of the deceased Sultan Sèlim, and of European tactics, fell under their rage, the more bold and desperate portion of the Odas,(2) or such of them as could not be gained over to the views of government, or whom it was considered, unsafe to trust, were subject to a mysterious but gradual mortality. From the castle on its banks, the Bosphorus received them ; and its waves, were a rapidly moving grave, kept the secret of their death, and wafted them to a remote shore. Their bodies would be seen through the transparent waters, shooting by the Seraglio point, and moving trunk and limb, as the current propelled, as though life were not extinct ; across Marmora's wide basin, the fisherman or the peasant might watch their bleached and swollen corpses, as cast on the melancholy shore of Selymnia or Rodosto, the birds of the air whirled clamorously to devour what the finny race had spared ; and farther still, and through the straits of Helle, and distant as the Ægean, where it devolves itself, ocean-like, by Troy, and Tenedos, Lemnos, and Mount Athos, the returning mariner would sometimes count the float-

ing bodies, and reverting his eyes, exclaim, "Mas-hallah ! but there is wrath at Stamboul."

Even in Turkey, however, it was necessary to throw a veil over such wholesale murder, and it was with consummate art, with a cunning all but devilish, that this was done, and that the stupid Janissaries were kept in security, as the glaive of the Sultan lopped off the most ardent, the strongest of their body ; nor did the sons of Hadji-Bek-tash (3) arouse themselves, until, like the Hebrew champion in the lap of Delilah, their lock of strength was shorn, and their arms bound.

Constantine Ghika, though from his elevated and perilous condition in the Ottoman empire, he could not but observe all that was passing and preparing, was so occupied with other and newer and more agreeable objects of reflection, that he perhaps never would have once thought even of the Janissary who had so lately wounded him, had it not pleased Mustapha to relate the story of the curious affray.

The fellow, it appeared, had been drinking in a Greek cantine, or wine-shop, at the upper part of the village of Arnaut-Keui, until, as a matter of course, he was drunk. The prophet's prohibition is entire ; in the pages of the Koran no distinction is made as to quantity, a glass is as a bottle, a bottle as a butt ; and with this conviction, the Turks(4) when they once begin to drink the forbidden draught, never stop until they can swallow no more, or can get no more to swallow. The Greek, seeing his customer in that *dangerous* state, and knowing perhaps that he would never pay a para for all the okkas in which he had been wet-

ting his mustachoes, refused to draw him any more wine, and ran away with the rakie bottles. The eastern boniface was too slow in his retreat; the Janissary's pistol ball caught him before he could turn into another room, and broke his arm; and the hero, finding his courage up, fancied he had a taste to kill a Greek, and rushed into the path that led to the kiosk, with that laudable intent. Unlike the other conquered subjects of the Turks, who, in their estimation, presently reposed into tranquil, degraded rayahs, unobnoxious to apprehension or hate, the Greeks continued to be as vigorously and as actively detested after the lapse of four hundred years, as on the day when they opposed their treble walls, the resources of their ingenuity, and their confined and dying, but brilliant valour, to Mahomet the Second. This hatred, which had never known a truce in the Osmanlis' hearts, had moreover been increased tenfold by the occurrences in Greece; and in the license afforded them by the excitement of the Hellenic revolution, and sanctified by the revenge the blood of their foiled and beaten brethren in the Morea, called for. The Turks, ever since 1821, had been wont, in different parts of the empire, to massacre the Greeks in mass or in detail.(5) In pursuing a Greek, therefore, nothing would have been very extraordinary, but it *did* seem strange, that a Janissary should want to burn the brains, and cut the throat of an Armenian—a quiet seraff, a friendly camel, who might have the affiliating mark of his own orta(6) on his brawny arm. The explanation was—the man of the spoon(7) was too far gone in his cups, to retain a very lively distinction of per-

son. On rushing from the wine-house, Tinghir-Oglu was waddling up the path before him, and, without seeing that his boots and slippers were purple, and that the crown of his calpack had no aperture in it,(8) he determined he was a Greek, and in a bellowing voice invited him to stop and undergo the disagreeable operations alluded to. The affrighted Armenian took to his heels, and the staggering drunkard took after him, quite incapable of the comprehension of the words addressed to him, but persuaded he was going to immolate a Greek ghiaour.

The tragi-comedy, or the admixture of farce and tragedy, which characterizes nearly all mortal events in the East, prevailed admirably throughout the present adventure.

The next morning, at an early hour, as our restless hero was repairing by water to the Princess', the fatal cannon of Roumeli-hissar boomed along the narrow and silent banks of the Bosphorus, and shortly after, one of his boatmen's oar struck the submerged headless trunk of the burly Jannissary, who was already on his submarine journey to the shores of the Propontis or the Dardanelles. Yes ! there he went, the minnows' sport ! he, who on the yesterday, had not his brain been reeling with the fumes of that wine his prophet cursed, might have annihilated in his robust grasp the elegant stripling, whose keel was now gliding over him ! It was not consonant, indeed, with the general practice of Mahometan law, as administered in Turkey, to punish thus severely a mere brawl ; and in innumerable instances, even when the Osmanlis offender committed murder, the blood of the Christian, or

the Jewish rayah, sunk into the earth unatoned. But in the present case, the delinquent's being a Janissary, and a desperate one, sealed his doom, even without other considerations ; and the Tinghir-Oglus, then high in favour at the Porte, would probably have easily obtained ample, if not so sanguinary satisfaction, had the assailant been in a different condition, and still a Turk.

The drunken Janissary is disposed of ; but the assaulted, wounded Greek of the cantine remains, and his case, with the doom of his foe, are deserving of record as specimens of Turkish reasoning. The same guard that so deliberately secured the Janissary, arrested afterwards the wine-vender, from the mysterious recesses of whose shop the perilous thunderbolt had burst, and they were both carried off to the Mehkieme, or court of justice, together. For the Janissary, who, as Musselman, had precedence of the ghiaour, the Mollah having already arranged the whole business on the report of witnesses he had heard apart, merely made a sign with his eyes to the door of the hall, where stood a few grim fellows from the Gehenna(9) of the Bosphorus, the Roumeli-hissar in which the Sultan was sacrificing the lives of his subjects to his idol "reform," as the Jews had sacrificed their children in the valley to Moloch,—“horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.” Another sign—an horizontal motion of the hand—a gentle pantomime to denote the yataghan's application to the neck—a waive scarcely perceptible, told the fate of the peccant son of Hadji-Bektash, and the ruffians rushed forward and carried off their prey to the castle. as so many

famished dogs of Stamboul would have dragged away with united effort and glee, an abandoned carcase to their holes in the hill side, or their favourite retreat, the great Turkish burying-grounds. (10)

In thus condemning a fellow creature to the pangs of death, and the dread chances of eternity, not a muscle of the Turkish judge's impassible face relaxed ; not a thrill—not the slightest tremor of feature or limb, betrayed emotion : had that waive of the hand been employed to kill a musquito, a gnat, his indifference could not be more perfect. He took three long whiffs of his chibook ere he turned to the Greek, who, but too well acquainted with the horrid meaning of the sign he had given; stood motionless before him, his eyes bent on the ground, on which fell the cold sweat in large drops from his brow ; his broken arm, its pain now all unfelt, hanging down by his side, and his whole person rigid and frozen.

“ And as to you, you unbelieving son of a dirty mother, who, not content with selling those accursed draughts that defile the soul and stupify the wit,” (he took another whiff at his chibook,) “ to your own infidel race, must be dealing out to the Osmanlis and the children of the Prophet, the same maddening poison—you deserve to be made crows’ meat of ; but we are even more merciful than we are just—the Naib will deal with you.”

After uttering this unusually long oration, the Mollah stroked his beard, drew his heels closer under his hams, and resumed his smoking, whilst the Naib, or clerk, who had just entered the hall with his ears full of the favourable testimonials of the

Greek's character, and, what was infinitely of more avail to the prisoner, with his purse well lined with the rubiehs of his relations without, sat himself on the seat of judgment, and decided the case thus—with a perspicuity worthy of Solomon, the Israelite king, or Solyman Kanuni, the great Turkish law-giver and sultan :—

“ For having admitted a Moslem within his tavern, and giving him the forbidden wine, the Greek incurred the bastinado and a heavy fine. Having once admitted the Janissary and given him wine, he was wrong in refusing him more ; for if he had produced the additional okkas demanded, would not the Janissary have drunk them—would he not then have been *so drunk*, as to be unable to move? Certainly ! the fellow would have fallen asleep in the cantine—might have broken his neck over the precipice going home—and the calpack of the Armenian seraff would have remained unperforated by his bullet, the religious feelings of the Osmanlis unwounded by the scandalous exposure of a brother's weakness ! Indeed, the second offence was worse than the first, and deserved more fine, and more bastinado ; but as there was a species of compensation in the pistol-shot received from the Janissary, *that* should be set off in the Greek's account—the soles of his feet (they already glowed and tingled by anticipation) should be spared, if he would pay for the sticks that would have been employed in beating them to a mummy ; and this sum, added to a double fine, would make just “ one thousand piastres,” not a para more or less.

When the unfortunate dealer in crassi (11) overcame his fear for his life and his heels, he could

feel an anxiety for his purse ; but it was all in vain he protested (what was perfectly true) that he could not expel an armed Turk who chose to enter his shop, and (what, perhaps, was not quite so correct) that he had not a thousand piastres in the world—(a principal portion of which was avowedly imposed as a fine for not making the said Turk as drunk as a beast !)

The Naib knew his business and his customers. It grieved him, he said, to see so little conscience in the world ! Here he was dealing out the humane pain of mulct, for an offence which many interpretations of the Koran would justify him in punishing with death ! but he begged them to recollect that the ear of the oracle of the law was not to be occupied by idle remonstrances—and without fee. He should really be obliged to add a mahmoodier for every moment they remained in court, to the sum specified.(12)

The poor Greek paid five hundred piastres forthwith ; the primates were responsible that the rest should be paid on the morrow. The rayahs left the court muttering, “ Well, we have got out of the lion’s den not so badly, after all ;” whilst the starch Mollah, as he eyed the tinsel-looking money, exclaimed, “ Mashallah ! God is great !” and the little Naib, tucking up his jubbe to go out in search of other victims, added as he went, “ Inshallah ! if God chooses !”

CHAPTER X.

THE hope of seeing Veronica, which had attracted the prince to the Bosphorus and his fishing-lines, again most provokingly failed him ; but now the door of the Seraff's house was open at least for one visit of ceremony. Had she come to the Princess', he might have so arranged matters as to speak with her apart, were it but for a few minutes ; he might—his heart ached at the thought of all he *might* have said and done. Within the walls of the Tinghir-Oglus, there was, however, a possibility of seeing Veronica, and of hearing the sounds of her voice, and that, though but for a moment, and in the yashmack and feridji, and uttering but the most indifferent words, would still be an exquisite pleasure.

Evening was approaching ere he went to the Armenian abode, for it was not until then that he ceased hoping Veronica might be at liberty to come where he suspected her heart to be. The Princess would accompany him in his visit, and express to her neighbours the pleasure she felt that her grandson had been so fortunate as to render a service to persons, who had so importantly served her in the days of her sorrows.

On turning the angle of the quay, and approaching the house of the Tinghir-Oglus, Constantine

saw a group of Armenians, who had probably been to pay a visit of condolence within, seated on low wicker stools, on the curb-stones that confined the bank, and smoking silently and assiduously, with their long chibooks projecting over the clear waters of the channel. At the moment, the eyes of some of them were fixed on the flight of those rapid aquatic birds that abound on the Bosphorus, and whose restlessness might have formed a curious contrast to their own quietude; other eyes were bent on the gliding caik, or on the curling smoke of their lulahs;(1) others were gazing vacantly across the channel, at the beautiful little bay and village of Chibookli, or up its current, at the *scale* of Sultanie; but on the Prince and Princess stopping at the Seraff's threshold, a long continuous hem! was heard, and all the eyes of the sedent party were fixed on them with a wide stare (and for width of stare no eyes can equal the Armenians'.)

"By the keel of Noah's ark on Mount Ararat," said Hugaz, a very broad man who dealt in broad cloth, "the Greeks are gone into the Seraffs'!"

"Very true," quoth Ostreff the Aleppine, "but you have heard how the heretic rescued friend Agop from the Janissary: that was yesterday evening—now this evening he is come for his reward; conforming herein, you know, to the advice of *Nostradin-Chodjea*, "Let not the taste of your sherbet be out of the rich man's mouth, ere you ask him for his pilaff."(2)

"But it is the son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, who but a few days ago bought the best cach-

emere I had on hand for five thousand piastres," said Andron the Angorote.

"And paid you?" quoth Hugaz.

"Money down!" replied Andron.

"Then so much the more likely is he to be in want of cash now," reasoned Ostref the Aleppine; "he must have come here to borrow money from friend Agop; what else ever brought a Greek under an Armenian roof?"

"Baccalum!(3) we shall see!" said Hugaz.

While these animated speculations were interchanged, having been duly announced, and having traversed an intricate dark passage, each angle of which was guarded by a picture of a madonna, or a saint, well smoked by the oil that burned in an earthen dish before it, Constantine and the Princess were ushered into the presence of the brothers Tinghir-Oglu. The passage was ingeniously contrived so as to wind round the whole of the apartment, and to end at a door that opened in the most distant corner of it. As Constantine advanced with a beating heart, he saw that besides the brothers there were two Catholic priests, one an Armenian, the other a secular, imported from Italy, and three gross Bazaarganlar in the room—but he could not expect to find Veronica there!

It has been the fortune of few travellers to see the interior of an Armenian house, but the apartment of the Tinghir-Oglu, in form and furniture, differed, like the abodes of all their race, but little from the usual apartments of the Turks, whom they closely imitate in their domestic economy and general mode of living. The room, or it might be called a saloon, was spacious, but low; the

beech floor was in part covered with Egyptian mats, and in part with sundry carpets ; the roof was of tessellated wood, gaudily painted in stripes of red, blue, and yellow, and ornamented with bouquets of flowers, rather clumsily executed, in gold. The walls of the apartments, also of boards, were painted in a plain brown colour, and furnished with a range of shelves, or rather one continuous shelf, running round the upper end and two sides of the room, over the divan or low sofa, which as usual was trilaterally arranged. This shelf was well stocked with drums of tobacco, pipe-bowls, touch-wood, pots of preserves, huge melons, and others of the absolute necessities of a Levantine's life ; all of which might be reached from the divan with the least trouble possible. At intervals on the walls or wainscoting, differing here from the Turks, whose religion prohibits them the representation of any human or brute form, were, a large picture of the Virgin Mary, with a silver crown enriched with brilliants, nailed over her head, and seven silver daggers stuck in her heart ; and coloured prints, badly executed, but set in frames of gilt silver, shadowing forth the glories of the patron saints of every member of the family, from Yussuf, or Saint Joseph, to Saint Veronica with her miraculously impressed handkerchief.(4) At the end of the room opposite to the window was a crucifix, with the figure in wood, nearly as large as life. In compliance with the prejudice, or it might be called, the good taste, of the Turks, who were not unfrequently visitors at the Seraffs', it had been thought expedient to cover the agonizing, bloody figure,

and it was only on rare occasions, that it was revealed in all its deformity.

On one side of the room was an armoire or closet, that contained the coverlets, by which, with a very simple process, the sofa by day, was converted into beds by night : the folding doors were cut with pigeon-holes of very quaint figures, through which the, to us unsightly, appurtenances of beds were visible.

The upper end of the room nearly all opened into one wide window, according to the general plan of those summer-houses on the Bosphorus ; it looked on the quay and the channel, and the opposite hills and shores of Asia. The casement, however, was furnished like the houses of the Turks with close lattices, so appropriately termed *jalousies* ! and thus, as if to shew their want of taste in every thing, the exquisite prospect was almost excluded.

Agop of the Tinghir-Oglus sat with his back towards the window, on the low sofa's edge, supported by well-stuffed pillars, or rather cushions, those luxuries of a Turkish divan ! Before him was the *skemne*, or low table, which his dinner had been served on, but which now was covered by those infinitely small scraps of paper on which the Orientals contrive to keep their longest accounts : (5) mixed with the papers were several silk bags of money, each with a crooked, mystic looking seal attached to its pursy mouth, and under his hand was a silver snuff-box of portentous dimensions, on the lid of which some eastern artist had expended his ingenuity in engraving a bunch of flowers, that might have been mistaken for the head of a

cauliflower, and two billing doves, that might just as well have typified two fighting cocks.

Agop looked pale and languid, and (an infallible index to indisposition in Turkey) his chibook-mouthpiece lay unhandcd on the divan—the lulah unlit in its little, bright saucer of brass on the floor.(6)

In his best hours Agop's personal appearance was not the most favourable : but now, indisposed, and more negligently dressed than was his wont, and with a Persian lamb-skin cap, the curly black wool worn externally, fitting close to his shaven skull, his thick black beard unmowed, his long mustachoes uncurled, he was almost repulsive. He rose upright *sur son seant* (and not on his legs) on the sofa, as the Princess and Constantine advanced to the end of the room, and returned their graceful salutations with the usual formula, which are fixed and unvarying with Armenians as with Turks, and laying, while he spoke, his hand across his breast—a gesture to which the pompous Osmanlis can give exceeding dignity, and grace.

Though devoid of the graceful and deficient in the picturesque, Agop was still however grateful for the services of yesterday, and he and his brother Yussuf poured their thanks and blessings on the Prince, with liberality and sincerity.

“ But you seem ill and suffering,” said the Princess to her neighbour, after having expressed to him her satisfaction that Constantine her darling boy should have been present to render him service ; “ you are pale ! and yet they told me you escaped unhurt.”

“ And so he did, Dominizza !—thanks to the

miraculous interposition of the blessed Virgin, the bullet of the janissary wounded him not ; but fear, you know, might have thrown all the blood to his head, and killed him just as well, and so, as is the practice with those who understand, we have had brother Agop bled."

Thus were the bad looks of the Armenian accounted for by the Italian Abbate, who it should seem, as indeed is frequently the case with importations of his cloth, pretended to a knowledge of physic as well as of divinity.

The Seraff could not deny the effects of fear ; and there was no feeling in him to make him blush at them. The Abbate continued : " Nothing can be more distinctly marked as an instance of miraculous interposition, than this case of our devout friend : here is the calpack," (he took up the ponderous black balloon, the Armenian's head-piece,) " see ! here passed the ball—here !—a little lower down, not much more than a span's length, and it would have found his head, and then, as every body knows, the brains—but I beg pardon, friend Agop, I see I distress the delicacy of your feelings—to speak to the point, had not the blessed Mary, and the patriarch Jacob, or saint George—I decide not which of the two, for your devotion is exemplary, similar to each,—had not, I say, the virgin, and the patriarch, or the saint, given another direction to the bullet, you would have been by this time in paradise !"

" *Libera nos Domine !*—a hundred years hence ;" muttered the Seraff ; " but I must say, touching the ball, that after the powers of heaven, I am indebted to the Effendi here for my life, at least so

Veronica, the only one of our family who had courage to stay and to see, pretends."

Constantine had begun to think it rather hard, that while the old Italian puzzled his brains as to the part that the patriarch Jacob, or the saint, George, had in the preservation of the banker's brains, he should never have mentioned his name, as he might modestly claim some portion of the merit; but the trifling degree of ill humour that would be excited by such a being as the Padre Tiraborsa, was dissipated at the name of Veronica, and the mention of her having testified to the part he took in rescuing her father from the janissary.

The Abbate would have hesitated ere he divided the praise due to the protecting essences of another world, even with one of his own flock, a devotee of the Roman communion; but that it should be shared by a Greek—a schismatic—a heretic—was not to be conceived; and he went on to prove how Constantine had merely acted under other impulses than his own, and had been no more than a passive instrument in the hands of Providence—a sentiment that was echoed by the Armenian Catholic priest, who was the recipient of whatever doctrine or feeling his somewhat better educated and European *confrere* chose to promulgate, whilst his dislike to the Greeks, was perhaps more fervent than that of the Abbate.

All Constantine's respect for saints could not prevent him from again thinking to himself, that he was somewhat scurvily treated by these dogmatical expounders of free-will and necessity, and that it would be but fair, should he ever see one of their thick heads exposed to the chance from

which he had rescued neighbour Agop's, to leave to the saints the sole care and undivided merit of its preservation.

During the discussion on miracles, the visitors, who had been smoking their pipes on the quay, entered to smoke their pipes within, and to profit by the unction of two powerful champions of the church. Here was an assembly worth talking to; besides the brothers, Tinghir-Oglu, Ostref the Aleppine Seraff, Andron the rich Angorote shawl-merchant, Hugaz, the enameller to the Capitan Pasha, and others scarcely less in name, or (what was more important than name) in wealth! The Abbate's eyes sparkled at the thoughts of all that might be made, and without circumlocution, he proceeded to business.

"Such things, my children, must not pass from before our eyes, without a mark and a record! The sins of mankind have rendered the occurrence of miracles so rare, that it behoves us to celebrate this present one with thanksgiving, and holy rejoicing. Yea! with a church festival!"

"So be it, and let it be done, reverend father," said the visitors.

"So be it," rejoined Agop, and taking up his calpack, in which by frequent examination, and pushing and fingering, the passage of the janissary's bullet was as clear as day-light, "and I offer up this as a voucher, and a proof, to be appended before the shrine of the "Immaculate" in the second chapel, in the right aisle of our church at Pera!"(7)

"It is God that says it, and even so shall it be," murmured the Armenian priest.

"Not so, nonsense! the calpack is too large!" interrupted the Abbate, who assumed in all matters a superiority over his oriental colleague; "consider man,—I mean, brother Capril,—this eastern hat (no such are worn in countries truly Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman!) is as wide in circumference as one of our chandeliers hung by the chapel's side; it would bury all the other votive offerings of the faithful; cast a shade over the effigy of the Madonna our blessed mother, and eclipse the crowns of glory that we have just had fresh gilt. But I have it, and thus it shall be! Listen. The last Genoese vessel that arrived at Galata with a cargo of sardinias and salt herrings for Signor G., and with three hairs of the head of the thrice blessed Fancesco di Girolamo, (a very precious relic,) for his Excellency our Ambassador the ———, contains a youth of rare parts, and specially useful to a church, in a country like this Turkey, where the "belle arti" are somewhat insufficiently cultivated. A pretty limner he is, in water or in oil, and he shall depict in a conformable tabula, the escape of yesterday. Our friend Agop, his calpack with the holes in it, just where they are, and the janissary with his long pistol, the smoke at its muzzle, and its bullet seen flying on the opposite side of the calpack, as if, as it verily well might have done," (the Seraff felt an uncomfortable sensation about the scull,) "it had gone through Agop's head!"

"But where will you put the Prince here," said one of the visitors, "for he, I am told, struck the Janissary's arm!"

"As he is not of our church, we cannot admit

him in our temple, in the votive offering. The Janissary must be at the edge of the picture, and the Hospodar may be imagined behind him, and not appearing for want of room in the canvass," replied the Abbate.

"I relinquish my place in the picture without difficulty. I hope you may have no more to encounter from the Turks for representing the figure of an Osmanli, and in an odious light, and for exposing it in your church," said Constantine, who, piqued as he was, would willingly awaken the very susceptible apprehensions of the Armenians.

"The prince is right," said Yussuf Tinghir Oglu, "there may be danger in it."

"But our church is under the protection of the great Cæsar himself, and the Emperor of Austria is our warrant, that no harm or insult shall be offered to us or our temple."

"That is all very true," said Yussuf, replying to the Italian priest, "but it is well to avoid the possibility of giving offence, and incurring the risk of danger. The Turks when provoked, are not very attentive, either to the letter, or the spirit of treaties. A mob might beat our blessed tabernacle about our ears, and then, though the Government might cut off their heads for it, and build up the church again without cost to the Christians, that could not replace all that would be lost, and would be sorry satisfaction to us, buried in its ruins."

The Armenians, moreover, felt that in their situation as rayah subjects of the Porte, they were exposed to more jealous observance than the Franks; and the sense of their own unprotected

situation, with nobody to interpose between them and tyranny, made both the brothers deaf for once to the arguments of the Italian, who continued equally firm in his opinion, that no harm would happen, by painting the janissary and the Seraff as he proposed ; for he knew the extent of his own protection, and his privileges as a Frank, and had no cause to fear for *himself*.

When the Abbate, however, saw the bankers had resolved that his tabula should not contain the Turk, he reflected for a minute or two, and then, with a brisk "eccolo !" or "here it is !" he resumed.

"Friend Agop and his calpack shall be in the centre of the picture, and on one side of him, a long pistol level with his head, and the flash, and the smoke, and the bullet as aforesaid ; the janissary may very well be supposed, like the Greek here, out of sight, beyond the frame of the picture !"

"Ay ! this now, Padre Tiraborza, is a sensible arrangement," said Yussuf Tinghir-Oglu, rubbing his hands, which naturally, or by their frequent contact with the precious metal, were of the colour of yellow gold. "Only keep the Turk out of sight, and *us* out of trouble."

"And then, let me see," continued the connoisseur in art, "to finish the picture, and balance the pistol, we will introduce on the other side, an angel catching the bullet."

Constantine could *scarcely* restrain his laughter—he could *not* his criticism.

"But to be of any use, my friend, the angel's hand ought to be between the janissary's pistol and

the Seraff's head. It cannot be of any consequence, after the ball has passed the calpack, as you are to paint it, where it goes."

"You'll pardon me, Signor Prince, but it is of the greatest consequence," said the Padre, somewhat spitefully, and being put on his mettle or his invention, he continued, "The angel shall be looking with one eye, with kindness and protection, on friend Agop; with the other, with wrath, on the janissary, behind the pistol, where of course he is; and you shall see, that the bullet the angel is catching, is to be thrown back at the Turk's head; and this, you perceive, will be poetical justice, and tell the whole of the story—the miraculous escape on one side, and the ready punishment on the other,—the ball discharged by guilt at innocence, recoiling to pierce the head of guilt!"

"Beautiful, most beautiful!" cried the admiring Armenians.

"But the janissary had his head cut off by a yataghan, and not his brains shot through by a ball," said Ghika. "Your symbols would be incorrect."

"Don't teach me the difference, at my age, between alum and barley-sugar. (8) My symbols are correct. The metaphor of death is all that is required; and the ball, young man, will be as intelligible as the rest of the picture!"

"Quite so, I should fancy," replied Constantine, mildly, bowing to the Abbate, who could not conceal his irritation.

"But I have been thinking now," said the cautious Yussuff, "that as you leave out the Prince and the janissary, it would be just as well, nay better,

because safer, to leave out my brother's figure also, in the picture, and have only the pistol, the calpack, and the angel. Might it not be done even so? We will pay the limner for the figures that ought to be there, as if *there* they were."

"Certainly it might be executed as you say, and the tabula tell the whole story just as well! Let me see! the calpack in the centre—the principal object brought out in position and *chiaroscuro*—the pistol on one side, the angel on the other. On my word, a very pretty piece of grouping! And then, as secondary and uniting traits, we have the smoke between the pistol and the head (I beg pardon, the calpack,) and the bullet between the calpack and the angel, and ——"

"Couldn't the clever young man on board the ghemli (9) introduce the flash and the report of the pistol in the picture?" enquired old Andron, the Angorote.

"He is a very clever lad, indeed," said Padre Tiraborsa, "but I fear *that* is beyond his art."

Greatly to the relief of Constantine, the opening door interrupted this conversation on the votive picture; three male attendants entered with chi-books, and each person present employed his breath more profitably than in words—in drawing his pipe.

"The old Seraff is treating me with his cursed etiquette and distinction," thought Constantine, as he saw the servants employed, "and I shall not get a glance of Veronica after all!"

He was most agreeably disappointed the next minute, to see a light female figure glide into the room, at the head of three maidens, who bore, one,

a coffee-tray, one, a salver with sweet-meats, and the other, a goblet of crystal, containing water as brilliant and as pure. It was she ! He could never more mistake the contour of that figure, though wrapped in the *feridji* ; the glance of those eyes that had rested on him as they had done, must henceforward inform his soul !

As she stepped across the room, she laid her hand to her breast, and bowed lowly to all present, then gliding gracefully as the cygnet on the lake, to the maternal wing, she was in an instant clasped in the Princess's embrace, and as her yashmack in part rose, and in part fell, to admit the kisses of her aged friend to her snowy forehead, and her trembling lips, Constantine saw once again, though again briefly, the face of Veronica ?

"The yashmack being re-arranged, and all her face concealed save her full black eyes, that glowed with the intensity, and hopefulness, and joy, of early love, the fair Armenian took the coffee-service from the attendant.

The first tiny porcelain cup, in its golden and enamelled case, she presented with natural gracefulness to the Princess ; the next—and as she stood before him, she bent her head in sign of humility and respect, as taught in part of her Oriental education—she held forth to Constantine.

He inclined on the edge of the divan towards the fair girl, who, in his estimation at least, might "have poured Jove's nectar out." Thus near, he could feel her balmy breath on his cheek, he could see her bosom undulate, and almost hear the beating of the heart within it. As he extended his hand to receive the fragrant cup, he could press

the delicate small fingers that held it ; and young, fanciful, passionate—a lover, could it happen otherwise than that his soul should overflow with pleasure ? Veronica's back was towards her father and uncle, and their friends, who were occupied with their chibooks ; the Princess was engaged with her coffee ; she ventured, in reply to the thanks of Constantine as he took the cup from her, to murmur, " to-morrow," and her eyes told the rest.

At last, in a few hours then, he should be blest with what he had so ardently desired—what had so repeatedly eluded him ; he should be able to pour forth at her feet, that passion, too vast for him to contain ! The drops of scalding hot coffee that were trickling from his cup on his rich dress, recalled the Prince from the heaven he was exulting in, to this world, and in time to see, that the head and nerves of her he loved, were not less affected than his own ; for Veronica, in presenting the cup to Padre Tiraborsa, upset it in his hand, and caused the Abbate, holy man as he was, to cry out in something very like a round Italian oath.

To the chiding of her father and uncle, the Armenian maiden replied something about the yesterday's alarm having affected her nerves ; and she was presently afterwards obliged to recur to the same excuse for having, in her confusion, trod on the bowl of Ostref the Aleppine's pipe, and produced a concussion along the cherry stick, that almost knocked out two of his four remaining teeth.

" Veronica, my child," cried Agop earnestly, for he felt for his old friend the Seraff, and was angry that such an unaccountable piece of ill-behaviour as treading on a chibook should have taken

place under his roof, "Veronica ! has an evil spirit entered into you that you scald the hand of one of our friends, and smite another on the mouth !"

"Aye, an evil spirit indeed has entered into her," mused Tiraborsa, "a spirit that it will be difficult to exorcise. I see it clearly ; she trembled before that sprig of the Hospodar there ; the chapkin is well-favoured and smoothly-spoken : as surely as there are seven sacraments in the holy Catholic Church, the girl's in love with the heretic !"

The worthy Abbate who had thus readily guessed the truth, could hardly have been cited as an example of quickness and penetration, but he had certain advantages over his Armenian clients : in the comparative liberty of females in his own country, perhaps in the early feelings and adventures of his own life, he had learned to trace the workings of the gentler passions through the veil thrown over them, by considerations due to society, or friends, or other restriction ; he had a chain of thought and deduction, of which the Armenians did not possess a link ; and keeping his eye on Veronica and Constantine, before they parted the suspicion was certainty, and he was informed of the existence of a violent passion in those young hearts, which would long have escaped the discovery of the Tinghir-Oglus, and those about them.

As a Roman priest, as one of the leaders of the Catholic party in that moral *hodge-podge* Pera ; as an implacable enemy to the Greeks and heresy ; as a friend to Sultan Mahmood, or to any other gentle Christian-like sovereign that should be set against the execrable opponents of the *filioque*, Padre Tiraborsa must be inimical to Constantine Ghika.

The biting sarcasm of the young prince was not required to make the priest his foe ; but in a nature like his, it could not fail to add asperity to enmity, and as he revolved the matter in his mind, determining to make use of his discovery, when, and how, might be most conducive to his own interest or views, he vowed, that the stripling should repent his insolence on the subject of the picture.

Veronica meanwhile had somewhat recovered her composure, had served round the tiny but potent cups of coffee, and was now circulating with the sweets. A glass vessel, in size and shape much like our sugar-basins, and with only one small silver spoon in it, for the successive use of all the party, contained a sort of paste—a preserve of roses, in itself, like most of the specimens of Turkish confectionary met with at Constantinople, of exquisite flavour. It was presented on a small silver salver first to the Princess, who having taken one small spoonful of the preserves, (and it is not consonant with eastern etiquette to take more than one,) replaced the spoon in the basin, which was conveyed to Constantine. As he took the spoon, and prepared to lick the strongly adhesive sweets from it—an operation, be it said in passing, far from elegant in itself, and far from agreeable to the uninitiated who may chance to have the twentieth licking of the same spoon—he breathed the now to him magic word—“ to-morrow !” It was so gentle as to be inaudible to all save the active sense of love ; but to Veronica, with the speaking look that accompanied it, it was happiness—it was enough !

The flesh-wound or scratch which Constantine

had received from the Janissary's yataghan was indeed trifling ; but such as it was, and it might well have been more serious, it was received in the service of the Seraff, and merited at least an inquiry.

So occupied, however, was Agop with his own condition and the condolence of his friends, and the discussion on the votive picture which was to evince his gratitude, that the subject was long ere it occurred to his mind. At last he said,

"I did not observe it myself, but Veronica told me yesterday evening, and her garments, stained with blood, bore testimony, that you were wounded by the Turkish madman; I hope you were not hurt much, and that you have been careful to consult the science, and some man deep in the healing art, like my friend here, the Padre Tiraborsa."

There was no direct answer returned to the tardy inquiries. At the moment they were made, Veronica was standing between the Princess and Constantine with a glass of iced water, generally applied after the sweetmeats ; her eyes were bent with love and joy on the Prince, but at the mention of the wound, the blood that had stained her dress—her hand—rushed upon her memory, and the fatal circumstances of which at such a moment—the moment he chose to declare his passion, and vow his fidelity—it must be the omen, almost overcame her entirely, and she trembled as on the preceding evening from the effect of two powerful agents on the female mind—superstition and love.

The eager inquiries of Constantine's aged relative, who now was informed for the first time that

her darling boy had been wounded, and his hasty and careless replies, concealed, however, the excess of agitation of the fair Armenian from all but the suspicious and watchful Tiraborsa, and presently afterwards Veronica retired with the Princess to see the other females of the family, who had not made their appearance among the mustachoeed lords of the creation.

The Prince, fain to escape, when there was small chance of her re-appearance, refused the other chibook that was offered, and rose to resume his slippers, (10) and to take his leave. Agop made another most graceless attempt at good manners; but the gratitude of his wealthier and more enterprising brother, the director of the imperial mint, really went so far, that he whispered into Constantine's ear:

"You Greeks love to spend money! I know you have lately been borrowing at high interest—twenty-five per cent. to my dear friend the Seraff Hatchedur! When you again go that way, come to me, and you shall have what you want at twenty-four per cent.—good security!"

Not absolutely confounded with this stretch of the Armenian's bounty or generosity, Constantine, retiring gracefully, saluted the company, who remaining, as better educated societies will do, followed up his retreat with a succession of shots.

"A handsome youth, this Ghika, but a confirmed fop and rake, I'll warrant him," quoth Andron the Angorote.

"Ay, a chapkin—a thorough chapkin," said the offended Padre Tiraborsa, "but he shall find me in his road!"

"In reward for what he did yesterday, has he been to ask you for money?" inquired Ostref the Aleppine.

"No; as God is great, he has asked me for nothing," replied Agop.

"But he will," said Hugaz.

"Baccalum!" quoth Yussuf, "his father after all is Hospodar of Wallachia, and so he may continue long enough yet, to allow him to pay a few purses!"

"He is a pestilential heretic," resumed Tiraborsa.

"He only smoked one chibook!" quoth Hugaz.

"But he saved my life," said Agop, feeling something like remorse at thus sitting to hear the youth so abused.

● CHAPTER XI.

THE night which succeeded the interview described in the last chapter, Constantine determined to spend at Emenergen-oglu. Veronica, in whispering "to-morrow," had added no hour, or time of the day, whether morning or evening; she might come at early morning, before he could reach the village from the capital: should he lose the chance of meeting her, so long and so intensely had his heart and imagination dwelt upon the joys that

meeting was to give, he felt that he should go mad. No ! he would not go again to Constantinople, until he had told all his love, and had heard how he was beloved.

But that he was beloved by Veronica, he could not doubt. Her hurried, her impressive words, after the janissary's violence at the kiosk by Arnaut-Keui ; her confession, artless and impassioned, that she *too* had counted the hours since last they met ; that the belief in his assurance, that he was there in search of her, and not to meet the handsome Greek ladies, would make her happy as an immortal spirit ;—her emotion at the sight of his blood ; the expression of her voice, of her figure—for her attitude spoke in eloquence—when she held up her little white hand, and gazed upon the red drops that stained it ; the last glance she gave him, as he withdrew that happy evening ;—her agitation just now, when she stood before him ; the tones of that dear “ to-morrow,” (would it never come ?) and her trembling again, her almost fainting, when his wound, and his blood which had stained her garments, were alluded to, were evidences to strike one far less penetrating than himself. Yes ! Veronica's young heart was his—he was loved, and passionately ! and he felt in its fullness, the luxury and the rapture of the conviction, as happy, but restless, he threw himself into his caik, to while away a few of the evening hours, on the pleasant Bosphorus.

Of the feelings that agitate our breasts, of the pursuits that from youth to age may engage us, none can ever carry in one point, the bliss, the perfection of happiness, that early love can do. Am-

bition and avarice, two of the stronger passions, have no definite object ; they do not fix the " thus far, and no farther," but on they go, never satisfied, and using each accession of dignity or of wealth as a stepping-stone to rank still higher, to treasures still more incalculable ; and even at last, the shaft of death strikes their votaries in a career which they seem to be but beginning, whilst afar off, and through an avenue of disappointed hopes and consuming cares, some gilded coronal, or golden mound, still tempts them on, and says, " Reach me, and be happy." But love is complete in itself; the moment that conveys the conviction to the heart, " I am loved," is perfect and total in bliss : it begins, it concentrates, it ends, there in itself ! there is nought higher, there is nought beyond !—the essence of human joy is condensed into one magical drop ! Alas ! that its effects will not endure. Yet how might we expect they should ? The lightning's vivid flash is gone ere we can count its speed ! and every thing intense in its nature is brief in its duration !

Constantine at the moment experienced the joy without the heart-withering reflection that it could not last ; he felt as if he could walk on thin air, as if with one bound he could leap over the banks and hills of the Thracian channel, or with one stroke of the arm cleave the calm blue waves, and glide from shore to shore.

In the exuberance of his spirits, he seized one pair of the caik oars, and rowed determinately up the Bosphorus against the strong current. The beauty of the evening, and of the sites he passed, could hardly be said to produce a diversion in his

thoughts, but (as well they might!) they harmonized with his feelings of love, and insensibly united themselves with dreams of happiness. And if on earth love would stay his wing, it might surely be on the verdant shores or in the shady valleys of the channel by which the Euxine communicates with the Propontis; and if his votaries, fleeing the turmoil and the strife of cities, "those populous solitudes," would seek some quiet nook for the enjoyment of the passion that fills their hearts, and for the worship of that Being whose spirit love is, and who cherishes the religion of the soul with the spectacle presented to the eye by the charms of inanimate nature; where, on the earth's vast circumference, could they find spots more appropriate, than on the Asiatic and European shores, that intervene between the swarming Constantinople and the solitary Cyanean rocks? Where, if the malice of man opposed not the beneficence of nature; if a tyranny, barbarous, capricious, converted not, as it is wont to do, spots destined for peace and joy, into scenes of murder and hopeless lamentation; and if vices at which humanity shudders, unblushingly held not here their orgies, and revelled in pollution?(1)

Constantine's caik was propelled by the European village of Yeni-keui, by the port, the narrow valley covered with a smooth carpet, as of green velvet, and the village of Kalender; and past the pleasant Imperial Kiosk and the batteries by Nallet-Bournou, all situated close on the brink of the channel, and reflecting their picturesque forms in the gliding stream; whilst the rivalry of the approaching continent still continuing, the more dis-

tant Asiatic shore, offered its villages and vales, its minarets and kiosks.

If directed in a strait line across the Bosphorus, from the European village of Yeni-keui, the eye reposed with delight on the entrance of the fairy-looking Asiatic vale of Sultanieh, with its elevated terrace, a caprice of nature, that looked like the work of man, covered with plane trees and weeping willows, through the foliage of which an elegant fountain discovered itself in the form of an Egyptian obelisk, in the centre of the esplanade, and groups of Turks in robes of bright and airy hues, were seen seated cross-legged in the shade, leaning against the trunks of the trees, and listening to the *cool sound*, the gentle splash of the water in its marble basin.(2)

Continuing his aquatic course from Nalet-Bournou, the prince glided across the port of Therapia, one of the best of the inlets of the channel, known to the ancients under the name of Pharmacea ; and past the familiar village which in part runs round the semicircle made by the channel, in part penetrates into a hollow that cuts the hills, while the rest ascends the hills' sides, where its painted houses are exquisitely mingled with pleasant gardens, vineyards, and tall trees, through which some of them are seen to peep, like amiable and timid coquettes, through the partially withdrawn folds of their veils.

We have applied the epithet "familiar" to the village of Therapia, and it was indeed familiar to Constantine. It was here that the most civilized of the Greek nation, the families of the Fanar, were wont to reside, during the fine months of the year ;

and their superior taste and sociability had converted Therapia and its neighbourhood into a sojourn of amenity. But now the Greek revolution or the horrors incident on it, had swept away its nobler population, the interchange of visiting and festivity had ceased since the fatal period of 1821 ; and those who had promoted it had threaded the valley of the shadow of death, or despoiled and exiled, dragged on a death-like existence, in some distant Asiatic solitude. The Turk or the stranger (some European trader) occupied the mansions of the Greek princes on the Bosphorus, or their widowed relicts, and helpless children, in some few instances, remained and saw them crumbling over their heads, whilst in poverty and abandonment they wept over all their losses, and that greatest of pains—the memory of happy times.(3) As their solitary footsteps echoed through the saloons, mournfully, and like the hollow sound of the first clod of earth thrown on the coffin in the grave, their occupants' blood might well congeal in their veins, and they might wish to be as the tenant of that last home of mortality. So lately were those halls thronged with the prosperous and the happy, with beings replete with beauty, and exulting in health and youth, that it might be at times impossible to conceive they were all gone and so suddenly !

The maidens and the youths had there danced "lightly on the shore ;" the light and sculptured caik, with gilding and rare device, had glided into that little port with many a gay and lovely freight ; but now the melancholy remnant of the Greeks, chiefly peasants or boatmen, stole in silence and apprehension along the quay. If a tinkling

of the guitar, or a song from one lighter-hearted than the rest, struck the ear, it sounded as in mockery of joy; and if the lusty arms of the palikari rowed a boat, with passing speed, to the *scale* of Therapia, it was occupied by dull children of Mammon, who had left their souls behind them, with their bales, at Galata or the *Bezestein*.

There, as Constantine passed on, *was* the site of the house of Prince Callimachi, where, in his boyish days, he had spent such happy hours with the children of that wealthy family, playing at the djerid, or imitating the lances' charge, with long pipe sticks, heedless of the value of their fragile amber mouth-pieces. But this building had been more obnoxious than the rest of the Fanariotes' palaces at Therapia, and by order of Sultan Mahmood, had been carefully levelled with the ground, and only the site was discernible by the foundation walls. A little farther, Constantine passed by the now solitary house of the Princes Morousi, where he had so often experienced hospitality and the charms of refined society; a little farther on was the abode of the Princes Manno, in whose well-furnished library he had imbibed some of those notions, which raised him above the level of the barbarians, among whom he was destined to live. Could he have thought of their late possessors, a pang would have shot through his heart, and their dying words, as they fell under the cimeter of the Sultan's executioner, would have peaked his ears. (4) There, by the water's edge, in the curve of the port of Therapia, was the residence of the kind old Princess of Mavrocordato, where he was wont to be invited on the festal day of the village,

when the little square at the end of the miniature harbour was illuminated by cressets, and branches of the resinous pine, when towering *feux de joie*, burned in the centre, and the maidens, hand in hand, danced round it, while the lusty palikari rushed one after the other to the curb-stone of the quay, and with vaulting somersets, plunged into the waves of the Bosphorus, and all in honour of the Panagea, or St. John ! (5)

But at the other side of the port, and nearer to the mouth of the Black Sea, what dark building was that, the sight of which, pre-occupied and revelling in dreams of love, as he was, fixed Constantine's eye, and caused his whole frame to shudder? The front of the house was simple, but bore an air of greater age than the rest of the wooden structures; and three Papas, with long silvery beards, sat in the little porch before its door, enjoying the evening breeze, and the spectacle of the loveliest of scenes.

That, was the humble episcopal palace; there had resided the venerable Bishop of Therapia, to whose spiritual doctrines and moral instruction, Constantine had been taught to listen with reverence, whilst to the indulgence, and the amiable and playful disposition of the sage, he had voluntarily paid the tribute of affection. Yes! it was within those simple walls the virtuous Despotos, had spent many years of a peaceful and a useful life; it was beneath that unambitious roof, on which his beneficence and suavity of manners attracted the blessings of all classes, despite of Mahometan intolerance, and sectarian rivalry, that he had lain his head in peace with all the world; and

in the glorious hope, that, at this life's termination, which could not be remote, he should tranquilly breathe forth his soul from the midst of his friends, his flock, his children, to those regions of ineffable bliss, that his fervent faith had made his own. And it was through that porch, at the orders of the infuriated, the undistinguishing Sultan, and only three short summers before Constantine's present excursion, that the octagenarian, heart-broken at the calamities which had fallen on his people, after the breaking out of the Greek revolution; sick, tottering in age and feebleness, on the brink of the grave, was dragged to execution—a barbarous and unnatural execution! which, however, could only rob of a few days, perhaps hours, the unoffending victim.

In the hands of the savages who were to shed his blood, and hauled like a lifeless carrion along the quay of Therapia, the venerable Despotos preserved his strength of character; or rather, perhaps, the fervour of his Christian spirit and faith, triumphed over the weaknesses and the vices of mortality. He gave his blessing to his clerical companions, who would not desert him at the fatal moment, to his weeping domestics, to the horror-struck villagers, who had courage to face such a scene of murder; and he supplicated heaven's forgiveness for his assassins, whilst *he* forgave and excused them, saying they were in the darkness of ignorance, and knew not what they were doing. He died as calmly as if the moment had been fixed by nature, and as if an angel of God stood by to point to paradise. But with his last fleeting breath, there rose a cry—a shout of horror, from all assembled there, that palsied the

hearts of the commissioned assassins, and seemed to demand vengeance from on high.(6)

Even the poorer Turks of the village, who, rather stupid than cruel, were familiarized with deeds of violence of a like nature, and accustomed to consider the Padishah's caprice the will of Allah, revolted at this foul murder; they knew the Despotos, and his worth! they might have been the objects of that charity which he had practised in his life, and which their blessed Koran imposed as the primal duty, and eulogised as the superior virtue;—they joined that soul-thrilling shout, and one, assuming the tone of prophecy incident to them in moments of extraordinary excitement, was heard to say, "Mahmood! Mahmood! this cannot be well, and good cannot come from it! Thou hast shed the few drops of blood that remained in the virtuous old man's veins,—see that they return not in a torrent, to swallow up thee and thine!" (7)

But to revert to less horrid features and recollections of the "familiar village," as Constantine's barque pursued its track, he passed the beautiful marine villa, with its terraces and hanging groves, which, at first, the gift of personal friendship and gratitude from Sultan Selim to General Sebastiani, has since devolved to the French nation, and is called "Le Palis de France," and occupied by the French Ambassadors.

Situated on the pleasant quay, but a few paces from the upper extremity of Therapia, is a spacious mansion, though of wood; the style of its architecture is unambitious, but neat in a degree approaching to elegance, and it faces one of the most picturesque parts of the Bosphorus. The gardens and

the woods, or rather a succession of *bosquets*, in the rear of the palace, rise up the bank of the channel, extend to the left, behind part of the village, and present a refreshing, verdant, and wavy picture, not to be beheld without delight. There over the laving sea was the cool, elevated terrace—a terrace and a bower,—for in its whole length, on either side, grew luxuriant trees that joining their branches “high overhead embowered,” whilst through their boles, were caught the chequered views of the Thracian current, and all that glided on it, and of the shores and hills of old Asia—that continent whose name alone sounds like romance! It had been customary to give free access to the respectable residents of the village, to these enchanting grounds, and many a youthful and happy hour had Constantine passed loitering on that terrace, or threading the mazes of those *bosquets*.

And there again, peering over the heads of the tallest and most elevated trees of the French garden, was the grassy brow of Mount Alonaki, the highest hill in the neighbourhood of Therapia, and one of the most favourable points of sight for the scenery of the upper part of the Bosphorus. How often had Constantine sat himself down there, on the pleasant bank, and felt his young heart fill with raptures he could not account for, as his eye took in the magical panorama! Thence he could look through the Boghaz, upon the wide-spreading, the dark and mysterious Euxine, and his childish imagination would be overpowered by the hardness of the mariners, who were seen, when favoured by a southerly wind, directing their vessels from the river-looking Bosphorus, into that open

sea, which seemed to him to have no end—no shore. Or, a pleasanter picture would present itself, when those little fleets, loaded with the grain of the productive Crimea, from Odessa or Taganrok, would glance round the European or the Asiatic promontory, with all their white sails set, and feeling the full force of the current when the channel contracts, would rush rapidly like pale and inferior aurora-borealis, between the banks of the approaching continents, downward, towards Stamboul, whose *uncounted* thousands might hail their arrival, as they were freighted with the aliment their own deserted provinces no longer furnished in sufficiency.(7) From that same elevation of Alonaki the glance of the young Ghika, could plunge as it were into the winding Bosphorus, and down on part of Therapia; on the group of trees and aiasma of Keretch-Bournou; on the hamlet of Keflekeui; and the more distant and more important village of Buyukdere; or gazing horizontally over the dusky hills of Thrace, he could mark the termination of the Balkan mountains, there, were covered with forests that should seem impervious, they dip, towards the Black Sea, behind the romantic sylvan retreat of Dumuzdere, and the solitary tower, misnamed "Of Ovid;"(8) and turning his eyes, and crossing the mouth of the Euxine, which might at times represent the entrance into the regions of terror and death, so dense and gloomy the vapours that occasionally roll over its waves; and flying with a glance from Europe into Asia, he could rest upon the cradle of Hercules, or the Giant's grave—a stark, bare, gloomy mountain, with a few dwarfish trees, crippled and bent to the

south by the prevalence and violence of the northern gales, fringing its lofty and tempest-beaten brow.

And there too, to conclude our hasty review of some of the objects and haunts which had made Therapia the "familiar village," was the little glen between the hills, and just behind the French garden, to which Costandi had so often bounded with companions of his own age. The spot was a Tempe to them, and it offered to childish appetite repasts, delicious as ambrosia, and draughts like nectar.

A sheepfold, and a primeval cow-stable and dairy, were there, and when led at the evening hour, as a special treat, to the pastoral and silent nook, how impatiently would the little gluttons expect the appearance of the shepherds, driving their sweet-smelling charge from the fragrant heath, down the hills' side, towards the byre; and how would they clap their hands as they produced their lactean treasures—the cool and tart *yaourt*, or the creamy *caimac*, in the rustic clay basin, or the fresh drawn milk, foaming over the equally rustic earthen jug! And, retiring from that quiet *mandra*, to the music of the lowing cows and bleating sheep, when they had ascended the narrow and devious path, and reached the level heath, through which another path, altogether as eccentric, led towards the village, how often had Costandi and his light compeers slunk away, and hid themselves among the tall brushwood, the thick wild thyme, or the soft myrtle, and amused themselves until their laughs would betray their hiding places, with the admonitions and the fruitless searches of the *paramana*, or the *didaskolos*. (11)

And then, alas ! as at times it would happen, if the shades of night, which follow so quickly on the sun's decline, would close on the loiterers while yet abroad; if clouds propelled by the northern blasts, from the Euxine, would suddenly obscure all the scene, and hang on the heath, like one vast pall, over one vast grave, how mute the prattlers would become, and how closely would they cling to the nurse's *feridji*, or the tutor's *beneesh* and mutter the prayers that superstition had taught them, as safeguards against the *vourvoulaka* and other evil spirits ! (12)

Something of the feeling, resulting from the combination of beautiful scenery, our early haunts, and innocent and past happiness, so sadly pleasing to the heart, was experienced by the Prince Ghika, when tired with the exertions he had made, he drew his oars, and ordered the boatman to do the same, and let the caik drop back with the current, from Therapia to Emenergen-Oglu, whence he had come. And yet he could hardly be said to have recurred to those familiar and tender associations, which in part we have attempted to trace.

So occupied was he with his new passion, that he scarcely gave one thought to the past ; but there is a *moral* atmosphere spread around certain scenes, and certain objects of material nature, from whose influence scarcely any circumstance, or condition, can exempt the mind, though we may be utterly unconscious of that influence, or the mode of its operation, at the moment.

Emotions, indistinct, and blended each in the other, steal over our soul at the view of a familiar scene, as the mingled odour of hidden flowers in-

vades the sense ; or, to make use of a barbarous superstition, as the veins of the murdered man bleed afresh, at the approach of the real assassin, so, reversing the case of the animate and the inanimate, do our hearts run over unconsciously, when brought in presence of objects among which we have enjoyed or suffered.

As the caik slipped along with the stream, and requiring only an oar to keep it in the current, without an exertion to make, without a disturbance, without a sound to invade the stillness of his mind, Constantine could resign himself to all the luxuries of his situation, and all the influences of the scene.

The last rays of the setting sun which had shone so gorgeously on the Asiatic hills, and obliquely thrown its beautiful ruddy light on the capes and shores of the winding Bosphorus, had now faded away into hues of sober grey, at first misty, but presently brightened into a blueish-silvery tint, that overspread the whole sky, save where the bright stars looked down upon the earth with joy and love. The kiosks, the mosques, the villages, on the shores or on the sides of the hills, were indistinctly mingled, or cast wholly in the thick shade that covered each of the banks of the channel, while at the summit of those banks, on the hills' ridge, was seen here and there, relieving against the sky, like a stately pyramid, a tall black cypress.(13) Ferried by the current, and through such scenes, our hero might have echoed the aspiration of the northern poet, "Oh, were this little boat to me the world !" but instead of the friends, and the circle "of gentle maidens fair," the amia-

ble divine included in his wish of the aquatic passage through life, Constantine, at the moment, would have desired but *one* ! (14)

The evening passed at Emenergen-Oglu, though in no other society than that of his aged relative, and though his heart yearned for the return of tomorrow's sun, was not irksome. As we throw the clouds of our ill-humour on those who are around us, though they have nought to do with its cause, it would be unfair if the sun-shine of our happier mood, irradiated them not. In Constantine it certainly did : he listened without signs of impatience to the Princess' long stories of past times, to her admonitions ; and he gladdened her old heart with projects and hopes, and with the certain prospect of his parent's yet returning in health and happiness, from beyond the Danube, to her mother's embrace.

When, however, he retired to his chamber at an unusually early hour, and found, in spite of the exercise he had taken, he could not sleep, he became impatient, and almost unhappy. His mind had been over-excited—wearied ; for weak that we are ! even bliss fatigues us. In vain did he court repose, and wish for a few short hours at least of slumber and utter forgetfulness ; he counted the hour of twelve—of one—of two—as he touched his repeater, and at last in despair left his bed, which, from his frequent changing and tossing to find a position favourable to repose, he had rendered so uncomfortable, that it might have chased sleep even from eyelids on which it was disposed to descend.

He withdrew the curtains, and threw open the close lattice; the moon, which was riding at its height over the hills of Europe, glanced its peaceful beams through the window; the night breeze, so exquisitely gentle, wafted coolness into the chamber. Constantine was cheered and refreshed. He threw on his cloak, and walked out of the house, by the garden door which he had opened for Veronica the first time he had seen her. That door, it has been said, faced the declining bank, or hill, down which a pleasant little wood straggled; the same hill and wood ran on behind the neighbouring house of the Tinghir-Oglus, and there was only the breadth of a foot path between them and the walls of the confined Armenian garden.

Constantine pursued that narrow path, until he came to the wicket-gate, by which he had seen Veronica enter; he then ascended the bank a few steps, and sat down on the green moss, where the opening thicket allowed him a full view of the rear of the Seraff's abode—a cumbrous assemblage of beams and planks, once, to denote its rayah condition, painted black, but now of the hue of a rusty coffin, perforated with sundry windows of various shapes and sizes, but all shut up, with lattices like the blinds of a nunnery, or the gratings of a man-of-war's deck.

But even the house could interest the lover, and other objects, and the summer-night, could scarcely be more beautiful than they were.

A sylvan depth of shade was around him; but he could see from his recess the outer and upper branches of the *bosquet*, and the “fruit-tree tops” in the garden, besprent with dew, wav—

ing to and fro in the broad moonlight, as the gentle breath of the winds shook them : so bright and genial was the night, that hosts of little lizards, that might have thought it day, were seen chasing each other along the tops of the garden walls ; their hues of emerald and gold shining like fugitive gems in the moon's rays. The lucciole, or fire-flies, had paled " their ineffectual fires," or only a few of them displayed their fairy lanterns, as they flitted through the thicket's gloom. Parts of the Bosphorus and its shores, shewed themselves through opening trees, and hillocks near the banks ; and looking past one end of the Seraffs' house, the romantic Asiatic village of Chiboukli might be discovered, and beyond the other end of the building, the point of Kanlidji-bournou, also on the opposite side of the channel. The waters, placid and waveless, but hurried on like those of a river, by a rapid current, murmured and plashed, as they laved the contiguous quay, producing stilly notes, so sweetly melancholy and heart-cooling ! Even thus, were a hallowed type rendered into material reality, might sound the flowing of that stream, which should wash away the sins and sorrows of mankind !

Other sounds were there none, save the scarcely audible whisper of the breeze on the wooded hill, the occasional cooing of some little turtle-doves, that colonized a neighbouring grove, and the rarer hooting of an owl, that maintained " her solitary reign" in a ruined kiosk half-way up the hill's side.

On a sudden, a slight noise was heard from the Seraffs' house. Constantine listened. The sound

was repeated, and seemed like what would be produced by one attempting to open a grating, or a creaking door, gently, so as not to alarm the inmates.

There was a moment's stillness, and then, after a similar repetition of the noise, a door, opening on a terrace, that ran a yard or two along the garden wall, gave issue to a female figure. It advanced to the edge of the terrace, and leaned on the parapet, turning the face towards the bright moon. Constantine's eyes did but confirm the intimation of his heart, that had whispered, it could be none but Veronica !

The garden walls were low, were nothing to youth—to love : in a moment, he might have been by her side, and yet he did not move.

The figure before him seemed unearthly, and it struck him with awe, while he gazed on it in that intenseness of look, with which we regard a meteor in the air, or any striking object whose stay we feel will be transient.

Veronica, on leaving her chamber, which had, perhaps, been as restless as that of Constantine, who was gazing at her from the trees, had thrown a thin white cloak over her, which fell in loose broad folds of drapery ; but a portion of it drawn over the head like a hood, and framing, as it were, her pale face, over whose brow and cheeks her coal black hair had been allowed to stray negligently, gave an almost sepulchral aspect to her whole person. Her arms that leaned on the parapet, were covered with the loose haik, (15) but when she had turned her face for a moment to the moon, she raised them—the robe fell from those

arms, as a wreath of snow from some lovely shrub it had concealed—and their beautiful hue and delicate proportions, were touchingly displayed by the full rays of the planet, she seemed supplicating.

Not Juliet on her return from the masquerade, when unrobed, and with her young heart full of love, she seated herself at the balcony, to feel the mysterious influences of moonlight; nor Francesca, on the beleaguered Isthmus by Corinth, when from another world, she appeared to warn her lover, "Alp the Renegade," (16) could offer to the eye, a picture more touching than the Armenian maiden at this moment, as she stood with uplifted hands and eyes.

But it was indeed the spectre, rather than the living, that Veronica resembled, and when Constantine saw her fleecy white robe, that "woven air" (17) spread and tremble like the pinions of a dove prepared for flight, as a nocturnal breeze unusually strong, sped by her from the Euxine, he almost expected to see her float away with it, and leave him there behind, to feel he had been worshipping something too pure and beautiful, to be real. But presently her thin pale lips moved; he listened as intensely as he had gazed: the soft murmur syllabled his name, and he heard his familiar appellation of "Costandi," pronounced in tones that admitted of no misinterpretation!

He would have spoken, but before his confused sense could form the single word "Veronica," she murmured, "to-morrow!" and clasping her hands on her bosom, glided towards the door whence she had issued. Then he found the faculty of speech,

and said in a subdued, but eager tone, "Veronica! I am here, do not flee!"

The fair Armenian's hand was on the door as the Prince's adjuration struck her astonished ear; there ensued a struggle between her sense of propriety, and the impatience of her love; and we are inclined to believe, (we paint no perfect heroine, but a passionate uninformed child of the East,) that the latter would have prevailed and led her back to the terrace's edge and a minute's converse with her lover, if her uncle Yussuf had not been heard clamouring at that very nick of time, "Hatchedur, you sluggard, bring me my morning Narghile!" She slipped within the house and closed the door even more silently than she had opened it, whilst the disappointed Constantine, who had distinctly heard the Seraff's orders remained at the edge of the copse, by the garden wall, irreverently cursing morning pipes (18).

But morning was indeed approaching, and here the approach of day is as rapid as that of night. The blueish gray of the atmosphere brightened generally with each passing moment, while in the east it was superseded by a glow of yellow gold; the vapours withdrew from the Bosphorus' hilly banks, and gently curled away from the bosom of its waters, the houses, the kiosks, and the minarets, became more separately visible on the one, and the caiks and piades, at once more numerous and distinct, on the other:—in brief space, there was light in heaven, and motion and sound upon earth,—each so impressive, after night, and repose, and silence!

The Seraff Yussuf, as was his wont, presently

came out on the little terrace to smoke his early morning pipe. In his vast calpack and loose ben-eesh, he might have been taken for the sacerdotal functionary of some Eastern worship, his attendant Chibookji, who was there to arrange the cinder, for his Acolyte, and his shining Narghile, with a column of smoke curling from its capacious bowl, for his altar, on which he was offering up incense to the rising sun—the glorious object of the adoration of the Magi !

Constantine walked silently away through the trees, and left the old banker to smoke in peace. “The day is come,” thought he with delight, “this sun will not set without my meeting her !”

Nor did it ! So often hindered and disappointed, they met at last ! The arrangements did honour to love’s ingenuity ; and brief as they endured, were favourable to love’s enjoyments.

In the room we have described, during a few minutes that the Princess absented herself, and the duenna was well paid for making herself agreeable below stairs, Constantine made to the youthful Armenian, as pale and passionate as himself, an avowal of impetuous love, and enduring constancy. Alas, that things so good, should be incompatible with each other !

Although there was nothing new to her in these declarations ; though Constantine had sufficiently shewn her the state of his heart, inasmuch as concerned her, by the kiosk of Arnaut-keui, after having saved her father from the janissary—still the present direct avowal seemed new to Veronica, nor could she well believe the evidence of her senses, that told her Constantine, the handsome, the ele-

gant young Greek Prince, was on his knee at her feet, in the attitude, and with the expression of a devoted lover.

She had indeed from the dull monotony of her unsympathizing home, looked forward to some such scene as this ; but now that she was in it, she doubted her identity, or the reality of the rapturous moment, and its blissful circumstances. She had at the time no sentiment of fear ; that fatal sign, the blood—her lover's blood—which had trickled in her hand, was forgotten ; there was no omen to irritate superstition ; the loveliness of the spot, the reflected beauties of earth and sky might seem to smile approvingly on the plighted vow, and if Veronica trembled, it was from intensity of delight.

The same extreme feeling prevented her reply to her lover's passionate address.

Constantine gazed in her large, languid, black eyes that were fixed on him, or timidly reverted to the rippling channel and its verdant banks—he watched her pale lips, that quivered, but spoke not a word.

“ And what am I to understand,” said he, “ by this silence ? Has Veronica forgotten what passed between us at Arnaut-keui ? or have the hopes I brought with me from that place, on that memorable evening, been all illusory ? ”

A gentle flush of blood reddened for an instant the fair brow and pale cheek of the young Armenian, and then stretching out her exquisitely small, white hand to the Prince, who was still kneeling at her feet, she spoke.

“ O no—not so !—but I am bewildered ! What

I see, has to my eye the character of a vision, brilliant but unreal; the words that meet my ear, sound like voices that have been the music of my dreams, but which I could scarcely hope to listen to, in my waking moments! But rise, Prince!—this is no attitude for you, and before a humble Armenian maiden!”

Constantine covered with kisses the small confiding hand which she made no effort to withdraw.

“I could remain at these feet for ever,” said he; “I could gaze away my life on the being I adore; and tell me, Veronica!—Veronica, tell me, ere I rise—that you love me!”

Another and a deeper blush mantled on the Armenian’s cheek, but she spoke, and, at last, firmly.

“The tongue, in man or woman, may be a false member, and testify to what the heart feels not; but there are other speaking evidences, which falsehood or hypocrisy can neither controul nor assume—have you seen none such in me?—But since you require words for words, I tell you, Constantine Ghika, that I love you, and none on earth but you!”

Constantine passionately pressing her hand to his forehead, his lips, and heart, rose and seated himself by her side on the sofa.

The confidence and strength Veronica had acquired to make the declaration asked by her lover—a declaration as earnest as ever fell from the lips of a martyr who with his dying breath proclaimed his profession of faith—did not last long. The obstacle of family and friends, occurred to her, and uninstructed as she was in the world’s ways, she felt the perilous chances of relying on only one; and on that one—on Constantine—after the

important secret she had put him in possession of, after the solemn avowal she had made—she knew her hopes, her happiness, her honour, must depend.

The Prince's watchful eye caught a portion of these feelings as they were betrayed on her varying and expressive countenance, and he tenderly asked if she so soon regretted having pronounced the words that had made him happy.

"Alas!" said Veronica, "what the lips can do, or leave undone, is of small import to the heart. I might have withheld those words—I may be amenable to ungentle accusations, for having departed from my sex's decorum in pronouncing them; but I could not conceal to myself, nor perhaps to you, what I feel! And have I not cause to tremble, when I reflect that of all the countless millions that throng this beautiful and busy earth, my happiness depends on you alone. On *you*, opposed in creed and caste to my family—on you, a gay Greek, whom I can see but for moments, who may run the round of society and acknowledge its attractions, whilst I am left in seclusion, alike ignorant of your good or your evil deeds, your constancy or ——" She could not give utterance to the dreadful antithesis.

"Can you feel in your own bosom the power to change—the possibility of what you cannot even name," said Constantine persuasively.

"No, indeed I cannot! as there is light in the blessed heaven above us, as the stream runs ever downward between these banks it cools and beautifies, I cannot conceive the possibility of my own heart's changing."

The Prince continued.

"Veronica! then let that satisfy you. Let your heart answer for mine—you do not love so much as I do. But hark! some one is coming up stairs—tell me, before we are interrupted, when shall we meet again?"

The fair Armenian named a day and happy hour, and the Princess entering the next moment, with a servant bearing refreshments, put an end to the interesting colloquy.

These fond meetings were several times renewed, and the hearts of Constantine and Veronica were plighted over and over again by the Bosphorus' bank, when after a few rapid moments of bliss they were constrained to separate.

The difficulties that opposed their passion, and would thwart their union, could be a secret to neither of them, but in the first elysium of love they could frequently forget them. Both had however determined to brave the displeasure and resentment of family, friends, and sect, for which dutiful and amiable resolution, it may be some excuse to know, that both really loved in sincerity and truth.

The youthful Veronica loved for the *first time*; and if the same could not be said of Constantine, it was yet certain, that he had never felt the passion so strongly or so purely. The contempt entertained for her at first, as an Armenian, or one of inferior blood and caste, the supposed coarseness of portions of her person and of her manners, had vanished as he had opportunities of seeing Veronica, and each interview served to confirm Constantine in sentiments of respect and admiration.

Such too was the nature of the maiden's mind,

uninformed, and absorbed in love as she was, and utterly incapable of preserving all the punctilios established by her sex in more civilized lands, that she would at once have ceased her intercourse with the Greek Prince had his conduct or his views once passed the bounds of honour. Her heart might have been broken with the effort ; but she would have seen Constantine no more, had his proposals ever been other than religion and morality (as she understood them) authorized.

CHAPTER XII.

THE preparations for the marriage of a relation of the Tinghir-Oglu family, before alluded to, procured Veronica the opportunity of frequently meeting Constantine, as the elder members of the Seraff's house, were busily engaged on that important event.

But now the wedding day was at hand, which with its consequent festivities, was to occupy all the domestic and friendly circle for some time, nor could Veronica's attendance be dispensed with.

The Prince watched her departure for the city one morning, from within the window of his relative's house, where he was now almost a constant resident, to the great delight of the Princess, who had not yet guessed the cause, any more than that

of his having become so very suddenly attached to the sport of fishing.

The impatience and longings of a lover left like Constantine, offer but a familiar subject, and we cannot perhaps make a better use of Veronica's absence than in describing at length the extraordinary ceremonies of an Armenian marriage.

The covering of the female face from the age of childhood, seems to have been insisted on, by the Armenians, (1) at all times, with quite as much rigour, as by any of the Mahometan, or infidel eastern people, to whom we have been accustomed to suppose the jealous practice confined. The liberal sentiments of the Christian faith, so favourable to the weak and oppressed classes of society,—to women and slaves,—but in barbarous countries the last includes the first, for women are slaves and are treated as such,—do not appear to have worked their effect on Armenian usage and prejudice.

The sexes being carefully separated, as with the Turks, the real charms of society remain unknown to them, and the parties who are even to form a solemn and enduring compact, to abide by each other through the good and evil of life, and to sever but in death, have no opportunity of consulting each other's dispositions, of endearing themselves to each other, until the knot is irrecoverably tied. Nay, in the strict letter of their law,—and the mass of the Armenians even in Turkey, who are supposed to be more disfranchised from old prejudices than their brethren in Persia, are known to act up to it—the bridegroom is not to see the face of the bride, not even so much as

her hands, her figure, until they are effectually man and wife, which they cannot be said to be until three days after the completion of the long marriage ceremony.

In a state of things like this, it will readily be supposed, that, as among Mahometan people, the care of providing a wife for the son of the family is left to the mother, the aunt, or some matron of a sister, in case neither mother nor aunt exist to undertake the amorous diplomacy, and it will naturally happen, that considerations of friendship and family connexion (the Armenians extend the "forbidden degree" very widely) (2) will generally regulate the choice and match.

The masters of families are too thoroughly occupied with their business, their money-getting, and their smoking, to throw away time in such negotiations; besides, they would not be permitted to see the quality of the goods, and supposing them even indifferent to the charms of person, the force of habit and their daily bazaar practice, would tell them never to buy any article without examination.

But the matrons who congregate together, and visit and go out in troops, like the wives of the Turks, have their eyes open, and when a promising youth of a son has arrived at that age when a wife is esteemed conducive to comfort, there is generally a damsel selected ready for him, and all the preliminaries arranged between the two gossips of mammas.

Certainly a world of trouble which we are exposed to in wooing, is thus saved, and if the spouse at times pretend that he should like to see the face of his beloved before he is her husband past re-

demption, the matron's reply may be a gaze of astonishment, and a suite of questions, as, "Whether she has not seen the fair Pupul herself? Is she not a competent judge of eyes, nose, and mouth, and the properties of skin and limb? What could the Chapkin(3) want? Would he not be married as all his race had been before him? Would she, his own mother, that bore him perfect, select a one eye, a hunch-back for him? Hadn't she seen Pupul present a pipe—drunk coffee of her own making, &c."

There was one ocular advantage on the side of the other high contracting party; the maiden, herself unseen, could see the youth proposed to her through her eye windows, the loop-holes in her yashmack, as he passed in the street, or as he stood in church, or even as he visited in her paternal abode; but it may be questioned whether that advantage, and the facility of comparing the outward and visible man, of him proposed as her *future*, with the other brawny youths of her own class, or with the far more comely Greeks and Turks, could avail her much; for the Armenians are as obstinate in their resolves—as unalterable in the determinations of their interests—as the laws of the Medes and the Persians; and when once the family had arranged whose wife the girl was to be, it was ever considered as a thing settled and done, and she had nothing to do but to obey, and get ready her wedding dresses, and other particulars for the occasion.

It sometimes however will fall out, that the mother of the young man, who is disposed to enter the holy state, either from disputes, separations of

friends, or other causes, has at the moment no bride picked, and prepared for the swain. Even thus it happened to the connexion of Veronica, and the dame's mode of proceeding was such as is always adopted in similar cases.

Early one morning, due notice for preparation having been given, the mother of the suitor repaired with his married sister and his brother's wife to the house of an Armenian of ascertained respectability—i. e. wealth—where there was a number of young ladies to be disposed of.

To give more *eclat* to the proceeding and to conform to use, for among the Armenians every custom is regarded as accurately as if it were a religious duty, the matron and her companions performed the journey in an aruba, or Turkish covered waggon without springs, drawn by two oxen, or two buffaloes.

The distance was but trifling, nothing—from one end of Pera to the other ; to walk would have been a luxury, compared to the rude jolting, bone-breaking, dislocating motion of their eastern vehicle, over the rough stones of the Christian street ; and besides, they incurred insult and outrage from a set of saucy Turks, who did not approve of Rayah females enjoying such pleasure and honour as riding through the town in a hay cart, and threw much figurative dirt on them and their mothers' and their grandmothers' graves, and some real dirt into the aruba, in the shape of melon skins and spoilt yaourt.(4)

But what *she*, among the daughters of Armenia had ever gone to ask a bride for her son on foot ? The matron would have performed the journey as

she did, if all the Turks in Pera, the Topjis from Tophana, every Kaliondji from Hassim-Pasha, and every black-guard from the arsenal, had been gathered to heap insult on her path.(5)

Presently the rude wheels of the aruba ceased to creak on their wooden axle-trees, the patient, or slow pair of oxen, stopped opposite the Armenian house, and the bride-seeking dame, and her suite, descended by a wooden ladder, made for the purpose, and always carried with the aruba.

At the threshold she was formally received by the mother of the maidens, supported by sundry other matrons and married female relations. As her shadow glanced on the door-way, there was a gentle salutation "Of well are ye come! God has sent ye." And when both shadow and substance were fairly within the house, and the door closed on the street, the mother of the maidens asked *her* of the youth whether she would not take a pipe!

The day was a sultry one, the southern winds having prevailed for a week; Armenian matrons are generally round and sleek, and she now visiting had the usual share of *em-bon-point*. To repose after her shaking over the stones, and to recover breath, ere she ascended to the shew-room, the dame sat down cross-legged on a little carpet in the hall, or rather passage, and accepted of the hospitality of a Kadeun-chibook, (6) the very best lady's pipe in the house.

After a few whiffs, for it is not considered pretty behaviour in a lady to smoke long at a time, or to finish a bowl of tobacco out and out, the whole party went up stairs, preceded by the mistress of

the house, who kept repeating her compliments, in which there was that curious mixture of style—an Oriental idiom, and Turkish saws, mixed up with Roman Catholic devotional exclamations—that so distinguishes this portion of the Grand Seigneur's subjects. (7)

The large saloon into which the company was ushered by the hostess was empty, but presently a banging-to of doors, and a shuffling of papooshes were heard, and the nine unmarried daughters of the house came running in, one after the other, as if in a race. Once within the room, however, they became as meek and decorous as need be, and approached, like whirling dervishes about to begin their holy waltz, "with measured steps and slow," and with their arms crossed on their bosoms, to kiss the hand of the visitor who had come to choose a daughter-in-law among them.

"There they are, by the blessing of the Virgin! and all to be married," said the mother; and then, as they passed before the low divan, one by one dropping their lips on the hands of her who had brought a husband for one of them into the world, she repeated the name and quality of each, in much the style and form that a horse-jockey or a "guinea-man" would use in shewing up a stud to a purchaser.

There was certainly a variety—from mature nine-and-twenty to girlish thirteen, and the variety was marked in other things than age. One possessed in an eminent degree the accomplishment of embroidering tobacco-pouches; another was distinguished as a cook and a maker of sweetmeats; another made sherbets equal to any that were ever

drunk in the seraglio ; one was the soul of economy, for she could keep house a whole day for a rubieh less than any body else ; another was the soul of taste, for she could paint doves and roses on Kalem-kiars, (8) and sing psalms and Turkish songs to the accompaniment of some old Armenian pipers—very great performers, the attraction of the Tekke at Pera. (9)

The wary matron, however, could not be said to have gone there to choose entirely *a l'aveugle*, or from the report of the girls' mother, or her own hasty observation. She had consulted with her Catholic priest, and he had consulted with the priest and confessor of the other family, and between their reports, she made up her mind as to which of the maidens was most eligible for her son's wife.

Manuschak was the happy one of the nine preferred by the priesthood, nor did the matron disapprove the choice, or discover any thing that should disqualify her for her son's bed and board. She was neither so showy as some of them, nor so laborious as others ; but then her figure and looks were good, and household work she could perform. She was a sort of thing, to continue our allusion to the stable, that would do at once for saddle and harness ; she was not so ripe and prudent as her twenty-nine-year-old sister, but she was equidistant from the inexperience and girlishness of the thirteen-year-old ; in short, though utterly innocent of the Roman philosophy, the matron seemed to have followed its maxim of the "*medias res*" throughout, and to have fixed on the maiden who was the "betwixt-and-between" of the family.

After having passed in review, the maidens served round coffee and sweetmeats, waiting first on the marrying man's mother, next on her companions, and then on their own mother and friends.

When this operation was over the matron declared herself, and the happy Manuschak was invited to a seat by her side on the low divan or sofa, and enjoyed or endured the caresses of her mother-in-law, and the compliments and felicitations of all the party.

After a long interview, and a conversation apart between the two matrons, on subjects with which perhaps only matrons are acquainted, the visitors took their leave, and were rumbled back to the house of the expectant bridegroom, in the same aruba and state in which they came. There the mother gave her son a detailed report of her mission, entering of course into the minutest details of person, temper, manners, accomplishments, &c.

A few days after this first visit, the two families, or rather the married portions of them, excluding the bride and bridegroom, and all maidens and bachelors, met on neutral ground, or in the house of a common friend, each under the presidency of its confessor, or conscience director, and there settled some of the preliminaries.

The next step on behalf of the young man was to send the following presents to the bride :—forty gold rubiehs in a silver box, enveloped in an embroidered handkerchief ; a purse containing a morsel of aloes, and a kalemkiar, or painted handkerchief, generally used in the coiffure of Levantine ladies. This present, which passes through the hands of the chief Armenian priest,(10) is sancti-

fied by religion, and forms *de facto* an obligatory contract, whence there is no departing, either on the side of him who gives or of her who receives. It is, in fact, the betrothal, and on its reception the time of marriage is fixed for the affianced. The present to the bride was accompanied, *d'obbligo* by tokens of respect to some priest of the Armenian church, in the shape of mahmoodiers—or in common parlance, we might call them fees of office.

On the afternoon of the same day, the bridegroom sent by the hands of his mother an additional donation of a cachemere shawl, a rich piece of stuff for a robe, and a diamond ring.

Three days before the final ceremony, the maiden was conducted to the bath, whence emerging in her richest dresses, and with her head covered with thin plates of gold and golden threads, she was presented to the females of the family to which she was so soon to belong, each of whom threw a handful of small coins over her, as she kissed their hands in sign of respect and utter submission.

The marriage ceremony, which was to last three days, began on the Saturday evening. The family of the bridegroom invited all their friends to a sumptuous repast in their house; the family of the bride all theirs to their house; but the bride did not enter in the scene of festivity, but covered with a thick gauze veil, and surrounded by her unmarried female companions, was shut up in her own room.

It has been observed, that the Armenians, though habitually economical and sober in their

way of living, are not averse to good cheer on such grand occasions, and can keep up three days' feasting as well as other people—eating and drinking nearly all the time, to the sounds of Turkish music.

It is only, however, on such great circumstances as we are describing, that they relax their economy and regularity ; and as few houses are furnished with kitchen implements, or *batterie de cuisine*, sufficient for the great number of guests always invited, and appropriate to the cooking of the choice dishes prescribed ; the Eutychean priests have established a depot in their respective churches, and let out pots and pans for the marriage feasts. Thus have they not only the sanctification of the union in their hands, but in part the preparation of the wedding dinner—of which, moreover, they are said to eat their full share.

Formerly it was the custom to give on the first day of the marriage festival the titles of King and Queen to the young couple ; a golden fillet across the forehead, added to her other tinsel gear, might represent a regal crown for the bride, and the bridegroom girded on a sabre ; a ceremony in the East that corresponds to our coronations. But this custom is now fast disappearing, and the timid Armenians of Turkey must have generally left the assumption of a sword they never wielded, as peculiarly inapposite, or even as a satire on their unwarlike character. The friends of the Tinghir-Oglus had nothing of the sort.

On Sunday morning, the second day of the nuptials, a deputation was sent from the house of the bridegroom with a portion of the delicacies of their

table to the party feasting at the bride's, which attention was returned by her family by a similar deputation, bearing the choicest morsels from their table. Towards the evening of the same day, which is called the *Khennagedje*, the mother of the spouse, supported by her married daughters, her daughters-in-law, and her married aunts, and followed by all the married female friends invited to the nuptials, repaired to the house of the bride to present the *Khenna*,⁽¹¹⁾ which has always been esteemed an essential ingredient in an Armenian marriage. These matrons went all in arubas; the oxen that drew them were decorated with wreaths of flowers; and a band of musicians, playing wild music, completed the festive and classical character of the procession.⁽¹²⁾

The motley, wooden edifices of Pera's long, narrow, dark street, shook again with the rumbling of the congregated arubas, one after the other, with the creaking of their wheels, and the sounds of the tambour and cymbal, the viol and shrill pipe.

All the Franks' windows were thrown wide open, and crammed full of heads, while at the shak-nishins of the many Armenian and the few Turkish houses, bright eyes were seen peeping through the jealous lattices. To have seen Pera on that day, indeed, one might have imagined the representative of some great European prince was going to eat as much dirt at the Porte as the Turks should choose to give him; for the line of arubas produced as great a sensation all over the town as the troop on hack-horses—the men of all nations, and men of no nation at all, the drogomans and trucksters of Pera—are wont to do, when at the risk of breaking

their precious necks, they ride after the surly Chiaoush-bashi,(13) down the steep infidel hill towards Tophana.

Riding thus in her cart and in triumph, along the suburb, like a Roman conqueror in his car up the capitol, could it be otherwise than that the matron's heart should swell with exultation and pride? Could human philosophy resist the intoxicating influence of words like these, that were heard in the course of her progress, "Here comes the Khenna of Manol of the Tinghir-Oglus!" "Neighbour, whose hymeneals have we here that look so splendid?" "Of whom could they be, but of the great Seraff's nephew, Manol, the son of Manol of the Tinghir-Oglus!"

To remind the victorious warrior at that dazzling moment that he was mortal, a herald posted by his side; to moderate the feelings of triumph of the Armenian dame, a different monitor was given—in the shape of a dead dog!

The procession had reached the fish-market, which to prove the good taste of the Perotes is collocated with all its filth in the narrowest part of their principal street, and was tottering down a hollow the road makes at that point, when a wandering dervish, drunk on opium and rakie,(14) being aroused by the music stretched out his crossed legs on his mat, and rose to see what the matter might be.

"Infidels and dwellers in filthy places,(15) as I am a servant of the prophet," cried the dervish, and espying the unclean carcase already mentioned, at a short distance from him, he scooped it up with the end of his iron crook,(16) threw it with

so good an aim, that it entered the only aperture in the covered waggon that was not protected by a blind or curtain, and plumped with all its impurities in the matron's lap. Having achieved this feat the toper went away with the foulest expressions in his mouth, scrupulously to wash the iron, and to perform an ablution for having defiled himself.

The temper of the party, ruffled by this incident, had however recovered its placidity by the time the oxen shook their tails before the house of the bride. At the door, the visiting party were received by the bride's mother, and the married ladies of her family, who ushered them into the female apartments, where the maiden richly attired was ready to receive them and to have her nails painted red. The Khenna, or well known drug used by ladies throughout the East for the latter purpose, was produced with great solemnity, and it was part of the functions of the chief Armenian priest's wife to die the bridal fingers. When both right and left hand were of the proper hue, the other presents that always accompany the Khenna were brought forth from their costly envelopes of silk and gold tissue—these were, a broad piece of cloth entirely to wrap up the person of the bride, a feridji, or outer cloak, an ample yashmack, a pair of papooshes or morocco slippers, and a large wax torch, previously blest in the Armenian church, and ornamented with a ribbon and a fanciful incrustation of sugar. After receiving these presents the bride kissed the hand of her mother-in-law, who decorated her with the wedding diamonds.

In the East generally the courtesies of life con-

sist in little else but an interchange of presents, the value of which may vary according to the importance of the circumstance, or the wealth or condition of the parties. European modesty might blush at the return made in this instance, and by ancient and revered prescription. The family of the maiden sent to the bridegroom, on the part of themselves and their daughter.

Imprimis—A gauze silk shirt.

“ 2. A pair of drawers.

“ 3. Two sashes or stripes of fine linen cloth, embroidered in gold, to close or support the preceding (i. e. the pair of drawers.)

“ 4. A towel, richly embroidered at the four corners in worsted and tinsel.(17)

“ 5. A pocket handkerchief, worked all over with different coloured silks, into the forms of doves, flames, and hearts.(18)

“ 6. Stuff, of mixed silk and cotton, for an enterre or long close robe worn under the beneesh.

“ 7. A tootoon-kesse, or tobacco-pouch, most elaborately ornamented in silk and gold.”

All these articles, which were originally supposed to be the work of the bride's own hands, were enclosed in a silk wrapper splendidly ornamented, and conveyed with the sound of music to the bridegroom, who at once dressed himself in the shirt and drawers, in respect to the fair *fabriquante*.

The rest of the evening and the night were spent as the preceding, by the two families, each feasting in its own house, to the sound of music.

The next, or the morning of the third day since the proceedings were instituted, was the period on

which the impatient bridegroom was to receive his, as yet unseen, bride, from the hands of her relations and conduct her under his own roof. An hour before day-break the scion of the Tinghir-Oglus, preceded by the Armenian priest, and accompanied by the *Compere* and all his married relations, male and female, proceeded to the fair one's abode. The women entered at once into the harem, (19) which in orthodox Armenian families is just as distinct as among the Turks, but the spouse, who by this time may be supposed possessed of some impatience, was retained with all those of the masculine gender in the Salemluk, (20) or the general receiving or male apartment. After twisting his black and scented mustachoes here for a length of time calculated to be consonant to the modesty of the bride, the bridegroom and all his friends were introduced into her apartment, the Priest blessing his steps and wishing that good might proceed from them.

As they entered, the men were arranged in a line along one side of the apartment, opposite to the females, who all wrapped up in their feridjis, and veiled in their white yashmacks, lined the other side. The spouse, introduced in a very formal manner, went and kissed the hand of his father-in-law, then that of his mother-in-law, and in succession those of all present near in kin to his wife.

The affectionate father-in-law presented him with a bright gold watch, his mother-in-law appended a tress or lock of tinsel to his calpack, and the most distinguished of his relations, on the one and the other side, following her example, and

adding fresh strings of tinsel and gold thread, his capacious balloon-shaped hat shewed like a globe with a reversed glory, or rather like a cooling comet with its tail still radiant.

After all these formula had been duly gone through, the spouse, who might have found them tedious, was led by the Priest to the bride, who was sitting immoveable as a statue on a low sofa at the end of the room. Another short prayer—a sort of “for what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful,” was muttered by the Eutychean ecclesiastic:—but before passing to other subjects, a word or two ought to be given to the description of the bride’s toilette.

Her figure was enveloped in a robe that, but for the costly material of which it was composed, might have been called a sack. Under the hand and the needle of the Armenian Priest’s wife, who played an important part in the course of the preparations, this wrapper concealed every member of the body, not permitting even the loose purple mestler and papooshes—no, not so much as the toe of the latter, to be visible. The same matron had bound round her head a linen veil, called a *perkem*, so thick that it entirely concealed what it covered, and had placed over this an additional veil, composed of tinsel and thin lamina of gold sewed together, that fell from her crown down to her neck like some extraordinary head of hair. The *perkem*, or linen veil, reached below the breast in front, and below the shoulder behind; beyond it, projected and floated the ample folds, not of her tinsel locks, but of her own luxuriant coal-black hair, which, had she stood, might have fallen lower

than her knees, and, as if the natural were not long enough, *des grosses tresses*—a thick mass of false hair—was attached to it, that looked, as it lay huddled in a heap on the sofa, like the unpowdered wig of a judge.

As the future lord of her destinies stood before her, although veiled and covered as she was she could not see him, the youthful bride might be expected to show symptoms of agitation ; but half, at least, of the heaving bosom, was attributable to her barbaric toilette, which from its cumbrousness and closeness, caused her to perspire at every pore, and gasp for breath through the folds and tinsel that bound her hymeneal head.

When the priest's muttering was over, at his word of command, the blind-folded bride rose from her cross-legged posture on the sofa, and standing erect, accepted the proffered hand of her spouse. The couple then advance to the middle of the room hand in hand, where the priest blessed them in the presence of all the assembly. This being over, the bride was resigned to the care of two female friends, who served as guides, she being totally unable to see her way, and the happy man headed the procession which was to convey forthwith his better half to his own house, there to finish the other half of the interminable marriage ceremonies.

It would have been incumbent on them, in their full adhesion to ancient Armenian customs, to march through the streets in an ordered troop, with the large wax torch, already mentioned, and lit and burning at their head ; but as a number of wild Asiatic bairaks, or levies of Turks, were passing

that morning on the way to cut the Greeks' throats in the Morea, it was thought unsafe to tempt their martial wrath with such an exhibition of Ghiaours at Pera : the assembly therefore proceeded hastily in small parties at a time, and the sacristan of the Armenian church carried the " torch of Hymen " with his ketchme, or jointed pipe, (both unlit) under the folds of his beneesh.

At the threshold of his door the spouse received his bride, and there, as if she was not yet sufficiently loaded, another heap of tinsel was thrown over her head. At the foot of the stairs a young lady with a *gulaptan-budan*, or perfuming dish of silver, like a Catholic encensoir, not however swinging from a silver chain, but supported on a silver plate, advanced to the bride, and held the grateful incense under her nose. On her removing, another maiden stepped up with a silver case, or phial, curiously wrought and full of rose water, with which she first besprinkled the bride, and then the company, who also came in for a share of the smoke of the burning perfume.

As soon as they were all up-stairs, the bride was seated on a cushion, the women remained with her, and the bridegroom, and all the male part of the assembly, passed into an adjoining room, where a priest and a barber were ready to receive them, and to perform their part—an important part—of the solemnities.

The happy man having stripped himself of all his outer garments, was covered with fine towels, embroidered with gold, and seated on a low stool in the middle of the room. His father and his father-in-law, his brothers and his brothers-in-law,

his uncles, and all his male friends stood round the room in solemn silence, as became rites so solemn and mysterious.

The barber having made a good lather, took his head into his hands and gave it a clean and thorough shaving, beginning at the poll, which, like the Turks, the Armenians deprive of hair, and finishing at the stubbled chin, respecting of course the manly honours of the moustache.

It was now the priest's turn. He brought the wedding suit of clothes into the middle of the room, and with great unction blessed enterre, shawl, calpack, and beneesh, which were handed one by one to the bridegroom, who put them on, and presently stood erect, as clean as razors could make him, and literally clothed in benedictions.

Thus blessed, dressed, and ready, he returned with his train to the room where he had left his bride, who at his approach was made to arise from her seat.

A stranger might have thought they were going to suffocate and bury the girl under the implements of her destruction, instead of being about to marry her, for she was no sooner on her feet than the matrons threw a large shawl, called appropriately enough a *Duvack*, or coverer, over her. This shawl fell from her head to the ground, and being fastened up in front with pins, save a narrow aperture for her to pass her hand through, the bride was conveyed into the middle of the saloon.

There the principal priest joined the hands of the couple, and before proceeding farther, knocked their foreheads gently together. Two *laisques* then advanced to the aid of the priest, bearing a table, on which were burning the two wax-lights—

the torches of hymen. (21) These they sat down in the centre of the apartment, and then joined the priest in chaunting from the Armenian gospel.

Meanwhile the *compere* advanced and held a large crucifix over the heads of the bride and bridegroom, who again touched foreheads, and continued to lean against each other in that elegant manner. The priest having finished his singing, produced with great solemnity two silken strings, precisely alike, each being made of a thread of white silk, interwoven with a thread of rose coloured silk. The first of these he tied round the brow of the spouse, over whose head the cross was more particularly held at the moment, and then making a pause between each of the propositions, the priest said, "*Chior-e-topal-e-kabul-es* ?"—that is, "If she is blind, if she is halt or hump-backed, thou acceptest her?"

The bridegroom's response was briefly, "*Kabul-em*," or "I accept."

The priest proceeded to tie the other nuptial string—a closer emblem, by the bye, than our wedding ring, or the Greeks' crown of flowers—round the brow of the bride.

He ought to have drawn the maiden a picture of the storms of life to which her husband might be exposed, and then demand if she would brave them with him ; if she would share his evil as his good fortunes, and according to the familiar, but impressive words of our own Liturgy, "Take him, for better or for worse." But either the present officiator was no orator, or he thought it inexpedient to make so many words on what was already irrevocably decided. He merely said "*Kabul-es*,"

"thou acceptest"—the bride replied, "*Kabul-em*," "I accept;" the company present then showered rubiehs or paras, according to their wealth or their generosity, on the couple; the *compere* waved the crucifix over their heads, the priests, joined by his two assistants, renewed their psalm-singing in ancient Armenian, which nobody there understood, the torches were put out, and the tender *pair* were now *one*—man and wife!

At the conclusion of the ceremony it was always considered *de convenance* that the bride should have a tremour—a heart's misgiving, and a swoon. The gentle lady of the Tinghir-Oglu went through that piece of pantomime most admirably, though it must be said, that the dresses, the sacks, the shawls, and veils, with which she was wrapped up, might have sufficed to cause a real and a *bona fide* fainting fit, long before the moment appointed in the ceremonies.

But did the fainting fair one fall into the arms of her husband? Alas! no, he had yet a long probation before him—he shook his *shaksheers*(22) to another corner of the room, and two married ladies, who were ready appointed for the occasion, received his wife in their embrace—and told the men to turn their mustachoes another way, whilst they should recover her from her faint.

The matrons merely relieved her from the *du-vack*, or the last of the wrappers in which she was pinned up; recomposed her perkem, or veil, and the tinsel and gold sheets that fell over it, and carried her back to the female apartment. There she was placed on a lofty sofa, rendered still higher by an addition of cushions, and two married la-

dies, the same who had "propped her in her faint," sat down, one on each side of her.

At a signal given the men were admitted: the matrons, like two magicians, withdrawing the mystic covering from the magical mirror, in which the visitants were to behold their fate, raised the tinsel veil in front, and partly removed the linen perkem, at the approach of the expectant husband, who then saw, for the first time, the features of his wife. It was, however, but a glance—the matrons let fall the tinsel veil, Sir Simon Pure put a diamond of value in her hand, and very demurely faced about.

All the ladies invited to the festival, whether married or unmarried, then went up to the sofa in turns, kissed the bride, and deposited some present in her hand. After them, all her male relations, to the most remote degree, were allowed the honour of a brief stare and of a kiss at her hand, into which every one of them also, was in duty bound to slip a present. The gifts were of various kinds—some brought diamonds, or pearls, or other jewels, some gold bracelets, some chain necklaces, but by far the greater number gave Mahmoodiers, and other Turkish pieces of hard cash.

By the time the whole company, male and female, had defiled before the bride, her lap was filled with the multitudinous donations, and a large casket was handed to her in which she might place the treasure. The regular interchange of presents, as established in the East, has been already alluded to, and these gifts to the bride were perfectly in accordance to that system, as her own family, or the family of her spouse, had been obliged by cus-

tom to give something to every body they had invited to the wedding, and those worthies were only refunding now, in a different shape, what they had received then.

In the poorer families, indeed, it was calculated that the donations dropped into the "open hand" should not only cover the presents made by the bride and bridegroom's families, but the expenses incurred in the lengthened feasting of the wedding. From such calculations however the wealthy seraffs may be supposed to have been relieved, and the bride of the Tinghir-Oglu may have appropriated all she received as pin-money.

When all had made their present, and expressed their wish for the happiness of the new married couple, the men retired awhile with the bridegroom into the Salemlik, where a chibook was presented to each. The ladies remained with the bride, and such of them as chose, were helped to a kadeun-chibook, or "lady's pipe"—nearly all the old dames smoked as fervently as the men.

The fragrant coffee, in its tiny porcelain cups, was served round in both apartments; the vase of sweetmeats with its solitary spoon, performed the revolution of the extended circles! and then music and dancing were introduced, all the men returning to the female apartment. The musicians, who were the same as officiated at the Tecke of the dancing dervishes, sat cross-legged, on an Egyptian mat, in one corner of the room; the dancers were mostly people of inferior condition, who may be said to have been hired, like the *Almes* and boys at Turkish weddings. Their performance however was by no means so indelicate and prurient as that

of the infidel artists—on the contrary, it was guarded and modest as dancing could be. The two sexes did not stand up together. The young women danced by themselves: when they had ceased the men began; and a European waltz, a great novelty to most of them, that drew down “thunders of applause,” was performed by two strapping fellows in calpacks, whose enormous mustachoes frequently came in contact in the course of their rotatory career.

The company, for Armenians, were passing gay; the men smoked their long chibooks round the saloon, and the ladies sat on the divan, and gossiped and laughed; always, however, in a subdued under-tone.

But she, the object of all this festivity—*she*, the principal personage there—the youthful bride, sat in the corner of the sofa, covered with her imperious, golden veil—motionless, silent, with her head inclined downward, like the statue of some saint, in the recess of a Roman church! And even thus she continued for three days, during which the fete was kept up, nor could she in all that time utter a word, save to her nurse, or an aged matron that had accompanied her from the paternal roof, to support her through the long and trying ceremonies, and to instruct her in her novel duties. (The dame, moreover, was to remain with her for about a month from the day of the marriage.)

It would be ungallant to omit remark on the personal charms of the ladies invited to this extraordinary scene of festivity; and more particularly as, after a certain time, when all the parties remaining were relations, they shewed their faces.

In the midst of coarseness and *em-bon-point*—graceless figures, and long ears—traits that prevail among the Armenians but too generally—there were some handsome women present : there were eyes, long, black, languishing, and oriental, and in many of their pale countenances, there was an expression of modesty and affability truly charming. If the cut and disposition of their robes were awkward and inelegant, their *coiffure* was so eastern, poetical, and picturesque, that an artist would have studied it with increasing gratification. From the crown of their heads, which were ornamented by coronets of gold and diamonds, gracefully disposed, somewhat obliquely, their rich, coal-black hair flowed down their backs, like a shining torrent of liquid jet, and with several of them, when they rose from the divan, it rolled its wavy luxuriance to their very ancles.

But, to return to the mute, motionless, melancholy bride, on the third day the principal Eutychean priest repaired to her, and having summoned the bridegroom, he removed the silken fillet from the head of each with great solemnity, and took away the tinsel veil that had hitherto so effectually concealed her face. The undoing the fillet, untied her tongue, and from that moment the bride might exercise that important member on whom she list, although *de rigueur* she ought not to open her lips for a whole year, dating from the marriage, in the presence of her mother-in-law, or her married sisters-in-law.(23) The ancient Armenian re-script is positive on this head, and a whole year of silence is insisted on ; the harsh rule is relaxed in practice, according to the good nature or good un-

derstanding of the parties ; but downcast eyes, and all the outward tokens of respect and submission to her husband's relatives, are exacted from the bride.

The silken fillets were given as a precious deposit by the priest to the bride, and on the night of their removal, she became indeed a wife.

The morning that followed the consummation of the marriage, the young wife received the visits of her friends indiscriminately ; this she continued to do for seven days, and there was nothing to distinguish the reception of guests or visitors from the observances of ordinary times, except that each on arriving, was incensed, and besprinkled with rose-water, or other scents, as had been practised on the bride and the company on her first entrance in the house.

On the eighth day after the removal of the silken fillet and the tinsel veil, the wife went out to return her visits, and the Armenian domicile thenceforward resumed its usual and tranquil posture.

But in concluding, we must not omit, that three days before this, or on the fifth day from the consummation, the bridegroom gave another grand dinner, the principal course of which, as established by ancient Armenian usage, was—a huge dish of sheeps' trotters !

CHAPTER XIII.

By reason of the Armenian marriage we have attempted to describe, we left our impatient Greek on the banks of the Bosphorus, and, not to interrupt the details of the strange ceremonies at Pera, we have avoided introducing our heroine, who went to the wedding.

But Veronica was present at the nuptial festivity till the third day after the entrance of the bride into the husband's house ; and melancholy and reflective, formed a contrast to the rest of the numerous party ; of which the men were noisy, contented, and jolly, in their way, the women thoughtless, talkative (among themselves !), and happy—up to their standard or conception of happiness.

That mysterious recess, the human mind, calculated to be the receptacle of every variety of enjoyment and of pain ; the source of all the passions in succession, can only find room for one enjoyment, one pain, one passion, at a time, supposing each of those modifications of feeling in its extreme degree. But none is more exclusive and absorbing than “first and passionate love.” Veronica experienced this, and felt how insipid was every thing compared to the pleasures—the raptures of the few stolen moments she had passed with Constantine. This would have caused her to move indifferently, and with an absent mind, through the tedious ceremonials, and still more tedious

amusements of her cousin's marriage ; but Veronica felt beside, a contempt for what she saw. A natural superiority of mind, a vivacity of perception, the facility of comparing the usages of the different classes dwelling at Stamboul and its neighbourhood ; the conversation of a female relative, who had set the prejudices of her whole race at defiance, and had married a European heretic ; an intuitive taste and elegance :—all these advantages in the absence of books ; for alas ! our heroine was only acquainted with languages in which there are no books, (1) had taught her to appreciate aright many of the objects and practices of her nation's reverence or respect. Could she then observe the ridiculous ceremonials, the motley intermixture of ancient Armenian, Turkish, and Greek customs, of Pagan and Christian rites, at which she was now constrained to attend, with any other sentiment than that of contempt ? Could she compare the coarseness of the Armenian men, and the subjection and utter submissiveness of the women, with the tone and usages of Europeans' society ; could she feel that the Greeks were approaching that liberal mode of life—that she loved a Greek—that the united prejudices of her interminable family and of her whole caste would oppose their union, without feelings of a still deeper nature—grief approaching at times to despair !

The slightness and gracefulness of figure, the thinness, the transparency, and pallour, the general *immateriality* of the Armenian maiden, have been already described, and though, among the ladies, with the golden coronets on their heads, there was more than one handsomer than she—those qualities

distinguished her above them all. The fairest of them were beings of the earth, beauteous, yet still with the stamp of mere *materiality* strong upon them; but Veronica, in her paleness and her sorrow, looked ethereal or unearthly.

As at times she glided away from the youthful group, and passed under the lamps, that suspended in the corridor, in large vases of cream-coloured porcelain, and in globes of ground glass, cast a pale moon-light hue on the objects they illuminated; as her loose white robe floated, and the descending folds of her long black hair undulated, from the rapidity of her impatient motion; as the jewelled coronal glittered over her pallid brow; she might have well been taken for one of those creations of Magyar or Hungarian superstition—for one of the *Villis*, or fair spirits of maidens who have died between their betrothal and the marriage day.(2)

Veronica, however, did not at all times give way to melancholy, and silent, and weak, regrets; at times her feelings were less amiable and placid, for she would dash her little hand across her frowning brow, as the thought of ungenerous oppression or bigoted controul presented itself, or as she observed some gross trait of Armenian manners; at other times she would give way to the passion that filled her young heart, and brace up that delicate frame with a resolution, to do and to dare for love's sake, that might have done honour to a hero; and kind and generous as she naturally was, she would occasionally detach herself from the contemplation of her young soul's love, and from the torrent of hopes, and fears, and projects, with

which it inundated her heart, to speak in friendship and affection, to some unfortunate person present, or to see that those whom poverty condemned to the "seat below the salt," and whom menials neglected, were properly assisted.

But the captive bird, set free from its cage, and cheered by the voice of its mate, in the well known thicket, fled not with greater joy than Veronica, embarking in a caik at Tophana, repaired homeward towards Emenergen-Oglu.

"I shall tread again that enchanted spot, where he first told me of his love, and created within me a new soul for enjoyment and rapture,—I shall see again my own Constantine!"

Thus mused the passionate girl, as impatient at its slow progress, she felt the bark under her, wafting her against the current towards the village. Nor could she dream of the storm, and the disappointment that awaited her on her arrival there.

Both soon burst upon her. Following her sisters, her cousins, and her aunt, who had gone home with her, and looking stedfastly at the residence of the Princess Ghika, as long as she could see it, Veronica reached the family abode. She had occasion for her companion or attendant, and called for her. Her surprise was great when, instead of the complacent duenna, to whom she had been accustomed for years, and who, so far from betraying the secrets of her acquaintance with the Prince, had been induced by kindness of disposition, and laxity of discipline, assisted perhaps by bribes both from her mistress and her mistress' lover, even to plan several meetings for them; there appeared before her a stranger, a giant of an Armenian wo-

man, with a bay-coloured complexion, harsh features, and an expression of countenance that seemed to say, "Pity, and all ye kindlier feelings of humanity, I defy ye!"

"How! what! who is this?" cried Veronica, again wrapping herself up in the feridji which she was about to quit—"Where is Katine?" "Katine," said the gaunt personage, in a tone as masculine, as rude, as her appearance, "Katine is where she ought to be, and I Marter am here, to prevent your further intrigues with schismatic Greeks."

The blood of her whole body well-nigh rushed to the pale face, the neck and bosom of Veronica; she spoke not a word, but trembling all over for a moment, she recovered herself, cast a look of scorn on the ungentle stranger, and walked up to her apartment.

Such of her female relations as were with her at the moment, gazed at Veronica and the woman with silent wonderment. The aunt at last asked the tall Armenian the meaning of what she saw—"Within, you will hear full explanation," said the female Argus, "even now holy men are congratulating your husband's brother, on the timely discovery of a horrid affair, and are suggesting fresh measures to save your niece Veronica!" The Seraff's wife was a woman slow to understand, but her curiosity was active; so desiring the younger female members of the family to retire, (they did,—to behind the door, and to hear all that passed) she bounced into the saloon we have already described, where she found her husband, her brother-in-law, and her eldest son, in deep consultation

with the Armenian Catholic Priest, Padre Tiraborsa, and three friends—Armenians, distinguished by their zeal for the Catholic church at Pera. The Italian Abbate was speaking.

"I knew it long ago—I saw the girl was in love with the heretic, when she nearly knocked out Ostref the Aleppine's teeth, by treading on his pipe-bowl."

"Then why not tell us before, that so we might have taken precautions?" enquired Veronica's father.

"Because, though quite sure of the fact by reasoning, I wished to have the evidence of my senses in confirmation; and to ascertain the degree and height of the perilous malady before I applied my remedy," returned the Roman Priest.

"And so you left my child," said the Seraff rather querulously, "exposed to the perilous contagion of the Greek—to that—but I must not speak ill of him, for 'twas but the other day he saved my life!"

"I will answer you in logic and in order," replied Tiraborsa with infinite self-possession. "In the first place then as to exposing Veronica your daughter, I did not do it to the extent you may imagine—there were faithful eyes that watched their meetings—those meetings were short, and Katine, though corrupted by the Greek's bribes, was not so—hem!"

"In the name of the blessed Virgin," interrupted the matron, whose intrusion had only now been noticed, "tell me what my niece has been doing; for as she is an Armenian, I cannot credit that she has been making love with a Greek."

"*Baccalum—Libero nos Domine !*" said the native Armenian Priest, turning up his eyes to the painted roof of the saloon.

"And in the second place," continued Padre Tiraborsa, with a tone of still greater importance, and a look, as of suppressed anger at the matron, for her interruption of his peroration—"and in the second place, I say, that it was Providence, and not the Greek stripling that saved you from the drunken janissary ; the interference was owing to other impulses than his own, and this I have told you long ago—to offer up gratitude to the schismatic would be as ridiculous and more sinful than to pay that tribute, (due to the blessed saint on high,) to a wall or tree, a stock or a stone, that should have intervened between you and the pistol ball."

"Amen, Mashallah !" said the Armenian Priest.

"Let us listen to the *Vertabiets*," (3) cried the pursy head of the Mint, "for they speak the words of religion and truth."

"But is it true that Veronica has been shamming her religion, and loving a Greek heretic?" again inquired the matron, "I can scarcely credit any thing so monstrous, and what are the proofs thereof?"

"The proofs—the proofs are my eyes ; are secret meetings at the Hospodar's widow's here at hand ; rendezvous behind your very garden wall, in the thicket there ; sighs and tears ! Aye ! you may well start ; but the evening before you left this house for the marriage of your relative at Pera, I saw all this—the grief at parting, and the long farewell ! I heard too a vow,—a sacrilegious

vow, of mutual love and constancy. Are my proofs convincing?"

"Perfectly so," said the matron in confusion, "but the girl must be bewitched, and—and why did you not tell us of all this before, most reverend father?"

"I had not seen the full height of the disorder until the eve of your departure; I had seen nothing with my own eyes, but only with those of an agent, until then—and then I would not mar the pleasures of the family on such a happy occasion. On your departure I had time and opportunity to deal with the unfaithful Katine, I forced from her alarmed and guilty mind a confession of all that had passed. Yesterday, on your husband's and Veronica's father's return, I gently opened the melancholy affair to them, and, all in proper time, we have taken measures to secure the stray lamb of our flock."

In his statement, and his replies to the very natural questions of Veronica's father and aunt, Tiraborsa certainly told the truth, but not all the truth, for he did not avow, (what indeed was his principal motive for delaying a disclosure that so much interested the family;) he did not disclose that he had been anxious the intrigue should assume a serious form, and the evil appear of an alarming nature, in order to justify his active interference, and to give to his counsels and services a superior value in the eyes of the devout Armenian Catholics.

A motive, more evil-spirited than this, the common one of his conduct—the raising of his own personal importance, or that of the body to which he appertained—might, perhaps, have contributed

to influence the proceedings of the Abbate. Constantine Ghika he hated not merely as the follower of a different creed, but as the sarcastic critic of his words, in the affair of the votive picture; and the lovely and lively Veronica was scarcely regarded with kindlier feelings, as in the natural superiority of her intellect, she had rejected many of his uncharitable dogmas, had resisted his influence in the family with all her might, and had frequently, in spite of her relatives' frowns, ridiculed his pomposity and strut, and his oracles without a meaning. These feelings in a man differently circumstanced, might have found a vent, without great scandal to himself, and have worn themselves away, or evaporated their malignity; but bound up in the bosom of a Priest they could have no issue, and like the vapour in the engine, would become strong in proportion to their compression. Now, could there be a surer way of wounding the heart's core of those who had wounded him, than what presented itself on the present occasion? Had he interfered when first the discovery was made, the relations of Veronica would at once have secured her and prevented the developement of her passion for the Greek Prince—perhaps at so early a stage of the passion, have crushed it in the bosom of both, without the infliction of extraordinary and lasting anguish in either. But by permitting them to meet time after time, to receive the dart deeper and deeper into their young hearts, to revel awhile in love's raptures, he would indeed give poignancy to the suffering, for with a rude hand he could, when he chose, snatch at the arrow, torment and separate them—and the present pain would then be in proportion to

the past bliss. Other motives still might be found, for how many, various, and undefined, are the springs of all our actions?—good or evil. But it is time to observe the effect of Tiraborsa's conduct on others.

All the Tinghir-Oglu family learned the astonishing secret of one of their blood's stealing amorous interviews with a Greek, with equal displeasure and wrath. Their feelings, however, were differently modified. In the eyes of Veronica's father, religion, and an attachment to caste and prejudices, stood foremost; the connexion of his Catholic daughter with a heretic, a rejecter of the *filiogue*, seemed sacrilegious; the love of an Armenian for a Greek, something altogether unseemly; and though the heretic and Greek had saved his life, and though all the holy sophistry of the Italian Priest had not cured him of a feeling approaching to gratitude, he never could have been induced to think of his union with Veronica without horror.

In the eyes of his brother, the Seraff of the Porte, points of policy and impolicy stood prominent: he felt his situation under the Turkish government was already precarious and insecure enough; that his whole family was already exposed to risks sufficient, without courting a portion of those incident to the perilous conditions of the hospodars or princes of Wallachia or Moldavia. He knew, too, the jealousy with which they, as Catholic Armenians, were regarded by the more numerous body of the Eutychean Armenians, and the use the latter might make of such a fatal circumstance as the connexion, or even intimacy, of the Seraffs of the Porte with the son and agent of a Greek hospodar,

in the intrigues they were incessantly prosecuting with the suspicious Turks. And then, would not even their own sect, their own friends, the Catholics, flee from their side, if so scandalous a spectacle should be presented by their family as a union with a schismatic Greek? He trembled at the consequences which rushed on him after Tiraborsa had told his story, and insisted with his brother, who was withheld from making any rash determination by an affection for his child, and a respect—almost a fear, that Veronica had inspired him with, that proper measures should be taken to terminate forever the intercourse which so fatally had taken place.

The stupid, brawny brothers and cousins of our heroine, regarded the affair with the mixed perceptions, and feelings, and alarm, of the two heads of the family, Agop and Yussuf; but in the minds of some of them an asperity existed, resulting from their personal dislike of the young Prince, whom they had often met at the Porte when they were attending their father or uncle, and he was transacting the business of the Hospodar. A superiority, real, but asserted in a manner consonant rather to Fanariote vanity, than to good feeling, had irritated the younger Armenians; but besides the Porte, some few Frank houses at Pera had seen Ghika and the Tinghir-Oglus meet, for these wealthy young men, though unwilling that the severity of their nation should be relaxed in favour of their women, were fain themselves to resort to societies on European models, and to go and play at cards, and to see the faces of other men's wives, daughters, or sisters, though they *did* continue to wrap up their

own fair dames and damsels in yashmacks and feridjis.

Now, if Constantine felt his superiority even at the Porte, where all are nearly alike the trembling slaves of one tyrant, who despises them all alike, he could not be insensible to it in the saloons of Pera, in the presence of ladies, and in the midst of people who prized, and practised at least *some* of the amenities of civilized society. And if, good-natured in proportion to the enjoyment he found in his way, if too much occupied to give a thought to a comparison with "the camels," Ghika was on these occasions complacent, obliging to all, the Tinghir-Oglus fraternity could not help seeing his success, and hating him accordingly.

Except on very rare occasions, when some couple of Franks are valiant—and it is rarer still, that even they can be brought and kept to the ground—the practice of challenging to a trial at arms, or the contingencies of pistol-balls, is never resorted to in Turkey. (4) The Tinghir-Oglus could not then, like affectionate brothers or cousins, "call out" the man, who had dared to love Veronica, and kill the man she loved. And beside the desuetude of duelling at Stamboul, the Armenians generally have a most particular and marked antipathy to every thing that imports peril to life or limb. What the scions of the family, and the guardians of the honour of the house of the Tinghir-Oglus did, was to insist with the head of the family that decisive measures should be taken; and, as a portion of their own endeavours in the laudable cause, they had manfully kicked the old waiting-woman Katine out of doors, for her heinous

offences in letting a Greek make love to her Roman Catholic mistress.

As to the female part of the Tinghir-Oglus, what influence they possessed must be adverse to Constantine Ghika ; for they were all the passive recipients of whatever dogma or species of intolerance Tiraborsa, or their other priests, chose to suggest. Indeed to such a height had fanaticism attained among them, that two (one an elder sister, the other a cousin of Veronica) had adopted the life and habit of what in Italy is called a *Bizocca*, or *Monaca di casa*, and they positively observed all the discipline of the Benedictine Order of nuns under the domestic roof, whence they rarely issued but in cases of imperative necessity. These devotees, who were among the first to be informed of the events that had taken place, could scarcely have been more horrified had the wicked one himself passed through the house with fire and brimstone—they did double duty at prayers in consequence.

Veronica's aunt, who had returned with her from the marriage festivities, and who had been so suddenly acquainted with her delinquencies, had nothing to oppose to the council that was sitting. But when she had time to attend to things so inferior in consequence, and saw that all the chi-books of the house, (a rich collection as became a family of the wealth and importance of the Seraffs), saving those in actual service, were carefully tied together, that the sofa-cushions were all packed, she understood a rapid movement of the family must have been decided on, and retired to deposit

her valuables in one of those large painted chests(5) or coffers, so often alluded to in old Eastern stories, and always found to this day in the houses of Armenians, as well as Turks.

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NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

Note 1, Page 10.

Chalcedonia.

Now called Cadi-keui. It scarcely retains any thing to denote its ancient importance ; but it is a beautiful village, particularly as seen from the great cemetery of Scutari.

Note 2, Page 10.

Aqueducts of Valens.

These ancient structures still carry water to Constantinople, and striding from one hill to the other, with the blue sky seen through their arches, are very picturesque objects.

Note 3, Page 18.

Rubieh, a Turkish coin. *Paradis*, money.

Note 4, Page 19.

Child of the foregoing.

The Turkish women are very fond of decorating the skull-caps of their children with glittering coins. The alloy of the Sultan's coinage is notorious.

Note 5, Page 19.

The Jew's degraded Castilian.

At Constantinople, at Smyrna, and indeed all over the Levant, the Jews speak a corrupted Spanish. This circumstance, with that of their preserving many Spanish customs, and their giving to their municipal officers the name of "Corregidors," sufficiently prove their descent from "*ces*

malheureux Israelites, qu'une politique aussi absurde que barbare chassa de l'Espagne au commencement du 16^e siecle."

Note 6, Page 19.

Any body's joke.

In spite of their misery, I generally found the Jews rather cheerful. That misery or poverty is indeed great among the mass of them, and there is nothing so vile but they will perform it for money. I have been told that the new *lulaks*, or pipe-bowls, are first of all smoked by the Jews, to take off the raw, clayey taste—one proof to what they will not submit to obtain their end, or to make a para !

Note 7, Page 23.

Kaiemena.

A Greek exclamation used on almost every striking occasion, but most touching when pronounced by their women in a tone of compassion and sympathy.

Note 8, Page 25.

Life or faith.

The Turkish law on this head is sufficiently known. The Christian caught with a Mahometan woman may preserve his life by apostacy, but nothing can save the frail fair one from the sack and the sea !

Note 9, Page 25.

Messler, or mestler.

The Morocco *bottines* without a sole ; *papooshes*, the slippers into which the mestler are thrust.

CHAPTER II.

Note 1, Page 28.

In manners a brute.

Leontius Pilatus, whom Gibbon thus describes :—"In the year 1360, a disciple of Barlaam, whose name was Leo, or Leontius Pilatus, was detained in his way to Avignon, by the advice and hospitality of Boccace, who lodged the

stranger in his house, prevailed on the republic of Florence to allow him an annual stipend, and devoted his leisure to the first Greek professor, who taught that language in the western countries of Europe. The appearance of Leo might disgust the most eager disciple; he was clothed in the mantle of a philosopher, or a mendicant; his countenance was hideous; his face was overshadowed with black hair; his beard long and uncombed; his deportment rustic; his temper gloomy and inconstant; nor could he grace his discourse with the ornaments, or even the perspicuity of Latin elocution.

"But his mind was stored with a treasure of Greek learning; history and fable, philosophy and grammar, were alike at his command; and he read the poems of Homer in the schools of Florence. It was from his explanation that Boccace composed and transcribed a literal prose version of the Iliad and Odyssey, which satisfied the thirst of his friend Petrarch; and which, perhaps, in the succeeding century, was clandestinely used by Laurentius Valla, the Latin interpreter. It was from his narratives that the same Boccace collected the materials for his treatise on the Genealogy of the Heathen Gods; a work, in that age, of stupendous erudition, and which he ostentatiously sprinkled with Greek characters and passages, to excite the wonder and applause of his more ignorant readers."—*Decline and Fall*, chap. lavi.

The historian of Rome furnishes the three following passages, in which the extent of our obligations to the Greeks, and to the little Italian republics, is briefly and most eloquently explained.

"The journeys of three emperors were unavailing for their temporal, or perhaps their spiritual salvation; but they were productive of a beneficial consequence, the revival of the Greek learning in Italy, from whence it was propagated to the last nations of the west and north. In their lowest servitude and depression, the subjects of the Byzantine throne were still possessed of a *golden key that could unlock the treasures of antiquity*; of a musical and prolific language, that gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy!"—*Chap. lxvi.*

"In the resurrection of science, Italy was the first that cast away her shroud; and the eloquent Petrarch, by his

lessons and his example, may justly be applauded as the first harbinger of day. A purer style of composition, a more generous and rational strain of sentiment, flowed from the study and imitation of the writers of ancient Rome ; and the disciples of Cicero and Virgil approached, with reverence and love, the sanctuary of their Grecian masters."—*Id.*

"The arms of the Turks undoubtedly pressed the flight of the Muses ; yet we may tremble at the thought, that Greece might have been overwhelmed, with her schools and libraries, before Europe had emerged from the deluge of barbarism ; and the seeds of science might have been scattered by the winds, before the Italian soil was prepared for their cultivation."—*Id.*

Note 2, Page 29.

Capitation tax.

After one of the revolts in the Morea, it was coolly argued in the divan of Constantinople, whether the best way of pacifying those provinces, would not be to kill all the Greeks. A financial remark probably saved them. "If we cut their throats," said an Effendi, "pray, who will pay us the kharatch ?"

Note 3, Page 30.

Sacred bones.

According to some Eastern authors, Mahomet wrote the first divine revelations he received, on some broad, dried bones ; nor has a vulgar tradition been afraid to add, that the bones—were the bones of an ass. A prettier tradition, and which is more likely to be true, says that the verses of the Koran were written by his disciples on leaves of the palm-tree, which were thrown without order into a coffer. It was not till after the death of Mahomet, that the whole was united into a volume ; but a confusion of arrangement, which has never been entirely corrected, was inevitable. "Le desordre est tel que le dernier chapitre que Mahomet ait fait descendre du ciel est le neuvieme du recueil arrange par Aboubecre ; et que les premiers versets qui ont ete reveles au prophete se trouvent en tete du chapitre quatre-vingt seizieme. Ce bouleversement a jette dans le Coran une confusion qui sou vent en a obscuri le merite."—*Garcin de Tassy.*

Note 4, Page 31.

Its gloomy crumbling walls, and its turret without a bell.

The Greeks are not allowed bells to their places of worship. The Cathedral Church of the Fanar is really such as I have described it.

Note 5, Page 32.

The yellow slippers.

None but Turks and a few Christian rayah subjects, promoted by the Porte, or attached as drogomans to foreign ambassadors, dare strut in yellow morocco.

Note 6, Page 33.

The dark room at the Porte.

A friend at Constantinople often described to me as a dark, narrow, wretched room, the place where the Greek drogoman used to stay in attendance the whole day through. This was in the building destroyed by the Janissaries in 1826. In the present palace of the Porte, the drogoman seems better lodged, but he is now a Turk. "When the Greeks were turned out of this important office, it was resolved that none but an Osmanli should fill it for the future. Now, as Turks never learn languages, except here and there, by necessity, a little Romaic, a great difficulty presented itself. The present sage, who can just understand and stammer a little French, was at length discovered, and he is only half a Turk, the son of a Jew, who turned renegade after his birth."—*Constantinople in 1828.*

Note 7, Page 33.

Belik.

Turkish for a large ship.

Note 8, Page 33.

The Russian Autocrat.

Wallachia submitted to the force of the Ottoman arms in 1418, under the reign of Mahomet I.

"After weakening all his enemies in Asia, Mahomet assembles all his European and Asiatic forces, and departs from Brusa to Adrianople. From thence he marches against the Wallachians, routes their army, lays waste great part of the province, takes Severin, where is a bridge said

to be built by Trajan, and the castles *Sacke* and *Cale*, situate on the other side of the Danube, and fortifies Girgiow with new works and a good garrison, so that the Wallachians could not any more pass the Danube. Pent up in this manner, and pressed by the sword of the enemy and the want of warlike stores, despairing also to preserve their liberty, they purchase their safety with an annual tribute, for the performance whereof the sons of the prince and three great men are given to the Sultan in hostage."—*Cantemir. Hist. Ott. book 2. ch. 3.*

Moldavia voluntarily surrendered its liberties to Soliman I. in the year 1529.

"Whilst Soliman, after taking the city (Buda) staid in the neighbourhood some days to refresh his army, Teutuk Lagotheta is sent in embassy to Bogdan, prince of Moldavia, to the Turkish camp. Having obtained an audience, he declares his mission from the Moldavian prince and people, to offer the Sultan both Moldavias upon honourable terms, particularly that their religion should be preserved entire, and the country be subject as a fief to the empire. Nothing could be more grateful to Soliman, whose more weighty affairs hindered him from turning his arms that way, while the defeats received from the Moldavians obliged him always to have an eye to their motions. Wherefore, readily accepting the offered terms, he confirms them with his own hands, and delivers the Moldavian envoy the instruments to be carried to his prince."—*Cantemir. book 3. ch. 4.*

The treaties with the principalities, were observed in their usual manner by the Turks—(I confess, I do not understand how they ever acquired their reputation for good faith!) The privileges accorded to the Christian states were all infringed; the tribute, arbitrarily, and beyond endurance, increased; and at last, after many acts of cruelty, the government taken from the native Boyars, and given to the Greeks of the Fanar.

Nicholas Mavrocordato (from whom the Greek patriot of our days, Alexander Mavrocordato, is said to descend in a direct line,) was "the first Fanariote Greek who (in 1731) set out from the shores of the Bosphorus, to take possession of a principality beyond the Danube."—The first to set a fatal example of ambition, which has been but too eagerly followed!

The reign of these princes, or Hospodars, was always brief, and generally terminated in the mode described in the text ; but *they* were not the only sufferers, for every change entailed fresh oppression and misery on the unfortunate Moldavians and Wallachians. Articles calculated to strengthen the Greek princes, and to diminish the evils suffered by the hapless population, were inserted in the treaty of Kainardje, when the Russians, in 1774, restored the principalities, which they had occupied, to the Turks ; but they were not observed by the Porte, nor could Russia at every moment insist on their observance. An additional treaty made in 1779, and an article insisting that the turks should "*observer et executer religieusement tout ce qui a ete stipule en faveur des deux provinces de Valachie et de Moldavie,*" which formed part of the arrangements between Russia and the Porte in 1792, were equally disregarded by the Turks. The Hospodars were changed as often as ever. At the treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, Russia stipulated that the hospodars should remain at least seven years in office ; and since that time the agents of the Hospodars, at the Porte, have considered themselves as under the protection of the Russian legation at Constantinople, and their persons inviolate.

Note 9, Page 35.

At least he died Prince of Wallachia.

"In the families of a few Greek princes at Zerapia, I found much to interest me in the affectionate harmony and simplicity of manners in their domestic circles ; much to bewail in the ignorance in which their children were educated ; and I sincerely lamented the greedy thirst of place which appeared totally to absorb all their ideas. "*Mon frere etoit le prince de la Valachie,*" said old Caugierli, more than once to me, "*mais on lui a coupe la tete.*" Yet this man, with his three sons, was assiduously engaged in intrigues to obtain the government of one of the two fatal principalities ; and, after having succeeded in his aim, his gray head has, like that of his brother, been affixed to the gate of the Seraglio."

See Dr. Neale's *Travels*—a book I have already referred to with great pleasure.

Note 10, Page 36.

No country.

See "*Essai sur les Fanariotes*," a curious little book, written in French, by Mark Philip Zallony, a Greek, and published at Marseilles in 1824. It contains, with some interesting and correct information, great exaggeration or over-colouring. But it must be remembered, the author is a Catholic, and an islander.

Note 11, Page 37.

Bucharest and Jassy.

For a description of the pomp and state of these Greek courts, see Mr. W. Wilkinson's work on the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia.

Note 12, Page 38.

The Bairam.

At this festival the nominations of the Porte are made or confirmed. A Pasha is never named for more than a year at a time.

Note 13, Page 38.

Frangestan.

Or Frankland, the name applied by the Turks to all Christendom.

 CHAPTER III.

Note 1, Page 47

Great Charms.

This portrait may be badly executed, but it was taken from the life, though not from an Armenian.

Note 2, Page 49.

Two eye-brows one.

That witty rogue, Hajji Baba, must have made the knowledge of this practice familiar. "Admire my eyebrows," cries the Persian dame, whom he is to recommend to a husband; "where will you meet with a pair that are so completely thrown into one?" "Aajji, always keep in mind my two eye-brows that look like one."

Note 3, Page 57.

A pipe.

The Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish women smoke. The Frank ladies seldom do ; but their presence never interrupts the smoking of the gentlemen.

Note 4, Page 60.

Hands and feet.

Though naturally there are many exceptions, these qualities *generally* distinguish the Armenian race—the *ear* in a special manner.

Note 5, Page 61.

Mestlers.

Loose Morocco boots—the same for men and women.

Note 6, Page 61.

Pupul.

A euphonous female name, very common among the Armenians.

Note 7, Page 61.

To Mecca.

Once a-year a white mule, gaudily caparisoned and loaded with imperial offering, is dispatched from the capital of the faithful, to the prophet's tomb.

CHAPTER IV.

Note 1, Page 62.

According to Tournefort and others, on quitting the shores, either of the Black Sea or the Caspian, the traveller keeps gradually ascending, until he reaches the wide flats or plains of Armenia ; the disposition of the mountains, the Caucasus and Ararat, may also have a share in producing a cold bracing climate.

The authors of "Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia," describe Armenia as "one of the most elevated parts of

Asia," and make frequent mention of intense cold, even during the summer months.

Xenophon, with his ten thousand, passed through Armenia, and the picture he drew of the country, may corroborate the statements of modern travellers.

After some hard fighting on the frontiers with the Carduchians, who seem to be much the same people as the Curdes of our days, the Greeks marched at once across the plan of Western Armenia, described as intermixed with hills of an easy ascent.

They suffered excessively from cold : and Xenophon says it was miserable to behold the men lying in the snow ; the horses benumbed, and almost unable to rise ; and the arms and baggage buried in deep snow. This part of the retreat of the ten thousand, offers incidents similar to those of the French flight from Moscow. They marched several days through deep snows ; they crossed cold rivers ; and forded the Euphrates not far from its source. Many of the slaves and sumpter horses, and some soldiers, fell down and died in the snow ; and all suffered extremely from an intensely cold north wind, which blew right in their faces. The snow was a fathom in depth.

In this wretched plight, the enemy's light cavalry (like the Cossacks on the French) hung on the rear of Xenophon's army with destructive effect. I use Spelman's translation :—

"Some of the men, who had lost their sight by the snow, or whose toes were rotted off by the intenseness of the cold, were unavoidably left behind. The eyes were relieved from the snow by wearing something black before them ; and the feet against the cold, by continual motion, and by pulling off their shoes in the night. If any slept with their shoes on, the lachets pierced their flesh, and their shoes stuck to their feet ; for when their old shoes were worn out, they wore carbatines made of raw hides. These grievances, therefore, occasioned some of the soldiers to be left behind ; for, seeing a piece of ground that was black, because there was no snow upon it, they concluded it was melted, and melted it was by a warm vapour continually exhaling from a fountain in a valley near the place. Thither they betook themselves, and, sitting down, refused to march any further."

Xenophon in vain represented to them the fate they must expect from the enemy in their rear; and when he grew angry with them, "they bid him kill them, if he would, for they were not able to go on."

At the approach of the enemy, however, the Greeks would rise and fight; and as the French infantry, even to the very last, could throw off the Cossacks, so did Xenophon's suffering troops the barbarians.

In the midst of these horrors, many of the retreating army suffered from bulimy, which is described by Galen, as a disorder "in which the patient craves incessantly for victuals, loses the use of his limbs, falls down, turns pale; his extremities become cold; his stomach oppressed, and his pulse scarce sensible."

In his valuable notes, Spelman thus defends the correctness of the Greek historian:—

"Lest the veracity of our author should be suspected, when he speaks of deep snows and excessive frosts in Armenia, a country lying between the fortieth and forty-third degrees of latitude, I desire it may be considered, that all authors, both ancient and modern, agree, that the hills of this country are covered with snow ten months in the year. "Tournefort, who was an eye-witness of it, thinks that the earth upon these hills being impregnated with sal ammoniac, the cold occasioned by it may hinder the snow from melting * * * Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain. When Lucullus, in his expedition against Mithridates, marched through Armenia, his army suffered as much by the frost and snow, as the Greeks under Xenophon; and when Alexander Severus returned through this country, many of his men lost their hands and feet through excessive cold. Tournefort also complains, that at Erzerum, though situated in a plain, his fingers were so benumbed with cold, he could not write till an hour after sunrise."

Tournefort, who arrived at Erzerum in the middle of June, describes the hills around the plain as then covered with snow; and states, that snow had fallen in the town on the 1st of June.

Having made out my proposition, that Armenia is a hardy climate, fit to produce a hardy race, by authorities ancient and modern, a few minutes may not be unprofitably employed in tracing some curious and lasting habits and customs.

The following passage relating to Armenia, as he found it, nearly four centuries before Christ, is from Xenophon :—

“ Their houses were under ground ; the mouth resembling that of a well, but spacious below : there was an entrance dug for the cattle, but the inhabitants descended by ladders. In these houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young. All the cattle were maintained within doors with fodder.” And it is thus, Sir Robert Ker Porter, on traversing what was probably the same plain of Armenia, more than two thousand years after the eloquent Greek (or in 1817) describes the natives’ domiciles.

“ The huts of the peasantry lie so close to the earth, (in fact, the chief of the habitations are dug into it,) that little more than their dingy roofs are seen above the surface. The door is a mere hole, through which the occupier must stoop, if not crawl, to make his escape. Within it, appears a large gloomy den, lit from the roof by two or three other holes ; and the inhabitants are in harmony with the place—men, women, and cattle, all pigging together ; or, if any distinction is to be made, we find the beasts a few feet below their masters and mistresses, who have raised themselves a sort of shelf above the four-footed servants, with a fire-place in the corner, and a few dirty carpets on each side ; and there they dwell, in plain fact, as happily as any of their distant Turkish lords in their harems.” *Travels*, vol. 2. p. 651.

Xenophon found abundance, but grossness, at the Armenian tables ; and every trait of his description conveys the idea of a coarse people. Wheat, barley, and legumens, were heaped within their subterranean dwellings, and he found beer—*Oinos Krithinos*—literally, “ barley wine,” in great jars, “ in which the malt itself floated even with the brims of the vessels ; and with it reeds, some large, and others small, without joints. These, when any one was thirsty, he was to take into his mouth and suck When any one had a mind to drink to his friend, he took him to the jar, where he was obliged to stoop, and, sucking, drink like an ox.”

I do not, however, find any mention of this Armenian beer in modern travellers, who all agree that the Armenians, in their native country, are great drinkers. Their *boisson par excellence*, is a sort of brandy, of which they may

consume as much on their eastern mountains, as do our Highlanders of "mountain dew" in Morven.

Note 2, Page 62.

The Armenians paid tribute, and recognised the supremacy of the great eastern nations ; but they were nearly always governed by princes of their own race, and ancient dynasties, and were left to their own laws and usages.

Note 3, Page 63.

"Since the age of Constantine, the Armenians had signalized their attachment to the religion and empire of the Christians Under the rod of oppression, the zeal of the Armenians is fervent and intrepid: they have often preferred the crown of martyrdom to the white turban of Mahomet."—*Decline and Fall*, xlvii.

Note 4, Page 64.

Comparative learning and civilization.

The brightest period of Armenian literature seems to have been in the fifth century ; but their efforts were renewed in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, when Europe was dark indeed !

Note 5, Page 65.

Kuzilbash, or red, or hot-heads, a name given to the Persians.

Note 6, Page 65.

Ecmiazin, (near Mount Ararat,) the residence of their Patriarch, may be considered the "Holy city" of the Armenians ; but innumerable spots within the Persian empire, are consecrated in their belief, as having been the scenes of their miracles and legends.

Note 7, Page 65.

Towards the realms of a Christian sovereign—i. e. towards Russia.

Note 8, Page 66.

The Armenians, as oppressed Christians, have always wished for this change of masters ; and we find one of their

priests in India, telling Bishop Heber, that "they earnestly prayed, that they all might become the subjects of the Emperor, instead of Persia and Turkey."—See *Journal*, vol. 3, p. 208.

Note 9, Page 69.

The Venetian gulph.

Most of my readers will be aware of the existence of the Armenian society of *San Lazaro* at Venice. "This society, called the Mukhitarian, was founded in the year 1712, by Mukhitar of the city of Sebastia. The members are all clerical persons, who have embraced the persuasion of the Church of Rome. Although it is a circumstance much to be deplored, (it is of course a Eutychean who speaks,) that they have abandoned the cause of their national church, yet I cannot refrain from applauding the extraordinary progress they have made in literature. The astonishing improvement they have made in our language, the number of useful books which they have published—except their controversial works on religion, which are calculated to do more harm than good to the nation—the excellent types brought into use by them, extort from us admiration and praise."—See "*History of Armenia*" by Farther Michael Chamich, translated into English by Johannes Ardall, an Armenian, and printed at Calcutta, 1827. A book every way curious.

For the following interesting account of the visit made to that place, (in 1819,) I am indebted to the journal of an old friend and fellow-traveller.

"We took a gondola, and went to the island of San Lazaro, about three miles from Venice, now appropriated to the Armenian colony, or rather monastery.

"The Laguna, or lake, in which Venice stands, is interspersed with islands of all sizes, from the mere holm of a few yards, to the more extended insular village of as many acres. These are all quite flat, and generally covered with buildings and gardens, forming the only sort of country the Venetians are acquainted with.

"San Lazaro is about the middle size, and adorned with a pretty garden, convent, church, library, &c. We landed in front of the house, an unassuming building, and proceeded to the library, where we saw many Armenian manuscripts ;

but our time being short, and our acquaintance with the language limited, we could not examine very deeply. All that we saw was on vellum, and very distinctly written. The subject was usually theology or alchemy and none were of any antiquity. A translation of Eusebius into Armenian, had been discovered, much more perfect, we were told, than any Greek copy now extant. There are certainly many things in this translation not to be found in our copies of the original, but we had not time to examine whether they were translations of parts now lost, or additions by the translator. We are aware that ancient translations were very free, particularly those into the oriental languages, and this is probably not an exception.

"Our cicerone, a jolly red-faced Armenian, with a fine black beard, that Julian might have envied, shewed us a part of this work that he had translated into Latin. This led us to talk of languages, and judging from his rubicund looks, which seemed to portend rather good living than hard study, we thought we might display a little; but we found ourselves in most languages much his inferior, and even our own mother-tongue he spoke almost as well as ourselves. Indeed, most of the inhabitants of San Lazaro spoke two or three languages besides their own. We had the pleasure of hearing the Armenian language spoken on all sides, which, from the unpronounceable combination of consonants abounding in their words, we had supposed impossible. Lord Byron, we were told, had been there with the intention of learning Armenian, but he gave it up either in despair or disgust.

"We afterwards accompanied our conductor to the printing-office, where a newspaper is printed weekly, and circulated pretty generally in the Levant.

"There were two or three works in the press at that time, principally grammars and other elementary books.

"The chief occupation of the Armenians there was literature and psalmody; of the latter we were gratified with a specimen, though at the expense of our ears.

"We saw nothing further to engage our attention, and quitted our hosts much pleased with their civility."

We must have been misinformed as to the extent of Lord Byron's acquirements in the Armenian language, or he must have improved after this period, (1819;) for among his pa-

pers is found a translation, made by himself, from an unpublished epistle of Saint Paul, which he found in Armenian, at Venice. The curious paper will appear in the forthcoming volume of Mr. Moore's life of the noble poet.

The following passage, from the pen of a learned German, contains recent and valuable information.

"Ce sont les mekhitaristes de Saint Lazare a Venise, qui, bien versés dans les sciences et la littérature de l'occident, ont, les premiers, cultivé leur langue avec succès, et nous ont donné, outre les précieux restes de la littérature grecque, tels qu' Eusebe, Philon et Severianus, les premières éditions critiques de leurs classiques.

" Ces laborieux et vertueux moines, dignes rivaux des benedictins, travaillent avec un zèle et j'ose le dire, avec une probité littéraire qui serait bien à désirer dans toutes les branches de la littérature orientale, et qui nous laisse encore beaucoup espérer, et pour la littérature arménienne, et pour la littérature grecque; car nous savons que les infatigables traducteurs, au Ve. et au Vie. siècle de notre ère ont traduit presque tous les principaux auteurs de la Grèce, Homère, Polybe, Diodore, de Sicile et plusieurs autres. Il y a même, dans les classiques Arméniens qui sont imprimés ou en manuscrit, plusieurs indications sur des ouvrages grecs que nous ne possédons plus, et que le philologue lira certainement avec plaisir: tels sont l'argument de la tragédie d'Euripide, intitulée *Les Peliades*, dans la rhétorique Arménienne que nous possédons sous le nom de Moïse de Khorene, et le fait que nous lisons au sujet du grammairien Herodien dans l'ouvrage de Jean Ezugazy, dans le manuscrit de la bibliothèque du Roi.

" Ou s'occupe à présent à Saint Lazare d'une collection de tous les historiens et pères de l'église arménienne, à la manière de la grande collection des pères grecs ou des historiens byzantins."—*Mémoire sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de David, Philosophe Arménien du Ve siècle*, &c. par C. F. Neumann—Paris, 1829.

Note 10, Page 70.

Their own sacerdotal body.

" Mais pour mettre fin à ces querelles, la cour de Rome décida que les papes schismatiques auraient seuls le droit d'administrer les sacrements, de faire les mariages, les

baptêmes, les enterrements, et de retirer les profits qui y sont attaches, et que les pretres Armeniens catholiques n'auraient que le prix de leurs messes, et le produit de la charite des fideles. Les pretres schismatiques, qui n'étaient persecuteurs que par interet pecuniare, cesserent de l'être depuis cet arrangement. Les pretres Armeniens catholiques, favroises par quelques ambassadeurs, ont la consolation de voir s'accroître journellement par des conversions le nombre de leurs disciples."—*M. Juchereau de saint Denys. Rev. de Constantinople*, vol. i. p. 158.

The last remark of M. Juchereau, on the countenance bestowed on the Catholic Armenians, by certain ambassadors of Christian powers residing at Constantinople, may perhaps in part account for Sultan Mahpood's persecution of his Catholic rayahs, by giving him the motive of jealousy against foreign interference with his subjects.

Note 11, Page 71.

In Mahometan armies.

The rule has sometimes been departed from, but the Christian Albanians are of dubious faith, as well as some barbarous tribes, (Christians merely in name,) from the Black Sea, who have been occasionally enrolled. The Greeks were the strength of the Ottoman fleet, but they were not permitted to fire a gun.

Note 12, Page 72.

Cast-off cooks or valets.

Their transformation to physicians is very frequent, particularly if they should have visited Europe or travelled with Europeans. Some years ago, an Englishman, Col. R., on returning to Constantinople from a tour in the Greek Islands, called on a friend who was sick. On entering his room, what was his surprise to see a fellow he had discharged some few months before for a bad cook, standing by the patient's bed with a silver-headed cane, and all the solemnity of a doctor. Col. R. addressed him, "*Come, Giovanni, tu fai il medico!*" The rogue had conscience enough left him to blush. "*Ah, Signore! cosa volete; non ho potuto piu trovare servizio, Così m'ingegno, faccio da medico, e vene son chi sanno men di me!*"

Note 13, Page 74.

Familiar occurrence.

For the sufferings to which these caravans of merchants are exposed, see Burkhardt, or any Eastern traveller; but the finest pictures will be found in "Anastasius."

Note 14, Page 74.

Maallim Moorsa.

For the admirable portrait of that Armenian wanderer, see "Anastasius," vol. iii. chap. 4.

Note 15, Page 75.

Ind and Catai.

For many centuries the enterprising Armenian traders have frequented India, where, under the English, they now form considerable sedentary colonies. The earliest of the missionaries speak of Armenians on the borders of China. They are indeed to be found every where—in the remote north, the south, in the distant east, and in the west; nor are the Jews more scattered than the Haian people.

Page 76, (note omitted by mistake).

Seraffs to the Porte.

The nature of these perilous posts is thus ably described by M. Juchereau:—

"Les seraffes sont les banquiers des ministres de la Porte et des principaux employes. Charges de retirer les revenus de leur maitre, de les accroître par tous les moyens connus dans ce gouvernement corrompu, et de payer toutes les dépenses, ils identifient leur fortune avec celle du ministre qui les emploie. Si ce dernier succombe avant d'avoir pu s'enrichir, le seraffe perd alors, nonseulement ses avances, mais il est quelquefois mis à la torture pour payer la valeur des trésors supposés du ministre disgracié. Il paraît que, malgré de pareils dangers, ce commerce offre de bien grands avantages, puisque les Juifs, qui l'avaient autrefois et qui l'ont perdu par leur trop d'avidité, le regretteront encore et envient le bonheur des Arméniens."—*Revolutions de Constantinople*, vol. i. p. 157.

Note 16, Page 77.

The subversion of the Ottoman empire with regret.

I share this opinion with the author I have just quoted. These are M. Juchereau's words:—

“ Les Armeniens sont humbles, froids, timides, et ignorants. Le commerce est leur seule occupation. Les sciences, les lettres, les beaux-arts sont dédaignées par eux. Ils n'apprennent dans leur enfance qu' à lire, écrire et compter. Aussi ignorants que leurs maîtres, ils paraissent attachés à leur servitude, et ne conçoivent pas qu'il puisse y avoir pour eux un autre état politique. Pacifiques et craintifs, ils detestent les secousses revolutionnaires et verraient avec peine la chute de l'empire Ottoman.”—Vol. i. p. 159.

Note 17, Page 78.

The Armenians of Constantinople.

For the comparison, see Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*; Art. “Chomeau.” The naturalist is perhaps even more fanciful than usual, in describing the camel and the external consequences of its utter subjection to man; but his picture may be admitted as a simile.

Note 18, Page 78.

The Hebrew maid.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that this is Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's “*Ivanhoe*”—a glorious tale, in parts of which his Oriental colouring is so true and intense, that one might fancy the author had spent his life in the East, or in the study of Eastern matters. But this is genius!

Note 19, Page 80.

The real and present magnificence of the spot.

For descriptions and views of the Hippodrome, see Dr Ohsson, Dallaway's *Constantinople, ancient and modern*, &c. &c.

Note 20, Page 81.

Ortakeui.

A miserable village on the Bosphorus, chiefly inhabited by the poor Jews. A few of the Catholic Armenians, who escaped the exile and persecutions of 1828, by conforming in externals to the Eutychean Armenian church, were rele-

gated in this dirty, detestable place. One of this class, a clever, good-tempered fellow, who had known better days, thus described to me an ingenious contrivance by which he avoided the vermin that abounded there, *a ne pas le croire*. "I take care to examine and clean a large wooden table; on it I lay my mattress, and then I put the four legs of the table each into a pan of water on the floor; I am thus insulated—the bugs can't very well cross the water!"

"And do you escape their invasion?"

"Yes; all but that of a few bugs that may drop from the rafters and ceilings of the old house!"

Travellers in other countries than Turkey, may thank me for this information.

CHAPTER V.

Note 1, Page 82.

An hamal—A Turkish porter.

Note 2, page 84.

Kalemkiars.

Painted muslin handkerchiefs, much used in the coiffure of Eastern ladies. They are principally done by the Armenians, and I have seen some very beautiful, both in design and colouring. Flowers and fruit are generally represented.

Note 3, Page 88.

Palamedes.

By some supposed to be young tunnies. They abound in the Black Sea, and at certain seasons descends in shoals the Bosphorus, where they are taken in vast quantities.

Note 4, Page 89.

Roman fasts.

The Greek fasts are much more rigid than the Catholic—they are not allowed to eat fish. But the Armenians exceed the Greeks in severity, as much as the Greeks do the Romans.

Note 5, Page 90.

*Cocona.*Romaic for *mademoiselle*, or *signorina*.

Note 6, Page 91.

From beneath their house.

Parts of the residences on the banks of the Bosphorus, being generally built on piles, over the water, admit the boats beneath them.

CHAPTER VI.

Note 1, Page 94.

Bezesteen.—The Bazaars.

Note 2, Page 95.

Resurrection.

See *L'Essai sur les Fanariotes*, already mentioned. The Roman Catholic author is, as in duty bound, very severe on the discipline and ceremonies of the Greek church. He expresses a deep regret, in which we may partake, that disunion and enmity should reign among the Christians of the East, and he contemplates the possibility of an orthodox reunion of the Greek and Roman churches. But it is the Greek who is to cede every thing and to conform; it is the rejecter of the *filioque*, the contemner of the Pope, who is to find it easy to reconcile the differences "which only consist in some formulas;" to have the archbishops of his nation invested in the tiara—"to have the *credo* sung at Constantinople as at Rome, and then all is finished!"

Now, though the Greek church is bad enough, I would rather take the converse, and see the spiritual union effected by the Catholics embracing its creed. The Greek church is every way more liberal than the Roman;—it does not interdict, but lends its hand to the dissemination of the Scriptures; it has no auricular confession, it has never pretended to *infallibility*, and it is improving, and will improve rapidly, as the Greek people advance in the career of civilization, on which they are now but starting.

For the present condition and prospects of the Greek

church, I may refer to a work lately published by the Rev. Mr. Waddington. (London, Murray, 1829.)

Note 3, Page 95.

Keff.

Jollity, a jollification.

Note 4, Page 95.

Ayasma.

As it is pronounced, (but more correctly Agiasma) means a holy fountain. Mr. North Douglas, who, in his "Essay on certain points of resemblance between the ancient and modern Greeks," has left us an exquisite little book, thus describes these places of festive resort :—

"The Agiasmata, or holy fountains, may be ranked among the most classical superstitions of the modern Greeks. Circumstances of various import have conferred this reputation of sanctity upon many springs within the walls of Constantinople; but a romantic and solitary situation, the neighbourhood of a cavern or a grove, are the usual characteristics of an *agiasma*.

—————"Silvis scena coruscis

Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum :

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;

Nympharum domus."

Æn. lib. i. v. 165.

"To these fountains, multitudes will flock at certain festivals, to invoke the Saint, (the genius loci,) whose protection they are peculiarly thought to enjoy, and, by their songs and dances, to express the gay and joyous feelings which such situations have ever excited in the glowing constitutions of the Greeks. Their sick are brought in crowds to drink the waters, which, destitute of all medicinal qualities in themselves, owe their influence entirely to the patronage of some superior being; and it would be thought the greatest impiety and ingratitude in those who receive or fancy they receive his help, to neglect affixing a lock of hair, or a strip of linen, as the "*votiva tobella*," which may at once record the power of the Saint, and the piety of his votary.

"Pausanias mentions many streams that were supposed

to have a power of healing those who are favoured by their peculiar deities. The description of the fountain Arethusa in the Odyssey, may give a very just idea of a modern *agiasma*."

I have often visited these scenes with extreme delight, and can answer for the truth of the classical picture.

Note 5, Page 96.

The light kiosk.

Erected in the pleasantest part of the vale of the "Sweet Waters," by Sultan Achmet III.

Note 6, Page 96.

The released coursers.

The Sultan's stud are sent out to grass in this valley, after St. George's day. For a magnificent picture of the spot, see "Anastasius;" and for some peculiarities, I may refer to "Constantinople in 1828."

Note 7, Page 99.

His own native land.

I have remarked, in my book of travels, a resemblance, real or imaginary, between the Bulgarian peasants, who attend the Sultan's horses, and our Highlanders.

Note 8, Page 101.

The capture of Constantinople.

"Ici le cap eleve de Kandilli, sur la cote d'Asie et celui qui lui est oppose sur la cote d'Europe, offrent entre eux un des endroits les plus resserres du Bosphore : ils y separent les vents, les temperatures et les courans lorsque les vents changent. Ce point est marque pour le passage du detroit."
—*Essai sur de Bosphore, par M. Le Comte Andreossy.*

Note 9, Page 105.

Saint Dimitri, &c.

Names of different suburbs or quarters of Stamboul.

CHAPTER VII.

Note 1, Page 112.

A carnival mask.

All those who have passed a carnival in Italy, and have been addressed by the maskers at Venice, or Rome, or Naples, must have remarked the odd sound of their voices, even when not attempting to disguise them. The voices of the eastern ladies under their yashmacks always struck me as resembling them.

Note 2, Page 112.

To settle with his seraff.

This case often occurred. An Armenian banker or seraff would make an advance of money to a pasha to procure a government, and the Porte would put to death the pasha before he could pay his debts. What property the pasha might possess at the moment, was seized by the Porte, without regard either to the victim's family or his creditors. The rate of interest exacted by the Armenian was always very high, or proportionate to the risk. If the pasha retained his life and his government for a few years, the banker made a good thing of it; but the contrary being more frequently the case, and many Armenians suffering severe losses from the deposition of their creditors before they could repay their advances, they some years back withheld their essential supplies. The Porte, whose operations were thus checked, for they could no longer sell a post when no candidate had money to buy, was obliged to interfere; they found it expedient to protect so useful a portion of their subjects, by granting them a firman for the sale of as much of the disgraced grandee's property as would cover them for the advance made to him. This firman, however, was of less consequence than their acknowledging, as lawful, the Armenians' rate of interest, or twenty-four per cent. per annum, which is double that of the usual interest of the country. I have had occasion to allude more than once to the perils to which these bankers are exposed.

"The first thing," says Dr. Walch, "always done on the execution of a public man, is to seal up his house; the next, to seize on his banker; and if any doubt arises as to

the real value of the effects, he is immediately put to the torture to extort confession." Yet these men know all this before they start on the dangerous career—they play with open stakes ! and our sympathy for them must be diminished by a review of their sordid characters, and the assurances, that, like the Jews their predecessors, they are not always sensible to the voice of honesty. I have heard it asserted, on good authority, that one of the principal foundations of Armenian wealth was laid during the troubles that accompanied the overthrow of the Sultan Selim. The seraffs to the many great Turks who suffered in one way or another, then retained quiet possession of immense wealth in their hands belonging to those unfortunate men.

Note 3, Page 112.

Handjar.

A dagger worn in the girdle. The haft is set with jewels.

Note 4, Page 114.

Tabute.

A sort of portable hearse, in which dead bodies are carried to the grave.

Note 5, Page 114.

Harm done.

The Armenian women are very prolific ; but I observed in Turkey, that Greeks, Jews, and all, had more numerous families than the Turks.

Note 6, Page 114.

Levend Chiflik.

Where Sultan Selim constructed some fine barracks for his nizam-djedid, or regular troops. They were destroyed by the Janissaries, but not till after his death. " The first time I rode to Therapia, my friend, Mr. Z., took me a little to the right of the road, and showed me the site of the ill-fated building, which was just marked by a few remaining stones of the foundation walls."—*Constantinople in 1828.*

Note 7, Page 117.

In ancient statues.

I remember a beautiful female bust—a work of the Greek chisel—found at Herculaneum, and now in the museum of Naples, which closely resembles what I have attempted to escribe in the living Greek lady.

Note 8, Page 117.

The toes.

I have often remarked in the feet of living Greeks, a formation found in their ancient statues—the second toe is longer than the great toe, and all the toes fall flat to the earth.

Note 9, Page 119.

And cut your throat.

When in their cups, their insane hatred to the Greeks is pretty sure to take possession of the Turks. A certain party of Franks at the village of Bournabat, near Smyrna, who had the imprudence to let a Turk get drunk in their company, were thrown into no trifling alarm, when the madman got up, unsheathed his yataghan, and swore “he was in a humour to kill a Greek !”

Note 10, Page 121.

A really devoted servant.

I must be said in justice to the lower order of Turks, that where *they take*, they are susceptible of great fidelity and attachment: this has often been proved even by Christians

Note 11, Page 121.

The Bostandjis.

The Bostandji-Bashi is charged with the police of the Bosphorus and its villages.

Note 12, Page 126.

Blood.

The belief in omens is general in the East, and that of blood is of fatal import. Mr. Hope has seized the prevailing superstition with his usual effect. “See Anastasius,” chap. vi.

Note 13, Page 128.

Chelibi.

This word is used by the Greeks as *Effendi*, by the Turks, it means "gentleman."

Note 14, Page 130.

At the judgment day.

"Généralement toutes les tombes sont convertes de terre, et elevees au dessus, du sol, pour empêcher que personne n'y marche, et ne foule aux pieds les corps des Musulmans. Il n'y a ni plaques de marbre, ni aucun monument sur la fosse même; on n'y voit que des fleurs ou des boules de myrte, d'if, de buis, &c. Celles du peuple ne présentent que deux socles de pierres plates ou ovales, toujours plantées verticalement, aux deux extrémités de la fosse. Les tombeaux des citoyens aisés et des gens d'un certain rang, se distinguent par la nature de ces socles: ils sont de marbre fin, et celui qui est du côté de la tête est surmonté d'un turban aussi de marbre. La forme de cette coiffure indique l'état et la condition du mort, parceque les différentes classes des citoyens sont distinguées autant par le turban que par le reste du costume. Les tombeaux des femmes ne diffèrent de ceux des hommes, qu'en ce que les deux socles sont uniformes, plats, et terminés en pointe."—*D'Ohsson*.

The following pleasing passage, relative to Turkish graves, is from an old English traveller:—

"Therein they plant such kinds of plants and flowers as endure green all the winter long, which seem to grow out of the dead body, thinking thereby to reduce it again into clay, though not in the sense of sensible creatures yet of those vegetables, which is the next degree, and perhaps a preferment beyond the dust."—*Voyage in the Levant*, by Henry Blount, Esq. 1634.

Note 15, Page 131.

In a place like this.

I can never forget this incident. Some years ago I made one of a party to visit the Duke di Gallo's villa at Capodi-Monte—a place beautiful in itself, and commanding the finest views I have ever seen. A German lady—young, handsome, and romantic—was so overpowered with what she beheld, that she said, after a long silence, "I should like to die here—to be buried in such a lovely place." It

was perhaps a northern idea : some cheerful Italians thought she was mad ; and yet she might as well have had her wish, for she did die shortly after, and certainly was not buried in so beautiful a spot.

Note 12, Page 132.

The mystic fish.

The fish was a token or symbol among the primitive Christians, who found in the Greek word *Ichthus* (a fish) an acrostic, explanatory of the nature and character of the Son of God.

I.	Iesous	. . .	Jesus
Ch.	Christos	. . .	Christ
Th.	Theou	. . .	of God
*U.	*	. . .	the
S.	Soter	. . .	Saviour

The fish is frequently found sculptured on tombs in Italy, and I have seen the symbol (in painting) several times repeated in the catacombs of Naples.

Note 13, Page 132.

The marble quarry.

It is true that the materials of ancient temples and other beautiful edifices, have principally supplied the Turks.

Note 14, Page 133.

Vourvoulacki, or *Varvoulacka*, the Vampire. "The vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror."—*Note to Lord Byron's Giaour.*

Note 15, Page 133.

Bosh—Nonsense, stuff.

Bosh lacredi—Words void of sense.

They are Turkish words—I suppose, expressive ones, for they are used by all classes, from the Frank who interlards his French with them, to the Greek who mixes them

* U in this instance is supposed to correspond in sound with the greek *ormicron*, used as an article.

with his Romaic, or the Jew, who further corrupts his Castilian with them.

Note 16, Page 134.

Paramana—Romaic for a nurse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Note 1, Page 135.

Palikari.

Romaic for "lad."

Note 2, Page 136.

Och-e!

Is used by the Greek donkey drivers, in the same sense as the Spaniards employ their *arre burra* to their mules and asses.

Note 3, Page 136.

Ingliz.

Probably a corruption of the Italian "Inglese"—an Englishman.

Note 4, Page 136.

The street of the "Dunghills."

In the Romaic, *Coprieis*. The fashionable street of Smyrna is so called. The site was once a vast dunghill, and many a dunghill and filthy ditch is still within a few yards of it.

Note 5, Page 136.

Jannem.

"My soul!"—The expression is Turkish, but used by all the Levantines.

Note 6, Page 137.

Och-e!

See note 2.

Note 7, Page 138.

A stream.

This is a branch of the "Sacred Meles:" Homer's own
23*

river, if we are to believe tradition. I cannot say much of its beauty. In part of its course, where it runs through the town of Smyrna, it has a striking resemblance to Fleet-ditch, as it was years ago.

Note 9, Page 140.

Suleiman-Agha.

He was once governor of Athens, and the jovial companion of Lord Byron.

Note 10, Page 140.

Kaiemena!

A common Romaic exclamation.

Note 11, Page 141.

Pointed Stick.

This the Greeks at Smyrna and the islands use instead of a whip or cudgel, and it answers much better. The mode of application is to tickle the donkey over the spine—he is sure to quicken his pace. Sometimes, instead of a pointed stick, a piece of iron with a blunt point is used; and if, as is generally the case, it be furnished with a link or two of iron chain, to tinkle, the effect is prodigious. I sometimes tried a small bunch of keys, which always produced the same effect—away went the donkey! Smyrna asses must have musical ears, which is more than I could venture to say of Smyrna men and women.

Note 13, Page 144.

Abou-Halife,

Of whom great wonders are told by the Mahometans, lived in the first century of the Hegira.

Note 14, Page 144.

Caimac.

Something very like Devonshire cream.

CHAPTER IX.

Note 1, Page 146.

Peaceful subject.

The excesses of the Janissaries are but too well known. Had the order existed in its strength at the time of the battle of Navarino, it is probable that some of us then in Turkey, would not have returned to tell tales about them in England.

Note 2, Page 146.

Odas, or Ortas.

Janissary regiments.

Note 3, Page 147.

Hadji-Bekdash.

The dervish who founded the order of the Janissaries.

Note 4, Page 147.

The Turks.

Busbequius gives this information on Turkish sobriety : "Some Turks supped with me often at Buda, and were mightily taken with the delicious sweetness of my wine. They continued carousing till late at night ; but afterwards I grew weary of the sport, and therefore rose from table, and went to my chamber ; but as for them, they went away sad, because they had not their full swing at the goblet, *but were able to stand upon their feet.* As soon as I was gone, they sent a youth after me, desiring me to let them have their fill of wine, and that I would lend them my silver cups to drink it in. I granted their request, and ordered so much wine to be given to them as they desired. Being thus accommodated, they tipped it out so long, till they were even dead drunk, and, tumbling down, lay fast asleep upon the ground !"

Note 5, Page 148.

In detail.

An indiscriminate massacre, like that at Smyrna and other places, was not however perpetrated in Constantinople.

Note 6, Page 148.

Orta.

Janissary regiment. Every *orta* had distinctive marks done on their arms, in a style much like that ingeniously adopted by some of our sailors. On certain conditions, an Armenian, or even a Jew, could become a member of an *orta*, and thenceforward enjoy Janissary protection.

Note 7, Page 148.

Spoon.

The Janissaries wore spoons stuck in the fronts of their enormous caps.

Note 8, Page 149.

No aperture.

The Greek calpack has a finger-hole in the crown—the Armenian has not.

Note 9, Page 150.

Gehenna.

Anglice, Hell!

Note 10, Page 151.

Turkish burying Grounds.

Part of the "*Grand champs de morts*" above Pera, was a favourite residence of the dogs. In the summer of 1828, I saw them burrowing in holes like rabbits. Every one of the matrons seemed to have had a recent increase of family; and I went there so frequently, that I at last fancied I could distinguish the different litters by their family likeness. Turkish graves are very shallow, and a friend of mine once saw, to his horror, two of these dogs turned body-snatchers!

Note 11, Page 152.

Crassi, or (better) *Crasi*.

Romaic for wine.

Note 12, Page 153.

Mahmoodier.

A Turkish coin of the value, I believe, of twenty-five

piastres. They had disappeared before my arrival in the country.

CHAPTER X.

Note 1, Page 155.

Lulahs.

Clay pipe-bowls—the very best article of Constantinopolitan manufacture.

Note 2, Page 155.

Nostradin-Chodjea.

An ancient sage and the Turkish “Joe Miller.” His stories are in every one’s mouth, but of a number I had translated, I could not select one, presentable. Their whole wit is filth, and if you take away that, there remains nothing but *fadaise*. Of the author I have heard different accounts; some say he was a dervish, and others, a great Mahometan doctor who lived several centuries back. His oracular fame is extensive, and when a Turk follows up a proposition with a “as Nostradin-Chodjea says,” it is understood that there can be neither doubt nor reply.

Note 3, Page 156.

Baccalum-Voyons! or, *Nous-Verrons!*

One of the exclamations that form a main part of Turkish conversation, and with which they avoid direct answers, and create that delay in which their diplomatic force consists.

I think it was General Sebastiani told the divan, who replied to him with these expletives, at a moment of great emergency, “My friends, you have three capital enemies—enemies that will be the ruin of your empire! they are *Baccalum*, *Mashallah*, and *Inshallah*.

Note 4, Page 159.

Handkerchief.

The reader will remember the legend and the relic at Turin. In reference to a part of this description of the interior of an Armenian house—or the tessellated and paint-

ed ceiling—it may be worth while to remark, that the “fantastic sophist,” Apollonius of Tyana, in his travels, or romance, describes something of the same sort in the Royal Palace at Babylon. The ceiling, however, was covered with “real sapphire, a stone of an azure colour, resembling the sky.” Blue is still the hue preferred by the Turks, and the ceilings are still painted and ornamented more than any other portion of the apartment, all over the East. From the ceiling of a room to a tunnel, there is certainly a violent transition; but if we could give credit to the conjuror Apollonius, or rather to his friend Damis, and his biographer, Philostratus, we might be amused by the following description of a curious passage under the Euphrates. I insert it for the amusement of my friend, Mr. Brunel, who, I hope, will yet live to complete his tunnel under the Thames.

“Beneath the Euphrates runs a *bridge* of wonderful construction, uniting invisibly the Royal Palaces that are built on each side of it. It is said, a woman of the Median nation, who formerly possessed the empire, joined the river by means of a *bridge*, in a way never done before. After having collected on each bank of the river, the stones, and brass, and bitumen, and whatever other materials were necessary for building in the water, she turned the course of the stream into the contiguous morasses. This dried up the channel, and then she caused a trench to be dug across it of the depth of two *orguias* (or twelve feet) through which a passage might be, as on dry land, to the palaces that stood on each side. This passage was covered with an arch of the same elevation with the bed of the river, and its foundation and sides were made as fast as they could; but as the bitumen required water to harden and to make it cement, the Euphrates was let in over the arch, to give it solidity and a durable consistence.”—*Philostratus*, chap. 25.

Were it not presumption in me, I would recommend this Median plan of tunnel-making to the present presumptuous projector.

Diodorus Siculus, in most matters, is not the best authority; but he was a great traveller, and enjoyed the reputation of having visited all the remarkable places mentioned in his history. In Book XI. chap. 1. he gives a description of this vaulted passage under the bed of the Euphrates.

Note 5, Page 158.

Their longest accounts.

I have often observed with astonishment the conciseness of these commercial records among the Turks. A few scraps of paper—journal, ledger, and all—will contain the accounts of years.

Note 6, Page 159.

On the floor.

The long pipe reposes on the floor or the matting, and to prevent their being burned, a small round saucer of brass (in *genteel houses*) is placed under the bowl of each smoker. In khans, and coffee-houses, and the houses of the poor, the floor is generally dotted by the falling cinders, like a large cribbage board. Many fires are thus occasioned. See story of my sleeping devidji, in the khan at Casabar. —*Constantinople in 1828.*

Note 7, Page 162.

Church at Pera.

All those who have travelled in Catholic countries, must have noticed these *votiva tabella*. I could point out a church in Naples, where a hundred miracles, done in oil, may be found.

Note 8, Page 166.

Alum and barley sugar.

A *saw* the Italian must have picked up among the Turks, or their echoes, the Armenians. "Between alum and sugar," is the Turkish expression to designate the man who knows the difference between good and evil; and the learned Chelibi-Effendi, in his treatise in defence of the Nizam-djedid, did not disdain to make use of it.

Note 9, Page 167.

Ghamli.

A merchant vessel.

Note 10, Page 173.

To resume his slippers.

The papooshes, if not left at the door of the apartment, are always shaken off, ere legs are crossed on the sofa.

The mestler, or soleless boots of soft morocco, remain on. For the impropriety of Europeans persisting to walk into Eastern houses with their shoes on, see *Travels*, by the late William George Brown, Esq., the best of the advocates in favour of the Orientals; who, to show their gratitude, perhaps,—murdered him in Persia!

CHAPTER XI.

Note 1, Page 177.

Pollution.

Honest old Busbequius seems to have partaken in these feelings, which I could never avoid when on the Bosphorus. "I could not choose but entertain such epithonemas as these in my thoughts—O most pleasant houses for nymphs! O choice seats for the muses! O retirement fit for the learned! To deal plainly with you, (as I told you before,) they seemed to me, as it were, sensibly to bewail their present posture, and to cry aloud for Christians for their better cultivation; and not they only, but much more Constantinople itself, yea, and all Greece too; which being heretofore the most flourishing country in the world, is now wofully enslaved by barbarians. Formerly it was the mother and nurse of all good arts and liberal sciences, but now, alas! it seems to call for that culture and humanity which once it delivered to us; and, by way of requital, claims the redemption of our common religion from that Scythian barbarism under which it groans!"

Nearly three centuries of barbarism have elapsed since this lament, but the happy events he desired have at last arrived, in part, for the Greek people. At the time of Busbequius's embassies, the great Soliman wore the imperial sabre, and Turkey was the dread of Christian Europe!—What is she now?

Note 2, Page 178.

Marble basin.

The holiday pleasure of the Turks, is to sit listlessly by these pleasant fountains.

Note 3, Page 179.

Happy Times.

"Nissum maggior dolore
Che il ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."—*Dante L'Inferno.*

Note 4, Page, 180.

In his ears.

Alexi Manno died nobly. When led to execution, he cried to the Turks, "The Russian bayonets will avenge me and my countrymen!" A prophecy that has already been partially fulfilled.

Note 5, Page 181.

St. John.

My friend Z., who has known Therapia from his childhood, has often amused me with descriptions of the gay doings of which it used to be the scene—particularly in the golden days of Sultan Selim.

Note 6, Page 183.

On high.

This is an unexaggerated picture of what took place; let it assist the world in forming an estimate of the Turks, and the magnanimous Sultan Mahmood. For the preservation of their paltry little church at Therapia, the Greeks have recourse to a miracle. The real agent in its salvation, was a present of three thousand piastres they made to Turks in the village.

Note 7, Page 183.

Thee and thine.

There were many prophecies of evil import to the Sultan prevalent among the Turks, but the bastinado interfered with the perceptions of futurity. *

Note 7, Page 185.

Insufficiency.

For the rapid decline of agriculture, see any book of travels in Turkey.

Note 8, Page 185.

Of Ovid.

By the same process by which the unclassical Franks of the country transferred the tower of Leander from the Dardanelles to the Bosphorus, they might remove the abode of Ovid from Tomos to the neighbourhood of Domouzdere—the distance is not very great—*only* from near the mouth of the Danube to the mouth of the Bosphorus.

Page 186.

Yaourt and caimac.

Turkish preparations of milk.

Note 11, Page 186.

Paramana.

Romaic, for “nurse;” *didaskolos*, “tutor,” or school-master.

Note 12, Page 187.

Vourvoulaka.

The vampire. I have already mentioned the prevalence of this superstition. The belief in the evil eye, is equally general; children are imagined to be more particularly exposed to them; and this is the Greek remedy, (for the evil eye.)—“Take a head of clove, put it on a piece of burning coal, which place on a shovel—perform a circle with the shovel three times round the infected child. The clove must make a noise, or crackle on the fire, otherwise the charm is inefficacious.” I never heard the vampire cure, but the way to stop the vampire’s progress, is to drive a stake through the heart and burn the body.

Note 13, Page 188.

A stately pyramid, a tall black cypress.

“Quasi eccelsa piramide, un cipresso.”

Tasso. Gerusalemme. Canto XIII.

Note 14, Page 189.

But one.

I allude to a sonnet on “a water-party.” I have not seen it for many years, but I have always considered it as Mr.

Bowles's—if it is not, I must beg his pardon. “*The sonnet*” is, however, “*a good sonnet.*”

Note 15, Page 192.

Haik.

A thin Barbaresque mantle.

Note 16, Page 193.

Alp, the renegade.

See Lord Byron's “*Siege of Corinth.*”

Note 17, Page 193.

Woven air.

The classical reader may remember the veils and transparent tissues made at Ceos, and mentioned by Horace and Ovid, Tibullus and Propertius. They were composed of the finest silk, and dyed (generally purple) in the thread, because the gauze was so fine, that when woven it had not body enough to bear the process of dying.

From Greece they were introduced at Rome, and the “*Ventos textiles et nebula linea,*” and the robes that covered the body without concealing it, might excite the bile of the moral, and the admiration of the sculptor and painter. They were nothing like our hard stiff silks, which drapery in sharp antipictorial angles. “*On pourrait plutot comparer les anciennes etoffes de soie, a celles qui sont encore en usage dans le Levant, el dont les Turcs font des chemises. C'est une espece de gaze sans appret, souvent rayee que est tres fine, forme en effet des plis ondoyans comme ceux de la Mousseline, et accuse aussi bien les formes.*”—*M. Castellan, Voyages, &c.*

I have seen some of these stuffs that were exquisitely beautiful in their way; they looked like silvery clouds. Lord Byron felt and remembered their beauty, as he did that of every object in the East.

Note 18, page 194.

Morning pipes.

The Narghile, or water-pipe, is said to possess great virtues if smoked the first thing in the morning. Though an accomplished Chibook-smoker, I could never master the

Narghite, and my friend H. nearly choked me one day at Smyrna, in attempting to teach me how to use it.

CHAPTER XII.

Note 1, Page 201.

The Armenians.

The customs and ceremonies of these widely scattered people, vary in different places. I am describing them at Constantinople, but the following passage relates to them in Persia :—

“I shall now divert the reader with several very remarkable ceremonies, observed at the marriages of the Armenians in *Julfa*. On the wedding-day the bridegroom delivers a wax-taper into the hands of all his guests. Several young virgins, loaded with clothes and other presents, and accompanied by some married woman, enter the room dancing to the sound of drums and hautboys, and sew a cross of green satin embroidered on the bosom of the bridegroom. The wedding garments provided for the bridegroom and the bride are first shewn to the priest, and then instantly put on. The bridegroom, as soon as he is drest in all his gaiety, goes to his mistress's apartment, attended by some particular friends, and there pays and receives the usual compliments. Then the same young virgins sew another cross of red satin upon the former. The women bring a handkerchief, and put one corner of it into his hand, and the other into the bride's. In this posture both repair to church, where, before reading the matrimonial form, and after the usual interrogatories of the priest, one of the bride's-men joins their hands and their heads together with a handkerchief. After that they are covered with a cross, and remain so till the office and the prayers are concluded.

“After the nuptial benediction, the new married couple are re-conducted home to the bride's relations in the same order, and with the same formality, with the addition of congratulations, and other usual testimonies of joy. The bridegroom, according to Father *Monier*, never sees his bride till she comes to church; but *Tournefort* says, not till some considerable time afterwards. ‘When the nuptial

ceremonies are all over, the husband goes to bed first; after his wife has pulled off his shoes and stockings, she takes care to put out the candle, and never pulls off her veil till she gets into bed. * * * Travellers tell you that there are some *Armenians* who would not know their wives, were they to catch them in bed with their gallants. Every night they put the candle out before they throw off their veils, and seldom, if ever, shew their faces by day-light.'—*Picart's Ceremonies and Religious Customs, &c.*

Note 2, Page 202.

Forbidden degree.

I am not aware that dispensations can be brought in the Armenian as in the Roman church. I once knew a Catholic, who paid a great sum for permission to marry his deceased wife's sister, who destroyed his peace, by seeing every night, at the foot of the nuptial bed, the reproaching figure of its former occupant.

Note 3, Page 203.

Chapkin.

(An ambling horse) is sometimes used in the Levant as meaning a wild, thoughtless fellow. Whence did we derive our vulgar term "Chap?"

Note 4, Page 204.

Yaourt.

A Turkish preparation of milk.

Note 5, Page 205.

The Topjis, or Caneniers.

The Kalionjis or Marines, and the Turks from the Arsenal, bear but an indifferent character.

Note 6, Page 205.

Kadeun-chibook, or Lady's Pipe.

Some of them are delicate and pretty.

Note 7, Page 206.

Subjects.

I have heard a Catholic Armenian quote Nostradin-Chodjea and Saint Chrysostom in the same breath, and follow

up a "Baccalum," or a "Mashallah," with a "Voluntas tua," and an "Ora pro nobis."

Note 8, Page 207.

Kalemkiars, or *Painted handkerchiefs*.

I have spoken elsewhere of their beauty.

Note 9, Page 207.

At Pera.

For a description of the convent of these dancing dervishes, see "Constantinople, in 1828."

Note 10, Page 208.

Armenian Priest.

It must be remembered that even the Catholic Armenians are obliged to have their marriages performed by the Eutychean clergy. For the reason, see Note to Chapter iv. Volume I.

Note 11, Page 211.

Khenna.

Thus described by Mr. Hope—"A red juice, extracted from a plant, with which the Egyptians dye their women's toes and fingers, and the Persians their horses' tails."

Note 12, Page 211.

Classical Character, &c.

The ceremonies which the Armenians in Turkey have not adopted from the Turks, are nearly all of Greek origin. For an admirable description of a Greek marriage of the present day, and of its identity with that of the classical ages, I refer the reader to Mr. North Douglas' work on the modern Greeks.

The pages of the laborious d'Ohsson furnish a detailed account of a Turkish wedding. Between the two will be found nearly every circumstance of the Armenian ceremonies, but the practice mentioned by Mr. North Douglas, of the married women squeezing some milk from their breasts upon the head of the bride, in omen of fertility, occurs neither in the Turkish or Greek ceremonial. Indeed I never heard of it in Armenian marriages, but the author is always

so correct, that we may believe the barbarous practice to exist.

Note 13, Page 212.

Chiaoush-bashi.

The officer of the Porte, deputed to conduct foreign ambassadors to their audience.

Note 14, Page 212.

Rakie.

A species of brandy to which the dervishes are much addicted.

Note 15, Page 212.

Dwellers in filthy places.

One of the many *clean* names by which the Turks in their anger designate Christians.

Note 16, Page 212.

Iron crook.

These vagabond dervishes, the very worst fellows met in one's travels in Turkey, generally carry a small copper basin suspended by chains, a massy club tapering at one end, and an iron rod terminating in several crooks.

Note 17, Page 214.

Worsted and tinsel.

Turkish towels are always embroidered in this manner. They may be pretty, but are not comfortable. The first time I used one of thew was at Seradem, in Asia Minor, and I scratched my face and hands in a woful way !

Note 18, Page 214.

Flames and hearts.

These emblems and *bouquets* are frequently prettily done on Armenian handkerchiefs.

Note 19, Page 215.

Harem.

Means the female apartment, and has nothing to do with the character or condition of its inmates.

Note 20, Page 215.

Salemlik.

Literally the place of salerns, or salutations.

Note 21, Page 220.

The torches of Hymen.

The Epithalamium of Catullus, and Homer's shield of Achilles, must occur to our minds.

Note 22, Page 221.

Shaksheers.

Loose Turkish trowsers.

Note 23, Page 225.

Sisters-in-law, &c.

"My brother's wife brought him for her portion half as much, as he, agreeably to our custom, had been obliged to give her parents. The expences of the wedding were in some measure defrayed by the present in money which each guest made to the bridegroom, and which brought my brother about eighteen rubles.

"According to our custom a new-married woman must not speak to any person in the house, excepting her husband and servants. She has, therefore, to express herself by signs, and turns round immediately if a man, or even a woman looks at her. She eats with her husband alone, and not at the family table. This tyrannical custom retains its sway even after she has lain-in three or four times, nay, as I have known instances—after she has lived ten years with her husband!"—*Memoirs of Artemi, of Wagarschapat, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia.*

CHAPTER XIII.

Note 1, Page 228.

No books.

The few books that exist in Turkey are not of a nature to be attractive to a young lady.

Note 2, Page 229.

The marriage day.

I quote two passages from an Hungarian tale to explain this curious superstition.

"A villi is the ghost of a young maiden that dies while she is bride. The villies are continually wandering about by night, hand in hand, in rings; they hold their dances on cross-roads, and when they get a young man among them, they close him in their circle, and make him dance to death—and then his shade becomes the bridegroom of the youngest villi, who anon goes to rest." * * * * "The moon issues from a cloud—the hour of midnight is written on her face—the traveller is standing alone upon a cross way—he is among the villies! Tenderly rose their voices in an obscure ode, like the last sighs of hopeless love; he felt their balmy breath upon his cheek; they danced round him; they contracted their circle; they came nearer and nearer, and flew round rapidly and still more rapidly; the bridal rings glittered on their white fingers, the myrtle coronal shone clearer in their long black hair, which floated in loose, lengthening curls, like a spreading vapour. Now one of the villies quits the flying ring, steps to the wondering youth, and grasps his arm. Zalan looks up, 'Emelka!' exclaims he, and his eye is instantly fixed as if it were of stone: the villie presses him to her bosom—his heart curdles—he freezes—he dies under the kisses of his beloved." —*The Villi-dance, a Magyar tale, by Count John Mailath.*

Some years have passed since I parted with a dear friend, a young Hungarian officer, who partially initiated me in the history and superstitions of his native land.—Should these pages meet his eye in the solitudes of Dalmatia, where he is now in garrison, he may be pleased to see my recollection of him, and of what he taught me.

The English public must be indebted to Dr. Bowring for opening to them a rich and unknown mine—which the Magyar literature certainly is.

Note 3, Page 233.

Vertabets.

Armenian doctors or learned men.

Note 4, Page 238.

In Turkey.

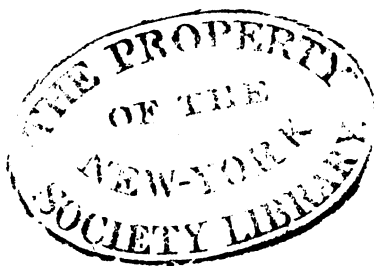
My friend W. has, however, described to me duels that used to take place among the Janissaries. Their weapons were the deadly yataghan, and it was the custom for the comrades of the victor to raise him with shouts to their shoulders, and carry him off in triumph.

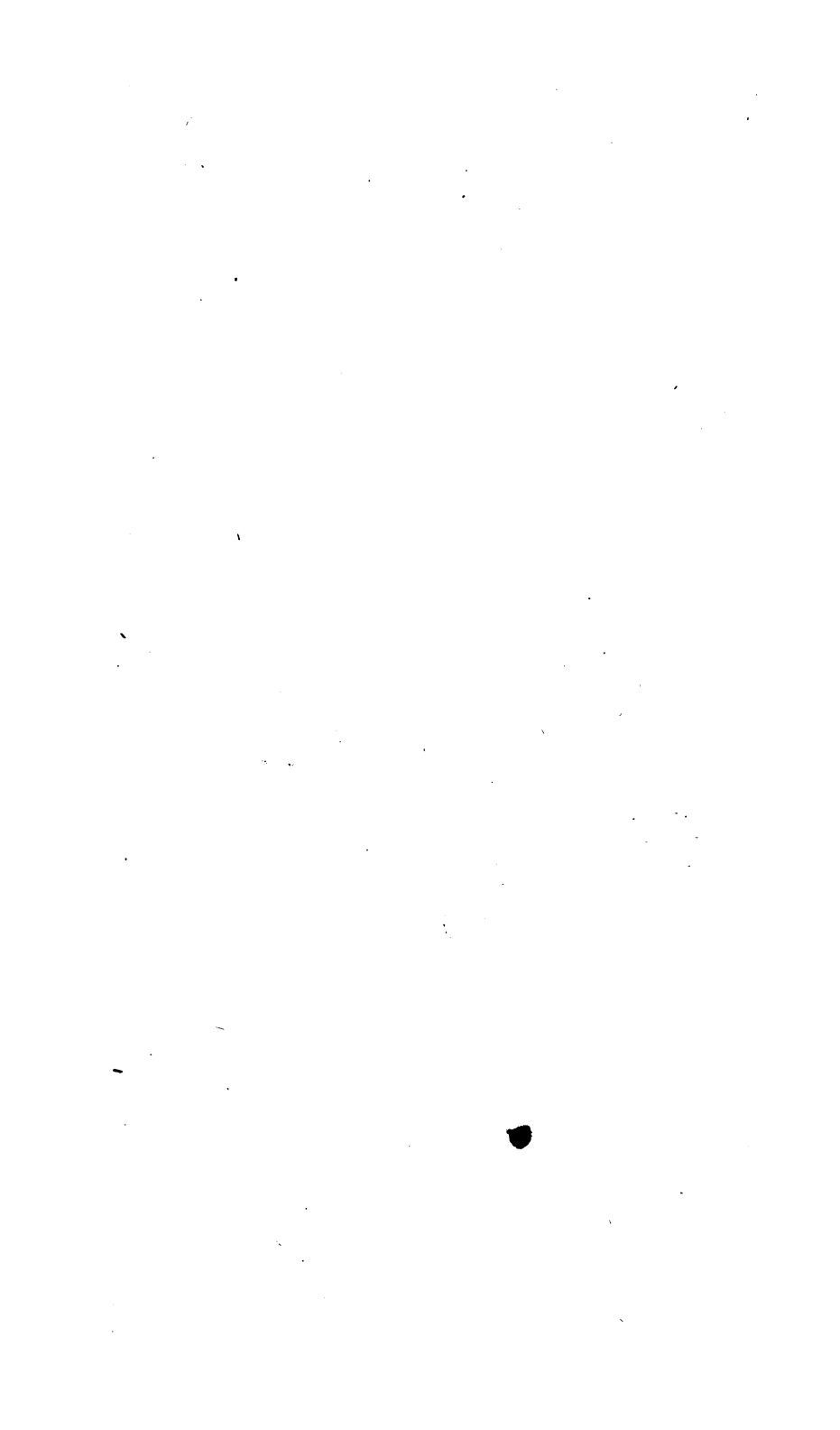
Note 5, Page 240.

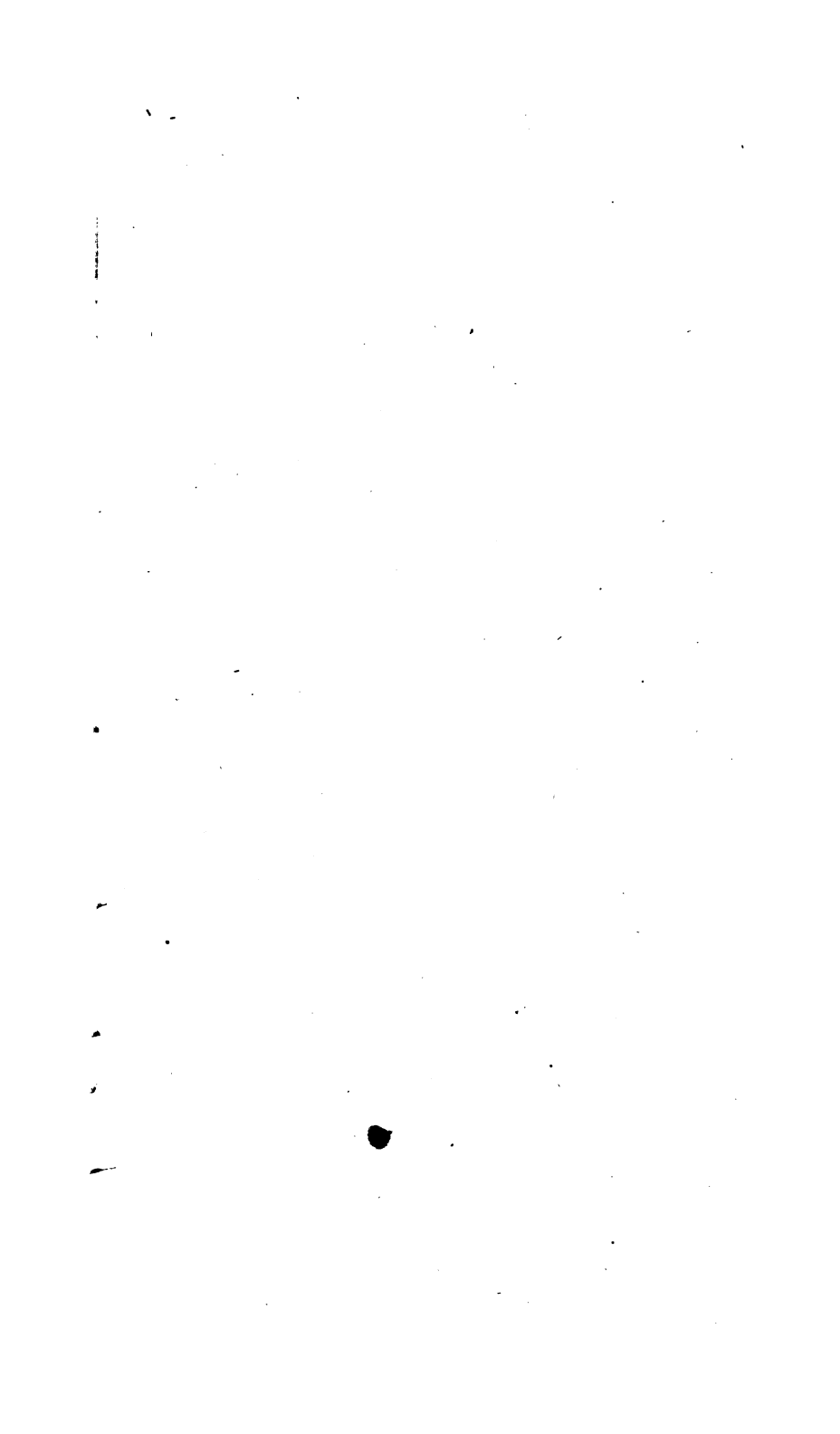
Painted chests.

These coffers, which are mentioned in the Arabian nights, are of good size—quite capacious of a lover who would conceal himself.

END OF VOL. I.







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